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THE GRANITE MOUNTAIN



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THE

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JANUARY, 1898.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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BEDFORD CENTRE.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXIV.

JANUARY, 1898.

NO. I.



Up the Merrimack River.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF BEDFORD.

By Rev. W. C. Lindsay.



FIFTY miles from Boston, and four miles from Manchester, is the town of Bedford. It was one of the original grants made by the colony of Massachusetts to the surviving soldiers of King Philip's war, and was known as Narragansett No. 5, and Souhegan east. May 19, 1750, the colony of New Hampshire incorporated the town, and named it in honor of the Duke of Bedford, who was at that

time secretary of state under George II. and for many years lord lieutenant of Ireland.

The first permanent settlement was made by Robert and James Walker, in the fall of 1737. Matthew and Samuel Patten came in the spring of 1738. The Pattens lived with the Walkers till they could build a home for themselves. With few exceptions, the early settlers came from the north of Ireland or the new settlement of Londonderry, N. H. Thus the people

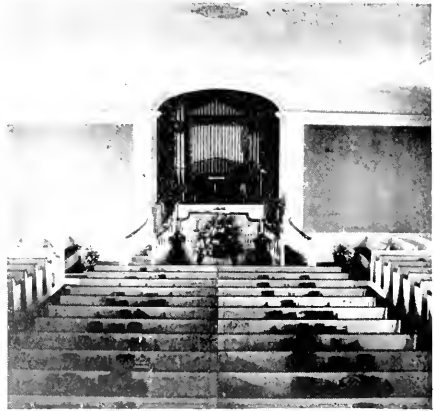


The Church and Vestry as it is To-day.

of Bedford came from a stalwart race. Many of the descendants of these people have risen to places of eminence. Among them were four governors, one signer of the Declaration of Independence, several distinguished officers in the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, including Generals Stark, Reid, Miller, and McNeil; a president of Bowdoin college, several members of congress, and a number of distinguished clergymen.

While a few English settled here, they never made much impression on the life and thought of the town, because the Scotch-Irish were in an overwhelming majority. Consequently, the austere theology and noble traditions of the Kirk of Scotland formed the religious opinions of the town at an early date. The

church has been Presbyterian ever since. These sturdy old cavaliers fled from the mother-country for the same reason that brought the Pilgrim Fathers here:—"To worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience." The land originally granted to the Puritans of Massachusetts fell into the hands of these



Interior of Church.

hardy sons of the north, by purchase, and as soon as they settled, we find that they took steps to erect a church. It was intended at first to build on the tract of land now known as "Old Meetin'-house hill," on the back river road, near Sebbin's lake, and hard by the old graveyard. This



Church and Cemetery.



Birthplace of Joseph Emerson Worcester, Lexicographer. Born, August 24, 1784. died, October 27, 1865.

was a central location then for all the people of Bedford and what is now known as Merrimack. But before the foundation was laid, the people of Merrimack and Litchfield entered into a compact to unite in church work, thus leaving Bedford to her-

half, is to write a history of the town itself, for they are one.

The original grant *required* the maintenance of a "Learned, Orthodox Ministry." The petition for a charter set forth that, "Your petitioners, as to our particular persuasion in Christianity, are generally of the Presbyterian denomination," and they assigned as the chief reason for asking incorporation, that they, "having been long destitute of the gospel, are now desirous of taking the proper steps, in order to have it settled amongst us," but "not being incorporated by civil authority are in



Post-office and Store of Fred French.

self. The desire to build a church was the result of an unquenchable thirst for religious and civil liberty. The early records and published annals of the town, afford a quaint, interesting, and often an amusing picture of early New England life. The background of this picture is always the Rock of Faith in Jesus Christ, and to paint a picture of Bedford church for the past century and a



Town Hall.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF BEDFORD.

no capacity to raise those sums of money which may be needful." Then it was that the site of the church was changed to where the present town hall stands. One cu-

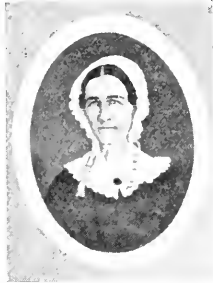
had 12 squares of the same; Dea. Smith is to pay Whitfield Gilmore 6 squares of the same; James Wallace had 15 squares of the same; John Bell had 9 squares of the same; Joseph Seoby one quart of oil.

"A True Record.

"Attest, WILLIAM WHITE, Town Clerk."



Rev. David McGregor.



Mrs. McGregor.



Rev. Thomas Savage.



Rev. Cyrus W. Wallace.



Rev. Arthur Little.



Rev. Ira C. Tyson.



Rev. Daniel H. Colcord.



Rev. W. C. Lindsay.



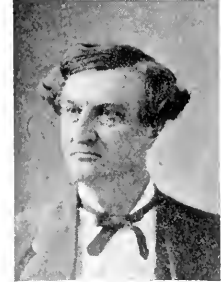
Dea. Thomas Holbrook.



Samuel Chandler.



Mrs. Chandler.



Hon. Zachariah Chandler.

rious thing I find in the records:

"June, 1768. The Meeting House glass lent out; Matthew Little's account of the same. David Moore had from Matthew Little, 6 squares of the Meeting House glass: Dea. Gilmore had of the same twenty-four squares. Nov. 20, 1768. The Rev. Mr. John Houston had 24 squares of the same; Hugh Campbell

So it seems that the glass for the church was procured before the church was built, or before it was ready for it, and these old heroes did not like to see the glass idle, so they used it. The careful report shows how scarce and costly glass must

have been in those old times. The Lord's day meant something to the forefathers. Here is an extract from a call for a town meeting, which may be not only of interest, but a matter of emulation. Date, 1779.

"As for some time past, the Sabbath has been greatly profaned, by persons traveling on the same, with burthens, when there is no necessity for it . . . to see whether the town will try to provide some remedy for the same, for the future."

The Bedford church has always



The Old Town House.

Erected, October 15, 1755; Removed, May 15, 1870.

been the centre of all public activity. Its officers have been the officers of the town. From its pulpit have been made all formal announcements. Within its walls have been inspired every important home measure, and its influence has stimulated each wise public action.

In the annals of Bedford are many entertaining and amusing anecdotes. Old Deacon John Orr, a sturdy Scotch-Irishman, frequently allowed his temper to get the upper hand of him, and at times it made him use language not fit for the Sunday-

school. Profanity seemed to be his failing. Being a church officer, the session took the matter up. One of his fellow-elders asked him, "How could you allow yourself to speak



The Old Savage Parsonage.

so?" "What was it?" he asked. His words were repeated, to which he replied, "D' ye expect me to be a' spirit and nae flesh?"

This same deacon went to Boston once. Boston must have been then,



School-house Where Z. Chandler Began His Education.

as now, the imaginary centre of the universe, as the following incident will prove. Deacon Orr put up at a respectable boarding-house. At supper, after drinking eight or ten cups of tea, he refused to take another cup when invited by the landlady.



Hon. Zachariah Chandler's Birthplace, Now Owned by Gordon Woodbury.

Whereupon she told him that it was polite form to turn his cup upside down, to show that no more was wanted. Next morning at breakfast a large bowl of bread and milk was at his plate; taking only a little bit of it, he deliberately turned the bowl, with its contents, upside down on the lady's fine table linen, thus signifying that he did not care for any more. His hostess was very angry, but he replied, "I am only following your injunction of last evening."

Rev. John Houston and Gawn Riddle had a bitter quarrel about a line fence. Several neighbors heard it. The next day being Sunday, Riddle was at church as usual. Some of the astonished neighbors said, "Riddle, we thought you would not be at meeting to-day to hear your

neighbor Houston preach, after having such a quarrel." To which Mr. Riddle replied, "I'd have ye to know if I did quarrel with my neighbor Houston yesterday, I did not quarrel with the gospel."

In the French and Indian war, the New England forces were at one time under command of Col. John Goffe of



Residence of Freeman R. French.



Home of Mr. Atwood.

Bedford, and many from the town were soldiers under him. In the War of Independence a large portion of the able-bodied men of Bedford enlisted and fought at Bunker Hill, Bennington, and Saratoga. Colonel John Orr was one of General Stark's most trusted officers. When a pledge was circulated through town to sup-

port the American cause, every man in town signed it, except Rev. John Houston. Thus the man who was the first pastor of this people, a man of scholarship, purity, and piety, was the only Tory in the town. He was persuaded to abandon the Tory side only after a long struggle in Presbytery and his dismissal from the church. Mr. Houston was born in



Residence of Quincy Barnard, Town Treasurer.

This House Was Built by Rev. John Houston.



The Gordon Place.

Londonderry, in 1723. He was educated at the College of New Jersey then at Newark, over which the Rev. Aaron Burr was president. This college is now Princeton university. He was ordained in Bedford church, September 28, 1757. He married Anna Peebles, and had three sons and two daughters. He

died February 3, 1798, and was buried in the old graveyard. Mrs. Houston died July 4 of the same year, and lies beside him, awaiting the resurrection. For thirty years there was no settled minister. Quite a number supplied the pulpit, but we have no record of any except Rev. Mr. Pickles, who was a much sweeter man than his name indicates.

September 5, 1804, Rev. David McGregor was ordained pastor. Mr. McGregor was born in Londonderry, was graduated from Dartmouth college in 1799, and married Miss Butterfield of Groton, Mass., who soon died. He then came to Bedford, and soon after married Miss Annis Orr, daugh-



House Where Horace Greeley Spent His Boyhood Days, Now Owned by Mrs. Fannie Woodbury.



Residence of Mrs. Fannie Woodbury.

ter of Hon. John Orr. She died shortly after her marriage. His third wife was Miss Rebecca Merrill of Falmouth, Me. He had no children. Under his cure the church strengthened constantly, and from him begins the real history of the church. He moved to the home of his wife in Maine, and died suddenly October 18, 1848, aged seventy-four years.

July 5, 1826, Rev. Thomas Savage was installed pastor by the presbytery of Londonderry. He was a graduate of Harvard college, was ordained by the Mississippi presbytery, August, 1822, and served the Baton Rouge, La., Presbyterian church several years. While there he married Miss Lucy Woodruff of St. Francisville, La., by whom he had the following children: Julia Ann, born at Baton Rouge; James, Lucretia, and Frances, born at Bedford, in the house now known as the "old parsonage." Mrs. Savage died May 16, 1847. October 12, 1848, Mr. Savage married

Miss Sarah Webster of Haverhill, who was a close relative of Hon. Daniel Webster. Mr. Savage died May 8, 1866, aged seventy-two years, having been pastor here forty years. Under his care the church reached the zenith of its glory. Several hundred united with the church during the great revival periods

of the early thirties. Mr. Savage was a man of great pulpit power and most pronounced piety. Up to 1832 the church and town hall were one and the same. But during Mr. Savage's ministry the new church was built and dedicated on Christmas day, 1832.

On May 19, 1850, the church and town celebrated their centennial anniversary. Many distinguished visitors were present. Hon. Isaac Barnes of Boston, a son of Bedford, delivered the oration. Rev. Thomas Savage, Dr. P. P. Woodbury, and William



Falls and Pond on the Estate of Mrs. Freeman Woodbury.



Residence of Mrs. Freeman Woodbury.

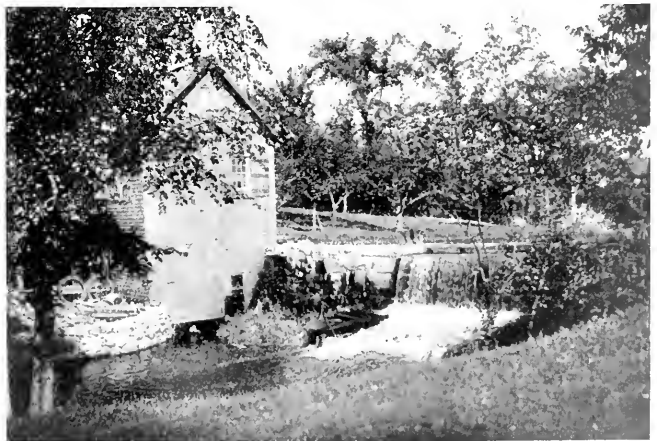
Patten, Esq., prepared a history of the town. Among the speakers at this celebration were Horace Greeley of New York, who was reared in Bedford and born within ten yards of the town line; Rev. Mr. Davis of Amherst; John Atwood, Esq., of Albany, N. Y.; Rev. James T. Woodbury of Acton, Mass.; Hon. C. E. Potter of Manchester; Dr. Leonard French of Fitchburg, Mass.; Jonathan Aiken, Esq., of Andover, Mass.; and James O. Adams of Manchester.

When a Southern man writes of the "late unpleasantness," in a Northern magazine, it becomes a delicate matter. But when the author is the son of a Confederate captain, it makes the task even more delicate. Yet he thinks as much of the North as any one born and reared here. So, with these remarks, he takes up the thread of the

story. When the Civil War broke out, Bedford was not lacking in love for the Union. I find that in the country's time of need, this town furnished 142 men, many of whom died of disease; many more were either killed or wounded in battle, and only a few survive at this writing. All hail, noble veterans! The son of a noble foe greets you, and wishes many more years to be added to you all, and prays for God's blessing upon each individually.

After the war was ended, it was thought best to retire Mr. Savage and call a younger man. So the lot fell upon Rev. Dr. Arthur Little. He was installed January 3, 1866. He served as pastor till September 22, 1868, when he resigned to accept a call to Fond du Lac, Wis. He is now pastor at Dorchester, Mass.

Rev. Ira C. Tyson was installed



Mill and Falls on the Estate of Mrs. Freeman Woodbury



Edmund B. Hull,
Representative.



Residence of Hon. Edmund B. Hull.



John Gove,
Selectman.



Silas Riddle,
Town Clerk.



Residence of Mrs. Milton B. Spencer.



Lyman Kinson,
Selectman.



Quincy Barnard,
Town Treasurer.



Residence of Charles Busiel.



George Spencer,
Selectman.



Hon. George Foster.



The Old Chandler Home, Now the Residence of Mr. Rawlins.



Dr. Daniel Grant.

pastor May 6, 1869, and served the church most faithfully for ten years. He resigned to accept a call to Londonderry, and is now pastor of the Presbyterian church at Shewanee-town, Ill.

Rev. Daniel H. Colcord succeeded Mr. Tyson. He was installed September 8, 1881. He was beloved by all his people, but was forced to resign on account of ill health. He went to California in 1887, and is now a professor in Pomona college, California.

began his work December 1, 1896, and was installed May 5, 1897, by a commission of Boston presbytery.

A few years since, the church was remodeled outside and in, and to-day it presents a most beautiful appearance, and is justly called the pride of the town. On the occasion of the reunion of the old and new school Presbyterian churches in 1871, a pretty vestry was built as a memorial. In it the Sunday evening services are held. It also contains the public library of the town.



Bridal Chamber in the Pulpit.



Lower Falls in the Pulpit.

July 22, 1888, the Rev. Albert Smith began his labor as stated supply. He was ordained October 4, 1888, but not installed. He served the church several years very acceptably. He is now at Northboro, Mass., as pastor of a Congregational church.

Rev. Charles Fields succeeded Mr. Smith as stated supply. He stayed only a short time. He is now engaged in teaching in Illinois.

After a vacancy of nearly two years, Rev. William C. Lindsay, Ph. D., was called as pastor. He

The schools have always been of great interest to the people of Bedford. The school-houses are modern and up to date and equipped with efficient teachers. From their flagpoles float the "Star Spangled Banner," teaching the children the lesson of freedom and patriotism, while on the inside is taught God's word to the young hearts, so easily touched.

The principal industry of the town is farming, though that is by no means exclusive. Mr. Fred G. Holbrook owns and operates a saw and planing mill near the Centre. Messrs.



Home of George Shepard.

Charles Farley and Joseph Parkhurst run carriage repairing and blacksmithing establishments. Fred French keeps a general store and the post-office. Messrs. Charles Busiel, J. G. Holbrook, George Gault, Edmund Hull, George Barnard, Ed. Conner, George and Charles Wiggin, and Mrs. M. F. French own and operate milk routes in Manchester. Irving French deals largely in live cattle for the beef market. Dana Brown is the fancy poultry man. Mrs. Freeman Woodbury runs a creamery, and her son, Gordon Woodbury, presides over the Manchester *Union*, owns and runs several factories, is engaged in farming to a large extent and is generally interested in many other ways in the

prosperity of the town. Eddy W. Stevens operates a large truck farm. Messrs. Albert Flint, Solomon Manning, Charles and George Wiggin, D. W. Atwood, George Spencer, Stephen Goff, Lyman Kinson, Foster Rawlins, Freeman R. French, William B. French, Fred Lane, Quincy Barnard, George Barnard,



Residence of S. C. Damon.

Nelson Faucher, Milton Patten, Ed. French, George Shepard, and George Walsh, are only a few among the many successful farmers and milkmen of the town. There are several men who have large money or land interests in town, who must not be overlooked. Messrs. Charles Kendall, S. C. Damon, James Leach, John and Silas Riddle, and David

Swett. To Mrs. Fannie Woodbury credit is due for the fine appearance of the Centre and especially the church and cemetery. And Manchester would be poorer in many ways were it not for her Bedford men, such as Messrs. George, Byron, and Henry Chandler, John and Gilman McAllister,



The Riddle Homestead.

Willis Kendall, F. L. Wallace, and Gordon Woodbury.

Nor does Bedford live alone in the present. She has a history in the past as well. In addition to those named in other parts of this sketch may be noted briefly the following old wor-

thies: Deacon John Holbrook, Rev. Cyrus W. Wallace, Hon. Jonathan Rand, Isaac Riddle, Hon. Jonathan Vose, Hon. Matthew Patten, Hon. Zachariah Chandler, Rev. Dr. Joseph Emerson Worcester, Hon. Horace Greeley, Hon. George Foster, Dr. P. P. Woodbury, Colonel John A. McGaw, and "Uncle Sam" Gardner, the powerful in prayer and



The Home of Ed Stevens.

To-day, Bedford is a quiet, peaceable town, eminently respectable, and free from the vices only too common nowadays in most of the land. Everywhere are signs of progress, peace, satisfaction, and comfort. Neatness is proverbial. In mental and moral vigor the people are not deficient; in neighborly feeling and brotherly love they are exceptionally blessed. A sturdier, nobler, or more generous people are hard to find.

The present town officers are: Hon. Edmund Hull, representative in the legislature; John Gove, Lyman Kinson, and George Spencer, selectmen; Silas Riddle, town clerk; and Quincy Barnard, treasurer. Jasper George is librarian, and Milton Patten town moderator.

Bedford has its beauty spots, like other places. Among these is the pulpit, a natural curiosity in the



Residence of James Leach.

noted for his quaint sayings. We cannot mention all the glory of Bedford, for the half has never been told. Past and present, Bedford has been, and is, a place signally blessed. It is a great beehive with no drones. Activity is the watchword all along the line. Let us hope the future has still greater blessings in store for the town, the church, and the people.



Home of Nelson Faucher.



Residences of Fred Lane and Mr. Kilton.

northwest part of the town. It is visited by thousands of people each year. Sebbins lake is another natural curiosity, because its shores are like floating wharfs as they rise and fall with the water. The village from Bell hill, the church and cemetery, Mrs. Woodbury's lake and falls, and the old mill, the well-kept homes, and the magnificent scenery on the Merrimack, are all spots of beauty which make Bedford an ideal town to live in.

The resident physician is Daniel Grant, M. D., a graduate of McGill university, Montreal. The living church officers are S. C. Damon,

Walter Gage, Freeman R. French, and S. P. Duncklee. Mr. Duncklee lives on the old Chandler place, recently purchased from Mrs. Hale by Gordon Woodbury.

The grange is a flourishing institution, as it is one of the great social gatherings of the town.

Bedford! Blessed town, in your past, your present, and your future! Well did thy daughter sing at thy one hundredth birthday:

"Old Bedford may boast of her farmers, mechanics,
Her doctors, her lawyers, her ministers, too,
In purpose unshaken, as pillars of granite,
Right onward their course is, with strength ever new.

"Pass on! Sons of Bedford—press on in your glory;
Pass on! deck your brows with the bright wreath of fame;
Generations unborn will rejoice in your story,
For History awaits now to take down each name.

"Pass on! Sons of Bedford, press on in your greatness,
True greatness, the offspring of goodness and truth;

'Pass on' is the watchword, let none plead the lateness,
Let none linger listless, because of their youth.

"Press onward, rise upward, the prize is appearing,
The goal is in sight now, press forward, ye brave;
Secure the bright gem in the prospect that's nearing,
And honor immortal shall rest o'er each grave."



The Manse.

NOTE.—In illustrating this article, the following photographs were used by courtesy of Mr. Pearly Riddle and Rev. W. C. Lindsay: Mrs. Freeman Woodbury's house, mill (page 9), and lake (cover), and the Pulpit views (page 11).

A NEW YEAR TALE.

By Dixeu.



IT was the last night of the old year, and a right bitter night it was, too. We, a merry group, clustered about the blazing hearth, and with merry words and careless laughter sought to pass away the "wee small hours" until the new year should fairly enter into existence.

It was a happy night. We were all at home, for the first time in many months.

Amy, the baby, with her flaxen curls and great blue eyes, reminding one of a stray gleam from heaven, had only arrived a few hours ago.

Ruth, with her stately beauty, calm and satisfied and cold, had been at home for some days. Sufficient in herself was our haughty Ruth. We were all proud of her, too. *She* was the beauty of the family.

Then there was Belle, fair and sweet, mother of two sturdy boys who were sleeping soundly upstairs, and lastly, I,—Mattie, "the old maid sister."

Somehow the time had never come when I could leave the home nest.

I was the eldest, and when the frail little mother grew weaker and weaker, giving up first one duty and then another, there seemed no other way but to lift the burden as best I might and try to fill the vacant place.

There was nothing else to do. I do not regret it, even though Royal

Lee, with his handsome, pleading face, stood by my side and urged me to give it up.

"The best of your life will soon be gone, and why should you lose all that will make it bright? You are hurting *my* life, as well as your own," he said, "for it can never be complete without you."

What mattered it that my heart ached and that a great longing came to me? Duty, and love as well,—love for the dear home ties,—stood waiting, so I answered him *nay*, and went back to my work again.

One by one the girls flitted away; Belle first, to a home of her own,—then Ruth, on a visit to the far West and journeys hither and thither over all the land, then over the seas to other lands.

I enjoyed her trips nearly as well as she, methinks, for her letters were almost like stories, and, as I read, I would close my eyes and in fancy see her as she was standing among the grand old ruins of the olden times, or, mayhap, exploring some famous castle, her eyes filled with a marvelous light and shining like stars, her face full of a great delight, and yet, withal, so haughty and cold and proud.

Lastly, and harder than all the others, Amy, the baby, the light and darling of the household, started out into the world.

It was with strange misgivings I

saw her go. She was only a child as yet, or so it seemed to me, and I expected to see her home, defeated, after a day or two, and right glad I should have been, for the house seemed strangely still; yet the days lengthened into weeks and the weeks into months, and week by week both she and the old aunt with whom she was staying, and who was almost a mother to her, wrote us that she was well, but in all the year our darling had not once been home.

So it was we were happy to-night, —the last night of the old year.

"Girls,"—it was Ruth who spoke, her eyes meanwhile looking dreamily into the glowing fire,—*"I never enjoyed a year as I have enjoyed this one. Oh,"*—and the haughty face grew softer,—*"you cannot imagine it or anything of the splendor! But to stand where some of those grand old heroes stood, and touch the things they touched hundreds of years ago, seemed to fill me with a strange inspiration. I think I could grow famous if I lived there,"* and she laughed lightly.

"I think," and Amy's blue eyes looked into the dark ones, *"that you won't need to go abroad for that. It's not seldom I see the name of our Ruthie in print, and I feel quite proud to say, 'Yes, I have read her works, of course; she's my sister you know.'"*

Then Belle, *"How can you do it, Ruthie?"* she asked.

Ruth turned her eyes away from the firelight,—such wonderful eyes, and they seemed somehow larger and darker than ever as she answered,—

"How can I? I should say rather, how could I not? You know, girls, we are wedded, my writing and I,

and it satisfies me, satisfies me fully."

Amy laughed, and tossed the golden curls back from her white brow.

"Ah," she said, "wait awhile, Ruthie, until some handsome suitor comes, then *he* will have a place, as well as the writing."

Ruth shook her head.

"No," she said, "I could never love enough for that, I think, for you know if I *should* marry, my writing must be second."

Belle smiled softly. She was thinking of the two small boys upstairs, and their father at home, I know.

"Ah, my wise sister," she said, "you can write of love and happiness now, write so you thrill all our hearts, I know, but if you once knew it yourself with a heart knowledge, it would be like an inspiration, I am sure."

Thus the moments passed by until the great old-fashioned clock called out the hour of midnight.

Hardly had the sound died away when our father's voice sounded down the stairway.

"Ruth," he called.

A strange shadow crossed her face as she stepped into the hall. As for me,—a quick dread as of coming woe came to my heart, but I only clasped my hands and waited. It *seemed* hours, but was in reality only a moment, ere she returned, and her face, even to her lips, was drawn and white.

She came to my side and laid her hand on my shoulder.

"Girls,—Mattie," she said, and her voice was strangely low, "Father wanted me to tell you; he said he could not. It was *your* right to know

it first, Mattie, but he could not look into your eyes and say the words. Mother,—our little mother who gave us the good-night kiss only a few hours ago,—has gone to heaven to begin the new year there. It came so quickly there was no time to call us for a last good-by. She opened her eyes from her sleep, he said, smiled up at him, and then, in a moment, had gone."

"Dead! O Ruthie!" It was Amy, my pet, and her cry was for Ruth, not me, and Ruth's arms were about her, and Ruth's lips were whispering words of comfort, and with a little deeper pain at my heart than before, I turned and followed them up the stairs.

It all comes back to me as I sit here to-night, so many years afterward, and a passionate cry comes to my heart. My little Amy! I would have died for you!

It was a wild night. The wind moaned and howled around the chimney, and died away into low, sobbing moans. We stood by the bedside and looked down into the calm, white face which had such a short time ago been smiling at us and our thoughtless chatter, and it seemed it *could not* be death, and then we turned, Belle and I, and, hand in hand, passed out.

It was almost involuntarily I drew her to Father's room; *he* would need me, I thought, and it seemed it would be such a comfort to my aching heart.

We found him in his study, his head bowed upon his hands, his long, white locks falling loosely about his brow.

"Father," I said, and laid my hand on his head. He did not speak,

and his form shook with suppressed sobs.

I stood there silently. I felt it would be mockery to speak, but I smoothed the snowy hair and brushed it back from the white brow, and at last the bowed head was lifted.

"Where is Ruth?" he asked.

My hand dropped to my side.

"She is with Amy. Shall I send her?" I asked, and I tried not to let anything of reproach come to my voice.

I left the room and went to where they were still kneeling by the bed.

"Ruth," I said, "Father wants you." Then I went out again. I *could not* say more.

The day of the funeral came, and the loved form was laid away. O Mother! It seemed to me as the earth fell with a hard, cold thud upon the coffin that it was falling verily upon my heart. *She* had needed me, had leaned upon me, and now no one needed me, it seemed.

Belle had her husband and her boys. Ruth was claimed by Amy and Father, and I, my heart aching until it seemed to me it must break, walked from room to room and wished I could join the little mother in God's heaven.

* * * * *

It was lonely, indeed, when, soon after, Father and I were left alone in the great old house. Belle must needs go back to her home, of course. I think she understood a bit of my feelings, for, as she was leaving, she took both my hands in hers.

"You'll have your reward some day, dear," she said, "and whenever you will come, my home is open to you."

I blessed her for the words, but still,—*she* has her husband.—I should not be needed even though I were welcomed.

Then came Ruth, haughty, peerless Ruth! I cannot feel one little breath of blame for her. She put her arms about me and her dark eyes grew moist as she said,—

“I would stay, dear, but I have been away so long, and Aunt Ruth is impatient to be on her travels. I’m so glad Amy is going with me. It will give *you* a chance to rest and the child needs the change.”

I tried to smile. “It will be very lonely,” was all I could say, but the hardest of all was when Amy put her arms about my neck and her soft lips met mine.

It seemed to me I could *never* let her go.

“You won’t forget me, pet?” I whispered.

“Forget *you*,—*forget my Mattie*,”—and the blue eyes were raised to my face, “as if I *could* forget! O Mattie, *do* you think so? I’ll stay with you now, if you like, dear.”

I smoothed the flaxen curls. “No, dear one,” I said, “the change will do you good, only remember,—Ruth is calm and self-sufficient, my pet is not, and Ruthie will not guard her as well as the ‘old maid sister’ at home. Will you be careful, my darling?”

The blue eyes were raised to my face, and the girlish voice was brave and true as she replied:

“Yes, Mattie, dear, I’ll be careful,” she said. “I know I’m foolish and impulsive, but you’ll be praying for me here, and I shall pray, too, dear, and shall try to be very wise.”

The others came in then, and I

kissed my darling good-by, and I whispered to Ruth, “Remember she is only a child and guard her carefully.”

Then they left me; the coach rolled away, and Father and I were alone.

How glad I was for the promise given, and the brave, true light I had seen in the blue eyes. “God bless her,” I murmured, “and bring her safely back ere long.” Ah, how little did I dream what the homecoming would be! How little think I should never again look into the bonny blue eyes of my pet!

“O Ruth, Ruth!” my heart cries, and yet, I cannot, *will not* blame her! She has *her* nature; I have *mine*, and where I would have watched, *she* was all unconscious. But I cannot tell the rest.

The passing years do not soften the pain, and my heart grows faint and sick as it comes to me again, but Ruth, calm, cold Ruth, with her lovely face and starlike eyes, can write it,—write it as of some other person—write it without a tear, and so I lay my pen one side and leave the rest to her.

PART II.

AS TOLD BY RUTH.

It was just a year from the night our mother died, and, as on the other night, we sat before the fire and watched for the death of the old year,—Amy and I in foreign lands, Mattie and Belle at home, far away o’er the seas,—yet a connecting link was borne across from shore to shore, for all our thoughts and talk was of the dear mother.

The moments slipped by, and the hour of midnight came.

The light was burning low and dim, and the fire, as it danced and flickered in the grate, cast weird, fantastic shadows on the wall. A silence fell between us, broken only by the crackling of the fire and the low sighing of the wind.

As the last peal of the midnight hour died away, Amy arose.

"Ruthie," she said, and, coming beside me, put her soft arms about my neck and laid her face against mine, "Ruthie, I have something to tell you."

A sudden chill came to my heart, and, I knew not why, it seemed that from the glowing fire and borne on the moaning winds, came the words of the elder sister at home,—“She is only a child, you know; guard her well.” I smiled at the fancy, and, looking up into the bright young face, I asked, “What is it, dear? I am all attention.”

“It’s only this, Ruthie,” and the fair face grew suddenly crimson, while the golden head drooped, and the words came in a whisper, “You know, dear, we have often been for a walk, you and Harold Wayne and I, and, Ruthie, he has asked me to be his wife.”

Again that sudden chill over all my being, and again the words of Mattie seemed whispered in my ear, and still I thrust the fancy by, and I lifted the golden head and looked into the blue eyes.

“Amy, my darling,” I said, “remember you are scarcely more than a child, and do not give your word. What would Mattie say? I do not like him, dear. We cannot spare our Amy yet; by and by, when you are older and wiser, dear, will be time for *such* things.”

“But, Ruthie,—*dear* Ruthie,” she pleaded, “I love him, and, Ruthie, I *am* his wife; we were married this evening; it would save so much of perplexing argument, he said, to be married first, and come and tell you afterward, and he is coming for me to-morrow.”

I drew myself away. “No, Amy, no,” I cried. But it *was* so. Slowly the truth came to me. I had been so blind, so careless,—I could only hope it might be well.

I yielded to her pleadings that I would not write and tell Mattie.

“It would trouble her,” she said, in her pretty, coaxing way, and added, “you see, she does n’t *know* Harold. When she sees him, and we can talk face to face, it will be much better, Ruthie,” and a glad ring was in her voice.

How she loved him! It seemed to fill her entire being. But there came a day when she came to me, and her face was like the face of the dead, except for two spots like crimson that burned on her cheeks. She laid her hand, hot and burning, upon mine.

“Harold has been called away for a little,” she said.

I smoothed the golden curls, and smiled as I replied, “Why, Amy, pet, don’t grieve. You say he has only gone for a little. The time will soon pass.”

But with every day, as it passed,—aye, with every moment, it seemed to me, the young face grew whiter, and the red in her cheeks grew deeper, while her eyes shone and gleamed like stars, until at last I wrote Mattie that we would soon be at home. I did not add that Amy was not well, for I thought, “we will start next

week, *then* I can tell her face to face."

But she grew weaker and weaker, and the home-going was delayed from day to day, and yet no shadow of the coming woe came to me, but one night as she sat by the window I went to her side and laid my hand on the sunny curls, saying,—

"Why not write to Harold and call him home at once? Surely, it is time he was here, and we must start for home and Mattie, the time is going *so fast*."

She lifted her eyes to mine and smiled faintly. "It would do no good to write, Ruthie," she said, "he would get here only to stand beside my grave, dear. I shall never see either him or Mattie again, for,—before many days now,—I shall be at rest. Hush!" as I was about to speak. "I want you to take my hands in yours, Ruthie, and hold them close while I tell you something. Do not let your clasp grow faint or weak, for then my heart would break, and, as I tell you, just let your thoughts go onward a week or two,—it will not be more,—and imagine you are looking down into my dead face, *then* you will not blame me so, for, dear, God knows I thought I was Harold's wife, and that day when he left me, after telling me I was not his lawful wife, it seemed to me my heart must break; it has been slowly breaking ever since, Ruthie, but I *could not* tell you; I thought when the end was almost here it would be easier."

She paused, and I bent and kissed her again and again and tried to comfort her, but when I said we would start at once for home and that she would be better there, she only

smiled and held up her hand, so thin and white it was,—“Wait,” she murmured.

I kissed her good-night at last, with a strange fear at my heart, and I said to myself that, as soon as the morrow came, I would send for Mattie to come to us at once, yet even then I thought another summer would see our girlie well again, but when the morrow came she did not attempt to dress, or even to rise, and her face as she lay there among the pillows was as white as marble, except for the red, red spots, which glowed so fiercely on her cheeks.

But it was only when the doctor came, and then turned away from the bed with such pitying eyes, that I understood the dreadful truth. There was no time to send for Mattie now, the end was so near.

"You will tell Mattie good-by," she murmured at last. "Tell her I *meant* to be strong,—O Ruthie, you will not *let* her blame me!"

I bent my head down close beside her, and my tears fell on the sunny curls, as I answered,—

"No, dear, she will not blame you, —she *could not* blame you, child," I said.

"Tell her," and the face grew yet whiter and the words came slowly, "that I am very glad to go; glad that this hopeless, dreary pain at my heart is at an end."

Those were her last words, for before the fading day had quite ended, she was indeed at rest, the white hands crossed quietly upon her breast, the red, red fire gone from her cheeks at last, and the lips just curved in a smile.

By her side lay a tiny babe, waxen and still, and *both* were dead.

* * * * *

"Amy is dead. Shall start for home to-night."

Such was the message that came to Mattie Gray that October morning. She was standing by the window, wondering how long it would be before Amy was at home.

A song was on her lips and the gray eyes were full of a strangely soft light. "God bless her and keep her safely," she murmured. *Then* the message came.

She took it in her hand and read it slowly,—read it with face growing white and yet whiter, and lips from which every trace of color had fled.

A little later and she stood and looked down into the still, white face of Amy, her idol—looked down upon the tiny form beside her, and then, with face as white as that of the dead, she turned away.

"O Ruth, Ruth, you *promised* to guard her!" she cried. "Why, oh why, did you break your word?"

They were the only words of reproach she ever spoke, but somehow, Ruth Gray never quite forgot the look in her eyes as she turned away.

PART III.

AS TOLD BY MATTIE.

So to-night I am sitting here alone. One by one the years have sped away until three more have gone, and, New Year's night though it be,

I and the great old house are keeping watch and ward alone, yet, strange to say, I am not lonely, and mingled with the sadness in my heart is a song of praise.

The dear father and mother are happy in God's heaven. Amy is with them, Amy and the child.

Belle is happy in her husband and boys, and Ruth, haughty Ruth, still travels as fancy calls, and writes her thrilling tales with face and eyes which glow, while I, Mattie, "the old maid sister," still stay in the home nest.

My thoughts go back to-night over the vanished years, and they turn to the night when Robin said good-by.

He is coming again to-night, is Robin. I met him this morning for the first time since our good-by, and he took my hand with the same smile as of old.

"No one needs you now, Mattie, except myself," he said, "think it over well. I am coming to help you watch the old year out to-night, and then I shall ask you for my New Year's gift. You will give it to me, dear, will you not?"

So there is an extra log on the fire, and a glad song in my heart, and because his words are true, because he alone needs me, because my heart calls out in need of him, I shall welcome him gladly and shall answer him "*Yes.*"



THE FUGITIVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

By Laura Garland Carr.

Brisk comes the morning, awake and alert,
Purple-tinged sunbeams, coquettishly dancing,
Through the dark fir-trees with young bushes flirt,
Or, to the heights advancing,
On clouds, like flames, are glancing.
With rapturous, gleeful spring larks mount in space
To greet with melody the sun,
Already by Aurora won,
And glowing in her fierce embrace.

O blessed light! On all
Your cheering glances fall!
Hillside and valley your warming rays renew.
All in a silvery flitter
The spreading meadows glitter,
And a thousand suns are trembling in the pearly dew.

With rustling coolness
And sweet demureness
Nature drops into play.
Zephyrs tumble the posies
And toy with the roses
Till lowlands are riot with perfumes astray.

High over the city smoke-clouds are disporting,
Cattle are lowing, horses stamping and snorting,
Wheels crunch through the gravel,
Carts jar as they travel,

In the resounding vale.
The woods are alive with stirring things,
And, buoyant on sunlighted wings,
Hawks, eagles, and falcons hover and sail.

Where shall I find retreat—
Rest for my weary feet—
Love that may soothe and save?
All this fair, laughing earth,
Teeming with youth and mirth,
For me is but a grave.

Spread high, O rosy dawn, and fling
 Your crimson kisses over grove and plain!
 Rustle in, O twilight dim, and sing
 The darkening earth to slumber again.
 Morning—Oh, thy crimson flush
 But over death fields creep!
 Evening—Oh, thy calm will hush
 My last, long sleep!

TWO NEW HAMPSHIRE MOUNTAINS.

PART I.

MONADNOCK MOUNTAIN.

By C. L. Whittle.



MONADNOCK mountain, which stands in southern New Hampshire, is an object of extreme geological interest, as well as a picturesque peak lying isolated among hills of a much lower altitude. Its scientific attractiveness arises, in part, from the fact that it affords a fine opportunity to study the effects of a high obstruction placed in the path of the continental ice sheet that once passed over northern North America in a direction generally southward.

We all know that the forms of the land surface, as they exist to-day, are due to processes of land sculpture, termed erosion, acting in a slow manner through vast periods of time. These processes of destruction are in great part the breaking up of rock masses by water freezing and expanding in cracks and fissures in the rocks where it has penetrated, and by the strong tendency possessed by most rocks to crumble as a result of chemical change. Our hardest rocks, reduced to a condition of sand or

clay, are easily carried down slopes to the rivers and thence to the oceans, particularly during the time of the year when the streams are swollen to torrential proportions by melting snows or heavy rains. Streams thus loaded are potent factors in the wearing away of the rocks over which they flow. The Niagara river has cut its cañon-like gorge back from the village of Lewiston, a distance of some seven miles, at the rate of two to six feet a year, as measured by the present retreat of the rock escarpment over which the water falls. Long study of the conditions existing there goes to show that the river has accomplished this titanic feat in 6,000 to 30,000 years, certainly not over the latter figure. It is largely on the evidence furnished by this river that scientists have been able to calculate the number of years that have elapsed since the close of the glacial period, and it is now generally believed that this time was considerably less than 30,000 years ago.

Many thousands of years ago, the

character of New England was much unlike what we find here to-day. In place of our rounded hills and mountains, revealing abundant exposures of ledges, transparent, rollicking streams and numerous waterfalls, we had angular topography; rock exposures were scarce, excepting near the summit of our highest mountains or along some mountain brook; scarcely a lake dotted the landscape; streams were infrequent, and their muddy waters flowed uninterruptedly to the sea with no obstructions to bar their way that would give rise to lakes or waterfalls. At that time we

the processes of land sculpture have been going on without interruption for an immense period of time, and accordingly that region simulates closely the form of the land surface once characteristic of New England. Who will deny these processes when we learn that the mighty Mississippi, with its enormous volume of water, flowing unceasingly through countless ages, carries in its grasp nearly three per cent. of mineral matter, held in suspension by virtue of its motion, as well as other matter chemically dissolved? In confirmation of this we can point out the fact



Monadnock Mountain, from Stone Pond, Marlborough.

should have searched in vain for the common landscape features existing here to-day which make New England, wanting as it is in any sublimity due to great elevation or grand scenery, like that of the Rocky Mountains, one of the most diversified and attractive regions in the world. The old land forms, which were the result of forces now working on the earth's surface, are, of course, conjectural as regards detail, but we have in the South to-day an example, in great part a copy of the then existing topography. Virginia and North Carolina are present types of old New England scenery. There

that considerable portions of the states of Louisiana and Mississippi are but parts of a great delta deposited in the former northward extension of the Gulf of Mexico. We are accordingly forced to the conclusion that the shape of the land as we find it to-day is only a temporary form that lies somewhere between the past much greater elevation of the land and a future general flatness that the country must assume under the certain but sure action of erosion.

Our past conception of the earth's age must be dispelled if we would arrive at an understanding of our continent's history, and a new con-

ception, that will embrace incalculable ages, must take its place. It has been a difficult matter to convince the people that the antiquity of the earth cannot be measured by thousands of years and that our unit of measurement must needs be among the millions. Such, with rare exceptions, has been the burden of thought of all peoples up to within a few decades of the present time, and to eradicate this belief is a slow and tedious process. The task of ad-ducing evidence has lain with the physicist, the astronomer, and the geologist, and the multitude of facts now collected is so overpowering that only the most skeptical linger outside the fold of believers.

Remembering the processes, and conceiving them at work all over New England, wearing away the country that once existed here at a much greater height, we naturally ask ourselves, How happens it that Monadnock stands so much higher than any of its neighboring peaks? To the geologist an explanation of this problem is an easy one, since rocks must wear away, rapidly or slowly, in proportion to their ability to withstand the destroying effects of frost, tendency to decay, etc. If we examine the rock making up the main mass of the mountain, we shall see that it is of a nature to resist exceptionally well the means of attack directed against it, and it thus stands much higher than the neighboring country where the rocks are less able to resist the processes of destruction.

Not long ago, as the geologist measures time, there came a rude interruption to the old conditions, and New England and the northern part of the United States were covered to

a great depth with an ice sheet, or glacier, slowly moving southward. With the possible exception of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, all the highest mountains in New England were covered with this glacial garment. Huge blocks of stone were broken from the ledges by its enormous power and were transported on its surface or buried in its icy embrace. Many were held, vise-like, in the lower part of the glacier, and, as the ice moved over the country, the embedded stones wore away the ledges, cutting them down in proportion to their hardness, and leaving as evidence of their work scratches or furrows, termed striae, on the surface of the rocks. On the top of the glacier, and emerging from beneath the ice at various places along its front, flowed rivers that carried the finer material worn away by the glacier and scattered it on the land in front of the ice. If we strip off this covering of gravel and clay, anywhere in the area occupied by the ice, we shall find the ledges below scratched and grooved, and the character of the furrows will tell us the direction the ice moved. All our exposed ledges were once thus striated, but since the close of the ice period they have been removed, in many cases, from our softer rocks by the processes spoken of above. It is true, however, that the majority of our ledges still show plenty of striae, their distinctness depending on the nature of the rock and their exposure to the destructive processes. Let any one with a pair of sharp eyes take a compass with him and examine the neighboring ledges, and he will find, with a little perseverance, evidence



Embossed Rocks, Monadnock Mountain.

From a crayon drawing of Hitchcock's original wood cut.

of ice action and the direction of its motion.

It is not necessary to discuss here the causes that have given rise to glacial periods. There may have been but one active and operative cause, but it is generally believed among those who have studied the question that several causes acting in conjunction conspired to bring on increased precipitation of snow in British North America. These changed conditions are thought to have been due to a new relation of land and water at the north; to a change in the direction of the prevailing winds and ocean currents, and to an increased distance between the sun and earth.

Slowly the snow accumulated, converted by its own weight to ice, and gradually moved southward, covering in the neighborhood of a third of this country. The most southern extension of the ice front is now clearly indicated by a wall of sand and gravel heaped up along its front, extending irregularly from the island of Mar-

tha's Vineyard to Montana. An enemy from the domain of Great Britain for once invaded the territory of the United States and held it in complete subjugation. A search of the geological record, from the archæan age to the pleistocene period, shows that the northern part of our continent has been glaciated more than once, and it is advanced by one school of observers that glacial periods are of periodic occurrence and correspond in time to relations obtaining in our solar system when the earth receives less units of heat than at others.¹

During the glacial period, Mount Monadnock, over three thousand feet high, was completely buried beneath the ice, standing like a giant guard to protect the country to the south from the ravages of its Arctic foe.

¹In regard to the duration of the glacial period there are no data available from which even an approximate estimate may be made with certainty. It is not too much to say that the gradual accumulation and dissipation of a continental ice-sheet, no doubt several miles in thickness, involving as it did changes in the relation of the continents and oceans, required a lapse of time far greater than has transpired since the United States was abandoned by the ice.

But how puny were its efforts to resist the tremendous forces that propelled the ice forward! As the glacier moved southward, much as chilled molasses flows or brittle tar yields gradually to a weight placed upon it, the resistance offered to its passage was but slight. The glacier, coming as it did from the north, first met the long spur or ridge that extends from the summit of the mountain north towards the village of Dublin. This spur possesses steep slopes on the east and west, and its crest rises gradually to the summit. It thus presented an inclined, wedge-shaped front to the ice. Meeting the ridge, part of the ice was turned towards the left (east); part was turned towards the right (west); and part moved directly up the crest of the ridge towards the south. As these ice streams moved forward, holding large stones imprisoned at their base, they smoothed down and scratched the underlying rocks, writing a record of the ice movements with a pen whose accuracy cannot be questioned as we study these striae to-day.

Several weeks were spent by the writer on the mountain, studying the direction of the ice movements as shown by striae still preserved on most parts of its surface. It was learned that the ice moved directly up the spur to the summit and descended the southern slope, still maintaining its general southern course. It was also apparent that on northwest slopes the ice was deflected by the mountain towards the southwest, and on northeast slopes to the southeast. Going now to the southwest slope, we find the ice moved southwest, while on the southeast slope

the movement was southwest. We thus see that, as the great mass of ice moved over the mountain, it was turned aside when it met broad, steep slopes not presenting surfaces directly towards or against the direction of ice movement. The lower ice was in part turned to the right and left when it met the mountain, and, after passing its widest part, it again changed its course, coming together again just south of the mountain and continuing its direction as before.

The summit of the mountain is a bare knob practically free from vegetation. Here are shown some of the most beautiful ice carvings known anywhere. As one stands on the top and looks northeast one can see below, some three hundred feet away, a number of egg-shaped surfaces of rock grouped together in an irregular way. These bodies are carved out of the solid ledge and are sometimes fifteen feet in their longest dimension. Edward Hitchcock, one of our most celebrated geologists, first described these and gave a sketch of them in his little book on geology published in 1843. There are several names for them in common use in this country. They are sometimes called "embossed rocks" or "sheep's backs," from the French *roche moutonnée*. On Monadnock they resemble nothing so much as a nest of gigantic eggs, larger even than might have been laid by the fabled "roc." Such carvings are produced in the following manner: Before the glacial period, the rocks of New England were decayed to a great depth, the decomposition penetrating deepest along cracks, or any planes that offered a passageway for water. As the ice moved over

the country, it cut most deeply where the rocks were most decayed, leaving the parts between cracks standing higher and rounding them off as described above.

If visitors to the summit will examine these carvings, they will observe that the surfaces are usually less steep on the north side than on the south; that their greatest diameter is the direction of ice movement, and that the greatest smoothness and perfection of curvature is also to be found on the north ends. This first character arises from the fact that the ice has expended greater energy dragging fragments of rock up, over an obstruction, than in descending the other side. The second character is the result of the tendency of all objects under these conditions to assume the form of least resistance, and this form is the oval solid lying in the direction of the glacier's motion.

We have already said that the rock making the summit of the mountain is one that has resisted the forces of erosion better than its neighbors. It so happens that this rock is peculiar and easily recognized by the presence of abundant

crystals of the mineral chialstolite scattered through it irregularly. This mineral occurs in little prisms, often crossing one another in such a manner as to lead the people in the vicinity to call them fossil bird tracks. Their presence affords a ready means by which one can quickly identify the rock wherever it may be found; and it thus enables us, as we go southward from the mountain, to learn the distance fragments were carried by the ice. Pieces of the rock have been found many miles south of the mountain, distributed in a triangular, or fan-shaped, manner, the mountain occupying the apex of the triangle.

The accompanying view of the summit shows its rugged, Alpine character. But little stunted vegetation finds a foothold among the inhospitable rocks with their lack of friendly soil. The glacier swept the summit clear of its pre-glacial mantle of partially decomposed rock, in which, no doubt, plant life found much more congenial surroundings than at the present time. In the middle foreground one very perfect example of an embossed rock may be distinctly seen.



Monadnock, looking along the Crest, from the Summit.

PART II.

MOUNT CARDIGAN SKETCHES.

By Ernest A. Barney.

MOUNT CARDIGAN, an isolated, three-crested mass of granite, having an altitude of 3,156 feet above the sea level, is situated in the southern part of Grafton county. The charter of the town in which it is situated was first granted under the name of Cardigan; afterwards the name was changed to Orange, and a part of the town set off to Alexandria, thus making the boundary line range with the line of woods below Cardigan Dome, on the east, and the summit of North Peak.

The following description of the geological formation of Mount Cardigan is given by Professor Hitchcock: "Observation shows that the granite came up through a vent directly under the apex of the cone; that when soft, the pasty material oozed from the opening and gradually accumulated till the whole mountain was built up." This is one of the first points of dry land in New Hampshire that appeared above the primeval ocean.

The porphyritic gneiss on Mount Cardigan attracts much attention by

its spotted appearance,—it being something like checked patchwork. This rock is a common granite, full large rectangular crystals of feldspar,



Mount Cardigan, from Canaan Intervale.

varying from one fourth of an inch to three inches in length. The general direction of the mountain is north and south; the length of its base line is about five miles, and it is the highest elevation in its part of the state.

The base of Mount Cardigan, on the east, is rugged and covered with a thick growth of forest, and the summit towers a thousand feet above the trees. The middle peak, Cardigan Dome, is symmetrical in shape. The lower peaks on the north and south are known respec-



Cardigan Lake, Orange.



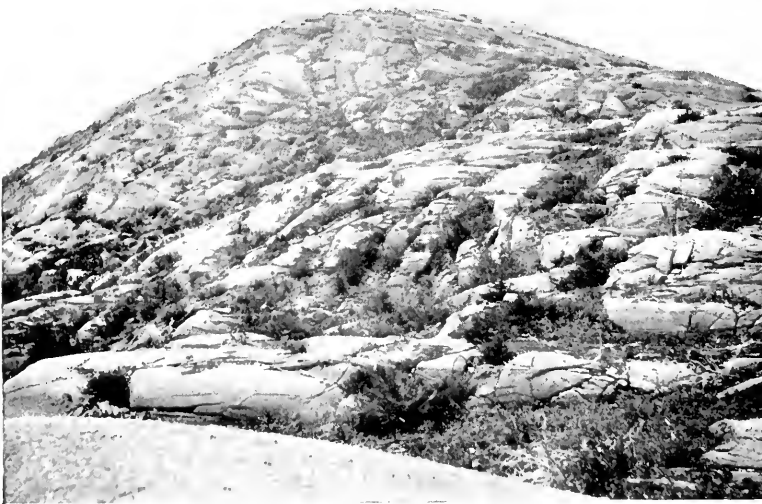
Welton's Falls, North Alexandria.

the eastern side of the mountain, separating Cardigan Dome from North Peak.

The western slope of Mount Cardigan, below the ledges, is a series of broad terraces, and the granite crests on each side of Cardigan Dome do not stand out prominently. From a point on Canaan meadows, near the fair grounds, snow may usually be seen on Moosilauke and Cardigan several weeks earlier than it appears in the valleys. There are two paths to the summit from the eastern side. A new path from the Groton and Orange road now leads up the northern slope to the summit of North Peak. Cardigan cave, a cavity about thirty feet long, twenty feet wide, and ten feet high, is situated near this path.

A short distance from it, there

tively as North Peak and South is a natural bridge across a chasm. The hour's climb by the path lead-



Summit of Cardigan Dome.

ing from the Mountain House, on the western slope, up through the forest and over the ledges, is not a severe one, and ladies ascend to the summit on horseback. Just before the path leads out on to the ledges, it passes among the trees of a dead forest, the lifeless relics of the great conflagration of 1855.

Near the point where the path turns sharply to the left, half way to the summit, there is a mineral spring. The ledges on the north and west sides of the mountain have been rounded and polished by long glacial action. The upper slopes are a compact mass of rock, crossed by broad veins of white quartz, which glisten like snow in the sunlight. Frost has had little action upon the summits.

Near the summit of Cardigan Dome, on the east, and in the lee of a jutting crag, may be seen the charred traces of many a camp-fire, indicating the spot where parties have camped over night to see the sun rise. Near this point is a bare precipice more than one thousand feet deep. Many of the ledges below the summit are carpeted with moss, sprinkled late in the summer with the small red berries of the mountain cranberry, and the damper and more sheltered ravines between the peak are overgrown with blueberry bushes.

There is a tradition that a hunter, having lost his way, discovered an outcropping vein of graphite or "black-lead" in a ledge near South Peak, and that he removed a piece with his hunting knife. This vein is

said to have been found several times since, but the genii of the woods now guard their secret so well that no one can find it at the present time.

The summit of Cardigan Dome is



Above Thoreau Basins.

less than an acre in extent. Standing on this granite peak, we can imagine how the primeval ocean washed against the shore line of this island long before the foot of man ever trod upon our cooling earth. The view from the top includes countless mountains and hills, narrow glens and valleys, and many beautiful lakes in this Switzerland of America.

"Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air."

It is claimed that, in the clearest weather, one can see as far as



Thoreau Basins.

Camel's Hump and Mount Mansfield in Vermont, the peak of Wachusett in Massachusetts, and the long ridge of Mount Pleasant in Maine. Almost due north is the huge mass of Moosilauke, the hotel on its summit being easily distinguished. More to the right is seen the top of Eagle Cliff, marking Franconia Notch, and then follow in succession the high peaks of the Franconia range. In the distance the Twin Mountain range looms between Flume mountain and Big Coolridge. More to the right may be seen the Presidential range, with the crest of Mount Washington peering over the other peaks. To the east are the bleached cliffs of Whiteface and the glorious Alpine spire of Chocorua. Almost due south, over the south summits of

the Cardigan range, is Kearsarge in Merrimack county. A little south of west, and close at hand, is Hoyt hill, with Cardigan lake at its base.

Over Croydon mountain is the high flat top of Equinox in Vermont. The Green mountains are visible to the north of Equinox. Mount Ascutney looms up over the north end of the Croydon ridge. In the foreground is Canaan village and Crystal lake with broad maple-lined Canaan street on its farther shore. More remote is Mascoma lake with Enfield village on the north shore. To the right and beyond is the long ridge of Moore mountain, distinguishable by its slide. To the right of Moore and far beyond is the towering form of Camel's Hump, seventy miles distant in Vermont, while more to the right is Mount Mansfield, with Smart's mountain, a bold mass, precipitous on the southern side, next.

Lake Pasquaney is near the foot of Cardigan on the east, only the south portion being visible and this appearing divided by the islands. Beyond, in the distance, is the wide expanse of Winnepesaukee, — New Hampshire's brightest jewel, — with granite hills for a setting. There are visible many other "gems of the northland"



The Old Granite Millstone, Cardigan Glen.



"Meeting Waters," Cardigan Glen.

in the Merrimack and Connecticut valleys.

Far below, in the southwestern part of the town of Orange, the Boston and Maine railroad crosses the height of land through a deep cut in the granite ledge. High above the track some prehistoric stream, flowing swiftly for a long time, has formed pot-holes in the solid granite to a depth of from three to twelve feet and the largest has a diameter of six feet at the top. When the rock cutting was made for the railroad, these pot-holes were cut in two, and the outline of their formation can be seen from the track.

Welton's falls are situated on a brook among the foot-hills of Mount Cardigan to the east. A narrow, foaming mass of water falls into a pool between rocky walls which reach an altitude of seventy feet,—a veritable cañon. Above the main falls there is a series of rapids; overhanging these there is a cave in rock worn smooth by the action of the water ages ago.

The carriage road from Canaan village to Mount Cardigan crosses Orange brook half way from the valley to the summit of the rocky peak. Climbing the hill across the bridge, and following a path by the stone

wall across the field on the right, the way soon leads downward by an abrupt descent, thickly wooded with glistening white birches, to Cardigan Glen and the Thoreau Basins below. Across the stream below the falls is a massive wall of rock which rises to a height of seventy-five feet. Above the Basins, the stream runs between narrow walls of rock and then plunges over the

ledge into the granite bowl of the basin, twenty-five feet below. This basin in the solid rock is thirty feet in circumference and fifteen feet deep. A gradually deepening recess in the granite wall on the opposite side of the stream shows the action of water for ages. The water then falls eight feet into the second rock-encircled basin, which is nearly sixty feet in circumference. The bottom of this pool is paved with rocks of various sizes, also worn smooth by the eroding



Cardigan Glen.



"Down over Granite Ledges."

action of water. Almost one third of the circumference of this pool is a nearly perfect rim, over which the water runs in thin sheets, to be collected at the foot of the fall into a rapid brook.

Behind the rocks which have fallen into the bed of the brook above the falls is a well, several feet in diameter, through which the brook also finds its way into the upper basin during high water.

In a water-worn ledge jutting out over the first pool, and several feet higher than the bed of the brook above the falls, are shallow pot-holes filled with earth and bearing delicate ferns. In the bed of the brook below Thoreau Basins is an old granite mill-stone, which ground the corn for the first settlers in a mill which was situated above the falls. The brook is free from the debris of saw-mills, and the clear

water sparkles and dances about the old mill-stone as if in joy at its freedom from servitude.

A short distance below, a small brook pauses a moment in a pool at the foot of a beautiful little fall, before joining the main stream in its rapid course down over granite ledges and gleaming gravel to the peaceful meadows below.

Under shadow of Mount Cardigan are several mica mines, and the explosion of dynamite is now heard instead of the hum of sawmills. Between Isinglass hill in Grafton and the town of Groton, there are three larger mines operated by steam, and several smaller mines where hand drills are used.

Professor Hitchcock's theory of the formation of granite and mica is as follows: "The primeval deposits of sand and clay, by the action of steam, heat, and chemical agents, have been changed into gneiss and granite." "The large crystals of feldspar and the scales of mica are the products of the alteration of clay." Mica was quarried on Isinglass hill in Grafton more than one hundred years ago. The first method employed in mining was to build large fires on the rock, and, when the surface was heated, water was



A Mount Cardigan Mica Mine.

dashed upon it and the mica broken out.

At the larger mines a power house, shops for cutting mica, blacksmith shops, etc., are clustered about the tunnels and between the quarries on the hillside, and on a distant hill-top is situated the magazine where the dynamite is stored. Down in the tunnels, when all is still, can be heard the music of falling drops of

the crusher. After treatment, it is employed in making sandpaper, for glass-making, and in the manufacture of porcelain. The mica is taken to the cutting shops and separated into thin sheets. These are placed on wood patterns, which show any imperfections in the mica, and cut into the largest possible sizes. The shears used are the same as the common bench shears used for cutting



Mount Cardigan, from Lake Pasquaney, in January.

water, and the walls and roof glisten with quartz and mica scales in the lamplight. The usual method of mining mica is to undermine the vein and then break off the mineral with as light a charge as possible, so that the sheets may not be shattered.

The steam-drill is clamped to a tripod, and holes can be drilled at an angle in the roof and walls. After the holes are charged with dynamite and the wires leading to the surface are connected, the charges are exploded by moving the lever of the battery. The rock is hoisted to the surface on a car drawn by a wire cable from the power house.

The quartz is placed in a pile to be carted to the railroad for shipment to

cardboard, and I am told that a small increase in the larger sizes adds much to the cost. The waste mica is sent to the crusher, and, after grinding, is used to make a glittering coating for wall papers, and as a packing and lubricator for machinery.

Garnets abound in this locality, and some of the finest yet found were from Warren and Grafton. Fine specimens of beryl have been obtained within this Laurentian area, and the largest beryls yet discovered were from a hill across the ravine from Isinglass mountain.

The sunsets on Mount Cardigan, as seen from Canaan intervalle, are beautiful and grand. The declining sun is nearing the horizon, and the base of the mountain is in shade; the

upper slopes blend into dark violet, and the granite dome stands out clear in the sunlight. Dark shadows steal up the mountain side, and the summit alone is touched with gold. Daylight fades, and the twilight deepens. Soon, the outline only of the mountain, a huge, almost black, mass, may be traced in the distance. The farmhouse lights twinkle among the foothills. The stars shine out, and the day is done.



BLANCHETTE.

By Nelle Richmond Eberhardt.

Thy gown is all of green and gold,
 Thine eyes are brown as berries;
 Thy cheeks two winsome dimples hold,
 Thy lips are red as cherries;
 Thy hair, a rippling, shining sheen
 Whose breeze-blown rills
 The sunshine fills,
 O tiny, bright, vivacious queen,
 Blanchette!

Thou tripst it lightly o'er the mead:
 I see thy full lips' curving grace;
 The lightnings of thy glances speed
 To add new witchery to a face
 That is now gay,—now sad, by turns.
 Within those eyes
 A secret lies,
 That flames and dims, and gleams and burns,
 Blanchette!

Stay not that flushing of thy cheek!
 Veil not those orbs where passions play!
 Ope, ope those sweet, mute lips and speak
 The words my heart would have thee say!
 Nay, shrink not at my fond caress,
 Nor turn thy head,—
 Mine eyes have read
 The love thy lips will soon confess,
 Blanchette.



ROUEN: A DAY IN THE NORMAN CAPITAL.

By Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N.

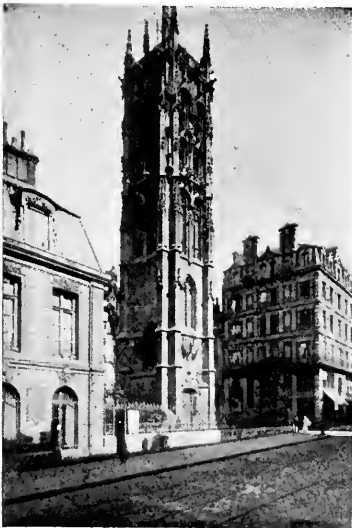


OVERSHADOWED by its great neighbor, Paris, towards which sets the tide of travel from England and America into France, stands a city where one of the saddest and most beautiful stories of history was brought to a close. That city is the capital of ancient Normandy, —Rouen,—and the story is that of Jeanne d'Arc, the shepherd maid of Domremy, recently so beautifully retold by the pen of her secretary, the *Sieur Louis Leconte*.

A visit of a week or ten days to

Havre not long ago gave me an opportunity to explore this interesting old city, and, as a preliminary, the history of France had to be consulted. The result of such study may be condensed into a few words.

Dating back as a settlement to the



St. Andre's Tower.

days before the beginning of authentic history, it was first captured and pillaged by the Normans under Oger le Danois, in the days of Charles the Bald, about 841. The conquerors did not hold the city permanently at that time, but came again in 876, under Rollo, first duke of Normandy, and



this time they remained, Rouen soon becoming the seat of Norman power.

As the capital of the Duchy of Normandy, Rouen was of course held as one of the possessions of the Norman kings of England. William the Conqueror died and was buried there after being injured at the burning of

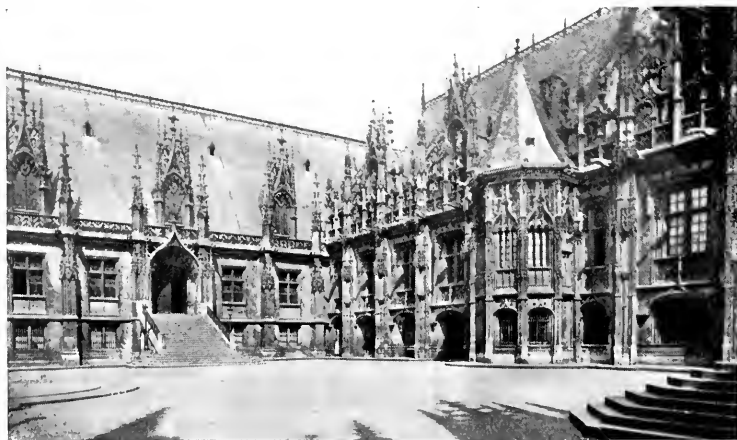
Mantes. Richard Cœur de Lion returned to England from his captivity in Austria, passing through Rouen on the way, and it was only after the death of this famous warrior that Philip II of France succeeded in wresting Normandy from John of England, in 1214. This triumph was comparatively short lived, however, for soon came one of the boldest and most fortunate in war of all the English Kings, Edward III, with his son, Edward the Black Prince. The battles of Cressy [1346] and Poitiers, at the latter of which the king

of France, John II, was captured by the English, soon changed the French from conquerors to fugitives, and ruin and desolation spread over the land.

As if this were not enough to bear, the French monarch in later years sent a demand for the restoration to France of the conquered territory to Henry V of England, the greatest of



the Lancastrian kings. The dauphin Charles tauntingly sent to Hal, the friend of Falstaff, the wild prince so lately raised to the throne, a set of tennis balls, at least so runs the story. Henry's response was swift and terrible.



The Palais de Justice.



Statue of Jeanne d'Arc in the Place de la Pucelle.

"When we have match'd our rackets to these
balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a
set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the haz-
ard:
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a
wangler,

And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
scorn.

* * * * *

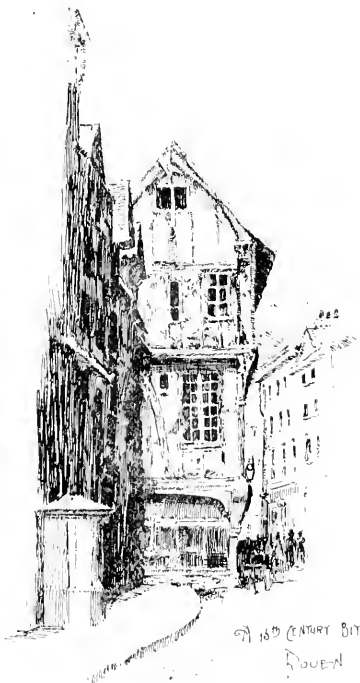
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dan-
phin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh
at it.—"



That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.

* * * * *

And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his
soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful ven-
geance
That shall fly with them: for many a thou-
sand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear
husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles
down;





Rouen Cathedral.

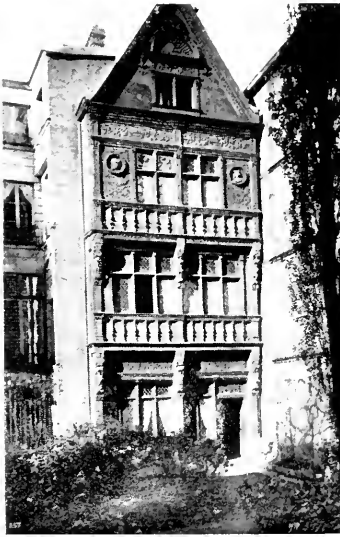
And, following closely his message of war, he landed at Harfleur, and thence marched against the growing armies of France, slaughtering them at Agincourt on St. Crispian's day, in 1415. As a result, the French were compelled to win peace on most disastrous terms.

The dauphin had his revenge, though, after the deaths of his father and of Henry V. The feeble Henry VI, the last of his house to rule in England, was then on the throne, and Charles was making feeble and ineffectual efforts to regain his own. Then came Jeanne d'Arc with her "Voices," and threw defeat after

defeat upon the English, driving them back forever out of the greater part of France. The Maid herself



The Facade of the Cathedral.



House of Diane de Poitiers.

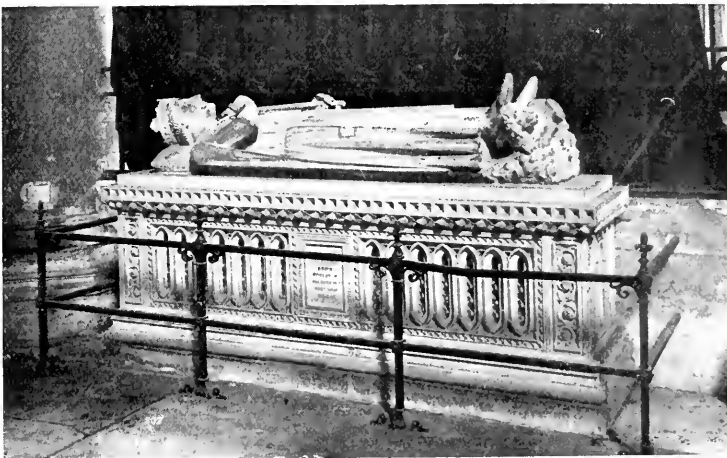
was captured at Compiègne by soldiers of the Duke of Burgundy, then acting with the English. He sold his prisoner to his allies for one thousand livres, and she was tried for witchcraft at Rouen, and there burned on May 30, 1431. The case was retried in 1456, and Jeanne's good name was cleared of the foolish charges which brought her to the

stake. Her influence was still felt after her death, and by 1453, Calais was the only spot in France held by English masters.



Rouen Cathedral—Tomb of Duc de Breze, Husband of Diane de Poitiers.

Rouen had its share of religious troubles also. Being a Huguenot stronghold and situated on the highway from Protestant England to



Rouen Cathedral—Tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion, of England.



Church of St. Ouen.

Paris, it was attacked by Catholic forces under Guise, Montmorency, and Antoine de Bourbon, king of Navarre, and was captured on October 26, 1562. The heroic little garrison was put to the sword and the city sacked.

To-day the seat of government of the department of Seine-Inferieure, modern Rouen spreads out its streets on both sides of the Seine, in the

centre of one of the most beautiful countries of Europe. The old city is on the right bank, while the manufacturing interests of to-day have created a city on the other bank as



St. Ouen—Garden.



St. Ouen—Side.

well. Journeying by express train from Havre to Rouen, the scenery as seen from the car window is very beautiful; rolling country, with such vegetation as we see at home, bring-

ing forcibly to mind the dear old New Hampshire hills. The peasants of Normandy, though, have made their land blossom as even our industrious farmer fails to do.

Being possessed of the various items which a naval officer considers necessary for the proper "doing" of a city, a guide book, a map of the streets, plenty of time and patience, and, like Barty Josselin, a power of "feeling the north," our little party of three started out on foot in a driv-



The Big Clock.

filled with tributes to the memory of the valiant Maid of Orleans. Near the railroad station, we found the Boulevard Jeanne d'Arc and the Rue Jeanne d'Arc, two of the principal



Church of St. Maclou.

ing rain. One of the crowd said he felt like a fool, that feeling being strongly developed by the absence of a mackintosh from his outfit. Being assured that the Rouenese were used to such sights, he, at last, allowed himself to be persuaded out of the railroad station, but he carefully kept in rear of the camera all day just the same, to make sure that no documentary evidence against him, would ever be offered to his friends at home.

As might be expected, Rouen is



Hotel Bourgheroulde.

streets of the city, and, crossing the former, we entered the little garden in which stands the tower where Jeanne was imprisoned during the long mockery of her trial. The very cell in which she was confined is shown, a small, narrow dungeon, but

the boulevards to the river bank to take a look at the Seine and the shipping. Here our unprotected companion became intractable again. He said that the river with the ships in it was nothing to the one that was running down his collar, and the



An Old Norman House.

I am sorry to say that there is some doubt about that cell.

From the tower we dove down a few back alleys, finally coming out at Saint Patrice's church. There was little of interest to be found there, and our visit was prompted mainly by a desire to find out what our local guidebook (printed in the choicest English) meant when it said that "the vitreouses are very fine." The guidebook was correct, and we were so glad of our visit that we afterwards allowed the same statement to lead us to the church of Saint Vincent. The coloring of the windows in both of these churches, all of which are very old, was simply magnificent, far more beautiful than I have ever seen on our own side of the water.

Our next venture was a stroll down

only way we could make him forget his woes was by administering a prescription for dampness which he said helped him in spite of the early hour. Even that rose had its thorns though, for I heard him murmur something softly to himself about "never having done such a thing before in his life at that time of day." He did not need much instruction all the same. As the river really seemed to sadden him, we left it behind us and wandered through some more back alleys of questionable character until we reached the market place and near it the Place de la Pucelle where Jeanne d'Arc was burned. There now stands on the place of execution a very fine statue of the maid. From this a short walk down a side street took us under the big clock and past the Palais de Justice, to neither of

which did we give much time, being then bound churchward.

There are in Rouen three very beautiful churches, the cathedral of Notre Dame de Rouen, Saint Ouen, and Saint Maclou, the last two being considered the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe. So we first visited the cathedral, a magnificent structure, but unfortunately so surrounded by houses that no photograph of it can be taken that will begin to do it justice. The façade is flanked by two unfinished towers, the right hand and higher one being known as the Butter tower because it is said to have been built with money raised by the sale of indulgences to eat butter in Lent. Its size is but another tribute to the excellence of the widely famous Nor-

Within the cathedral is a magnificent monument to Cardinal George d'Amboise, and another to the Duc de Brézé, Grand Seneschal of Normandy, erected to his memory in 1566 by his inconsolable widow, Diane de Poitiers, late mistress of King Henry II of France. Diane's house, by the way, is still to be seen in Rouen. There are also in the cathedral simple tombs of Rollo, the first duke of Normandy, and of William Longsword, his son, as well as one containing the lion heart of Richard I of England.

Upon leaving Notre Dame, the rain must have affected the naturally sweet dispositions of our party again, for a split in the caucus was brought about by an apparently harmless reference in the guidebook. Our



Jeanne d'Arc's Tower.

man butter, and after trying that article ourselves, we were surprised that the tower remains unfinished. Over the centre of the cathedral rises a modern (1822) spire of iron, which does not seem to be at all in keeping with the rest of the structure.

fractional member uttered a plaintive cry for lunch, and another man said that he had seen the name of a very famous hotel in the book, and that we had better try that. He had forgotten the name, though, so we stood in the rain for fifteen minutes while



Church of Our Lady of Bonsecours.

he hunted through his library and finally announced that it was the Hôtel du Bourgtheroulde. That promised well, but further reading disclosed the fact that this building contained nothing but some of the city offices, and then remarks were made injurious to the self-conceit of

the man who suggested that hotel. He said that if one would only try to pronounce a name like that, it ought to be enough to end any longings for anything so prosaic as lunch, and that we ought to investigate at once. We compromised, however, and marched on three abreast in the middle of the street to Saint Maclou and Saint Ouen amid pathetic appeals of "lunch" from one flank, and muttered attempts in an injured voice at "Hôtel du Bourgtheroulde" from the other. Both ceased, however, as we turned the corner which



The Cemetery and Jeanne d'Arc's Monument—Bonsecours.



Our Lady of Bonsecours.

brought us to the beautiful entrance to Saint Maclou, the "miniature Saint Ouen," as the books call it. As is also the case with Saint Ouen, there is nothing here to see except the exterior of the church itself, and to properly describe its beauties a greater knowledge and a readier pen than mine would be necessary. One can easily realize, though without any special knowledge in architecture, that the claims of these two churches to be among the finest in Europe are by no means idle ones. Saint Maclou is masked by the surrounding houses except that it is



Bonsecours—Monument to Jeanne d'Arc.

more fortunate than the cathedral in having a broad street directly approaching the front. Saint Ouen is

one of the few fine buildings in the European cities which stands out by itself free from all such crowding. Originally built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries with an abbey beside it, it now stands in the middle of the old abbey garden so that all its beauties may be fully seen and realized.



The Cross at Bonsecours Cemetery.

Here our Tammany spoilsman got control of the caucus and led us off to lunch, during which advances were made to that wing of the party which had recently been defeated, with the result that we soon retraced our steps to the Place de la Pucelle and found in a small courtyard near at hand the Hôtel du Bourgthe-

roulde. This was built about the time that Columbus discovered our continent by Guillaume le Roux and his son, presumably as a residence. The only part of the building of interest is the exterior, which is covered with bas-reliefs of a remarkable character. Those on the lower part of the building represent various pastoral scenes, while those on the tower portray the meetings of the two kings on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Having had a look at a gallery of minor paintings of which the Rouenese boast, and feeling pretty well satisfied with what we had seen of the city, we next wandered down to the river again and took a small steamer for a ride of a couple of miles up stream to a high bluff which commands a magnificent view of the city, and which is known as Bonsecours. Landing at the foot of the bluff we ascended by one of those railways so common in Europe, which seem to be known as "funiculaire" in all tongues. It was the old-fashioned well principle over again, two cars, one on each end of a wire rope, and a tank under each one. By filling with water the tank under the car at the top and emptying that at the bottom a motive power was readily obtained. By the time we reached the summit the sun had broken through the clouds, and

the view of the city and of the beautiful surrounding country was beyond description.

Bonsecours seems to be quite a resort for the Rouenese as there is a large restaurant there, although not a very good one, to judge from appearances. A rather unsightly monument to Jeanne d'Arc crowns one summit of the bluff, while on the next is a cemetery with a huge crucifix at its highest point, and in the rear of both is a modern church containing the shrine of "Notre Dame de Bonsecours." Prayers at this altar seem to be especially efficacious in curing the sick in body or in mind, for the walls were covered with many hundred marble tablets placed there by those who have found relief, the favorite inscription being, "*J'ai prié, et J'ai été exaucé,*" with date and initials or name. A small ship hangs from the roof in front of the altar also, doubtless an offering from someone whose prayers for "those in peril on the sea" had been heard, a thing very common in seaport towns, especially among fishermen, but rarely seen in churches in the interior.

With Bonsecours we closed our day, and returned to Havre on the evening train in company with a varied assortment of interesting but irrepressible French soldiers.

AT CLOSE OF DAY.

By Ella A. Wentworth.

In the west the sun is setting
 In a glow of golden light;
 Flooding all the hills and valleys,
 With a radiance fair and bright.

Soft the clouds with tint of azure,
Gold and crimson, pink and gray ;
Drifting slowly, ever changing
In the brilliant sunset's ray.

Lo, the day king sinks in splendor,
Just beyond the purple hills :
And a mellow light and tender,
All the calm air softly thrills.

Slow the golden glory fadeth,
And the night falls gently down ;
Folding in its arms of silence,
All the busy bustling town.

Swift the silver stars come trooping
Up the azure vault above ;
And they speak to me of heaven,
And our Father's tender love.

And the cares of life glide from me,
All the weariness and pain ;
All the restless years and lonely,
And I seem a child again.

Back once more amid the green fields,
Where the star-eyed daisies grow ;
Lifting up their milk-white faces
In the ruby sunset's glow.

Fair, upon my spirit's vision,
Gleams a softly rolling tide ;
And beyond its silvery waters,
Pearly gates stand open wide.

And I seem to hear the voices
Of the dear ones passed from sight ;
Seem to see their loving faces,
In this shadowy, mystic light.

And within my troubled bosom,
Lo, the sacred dove of peace,
Folds her wings, and o'er my spirit
Falls a calm that ne'er shall cease.

For, beyond the sunset's splendor,
In the realms of endless day,
We shall rest from care and labor,
And be with our loved away.

NEWCASTLE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Hon. Ezra S. Stearns.



EWCASTLE was severed from Portsmouth, and became the fifth town in New Hampshire, in the year 1693.

Except a few of the early pages, the first book of records is in a good state of preservation. The following is a transcript of the broken pages containing the records during the years 1693 and 1694, and a list of officers chosen during six following years:

On the thirtyeth day of May In Fiveth year of there Majestyes Reighn W^m and Mary over England Scotland France and Ireland, King and Queen Defenders of the Faith &c. Anno Dom. 1693 A grant was signed by the Honorable John Usher Esq^r L^t Governor of sd Province of New Hampshire for a Town ship to the Inhabitants of y^e Town of New Castle, as att larg appears by sd Grant Recorded In the Province Records L:^t 5 p. 69.

The first year being as above sd 1693 Mr. Jno Clark Mr James Randall and Mr Francis Tucker were Selectmen and Mr. John Leach was constable for said town

[Then follows nearly two pages relating to raising £25 for the use of the province.]

December y^e 16 1693 An order was [defaced] Meeting House for [defaced] to agree with a minester and Discourse other things Nesceary for the towns Beunefiitt

Signed by Natl Fryer Jr of y^e Island and Jno Clark by order of y^e Rest of y^e Select men.

Accordingly the Town Mett on the

20th Dec 1693 att the Meeting House and by the Inhabitants; then to Discourse a Minester were Chosen Robt Elliot Esq^r Capt Shadrach Wolton Mr John Foss and M^r Wm Seavey These were to Joyn with the Select men to Discorse and agree with a minester for the whole year next ensueing. The select men were by the town Impowered to make a rate for the minester as the persons chosen Shuld agree allsoe to ad a small Rate for y^e Use of y^e Town as Necessity might Require

Newcastle the first of Jan 1693¹

According to the order and power given by the Town att the Generall Town Meeting held On ye^e 20th Dec^r 1693 To agree with a minester for y^e year Ensueing the persons then Chosen with y^e Select men Did Agree with M^r B Woodbridge To Remain minester In this place one year from y^e date Even y^e 1st of Jan 1693¹ and the Town by the men Chosen Did agree to give Mr. Woodbridge above mentioned with ye Contribution Sixty Pounds money for ye years Sallery and Mr Woodbridge Did then Promis to Give the town three muntls [one word defaced] when ever he left y^m to provide y^m with a minister

Newcastle in New England

March ye first according to ye grant of one town an order by the Select men was put up for a town meeting on y^e 6th of March being y^e first Tewsday in March to Choose Select men Constables and other officers for the year Insueing.

Signed by Natt Fryer Just. P.
Francis Tucker per order of ye rest of ye select men.

New Castle March 6th 1693¹.

Att a General Town Meeting Robt Elliot Esq^r Major Elias Stileman and M^r W^m Seavey were chosen Se-

lect men and Richard Tarlton and W^m Wollis Constables W^m Berry and Thomas Parker Survuais of ye hy-ways John Bracket and John Foss Surves of ye Fences.

New Castle in New England.

The Select men put up on y^e meeting House Publickly an order to call the town together—on ye 24th of August ye order was dated and the meeting on y^e 29th of August to Discors on Several Things Necessary for ye Benefit of ye Town Att which meeting those things folowing were Done.

Theodore Attkinson Chosen Town Clerke for y^e year Insueing

Then ordered that there be a Gallery made att the Eastermost end of ye meeting house for the women to sitt in.

Then ordered that one householder or more walk every Sabbath day in Sermon time with the Constable to Every Public House In y^e Town to suppress Ill orders and If they think Conveiniant to private Houses also then ordered that the Constable shall have Power and accordingly act to take 4 men from y^e Watch or Guard Every Night at Nine of Clock to Cleer all Publick and If they think Necessary to Enter Private Houses To Suppress Ill Orders.

Then ordered that a rate of £20 be made for Repairing y^e meeting-house and Severall other Necesasary Charges.

Then ordered that if any Person Doe Entertayn any Stranger above 14 dayes before they aquaint the select men therewith shall pay a Fine of £1.

Then ordered for the prevention of Charg Coming on this Town by some Certayn Comon Drunkards that the Names of such persons be givein by the Select men to Every Publick House In this Town In a paper—and a Fine To be Inflicted on whomsoever Shall Sell any Drink to Person so Noated and named.

A Town Meeting was Called on ye 23^d of Octo^r 1694 to meet on y^e 25 to Discorse M^r Woodbridge. Att which

Time an order from the Sheriff Came to the Constable for Calling a Generall Town Meeting on the 29th of October 1694 To Choose 2 men for Assembly men For the above s^d Town of New Castle. Some Discorse pased between y^e Town and M^r Woodbridge on y^e 25 but the Town saw meet to Leave the Constution till the 29th Then ordered for the prevention of fire or other Danger which may happen by Smoaking in y^e meeting House that Every person soe smoking att any meeting in the Meeting House be Fined 2/6 for Every such offence to be forthwith Levied by the Constable for the use of y^e poor of s^d Town.

Then were chosen for assembly men Mr. Thomas Cobbet and Mr. James Randel then Ordered that y^e Town shall Chose and Call a minester themselves, alsoe to Discorse and agree with a minestor were then Chosen by the Town Major Elias Stileman Robert Elliot Esq^r Cap^t Shadrach Wolton and M^r John Shearborn to agree as they Thought Conveinient not to give more than Seventy Pounds per year. Mr. Woodbridges advice was asked In a minester and he advised to M^r. Bradsteet M^r Dudley or M^r Cushen 1695.

Major Elias Stileman, Mr James Randell and Francis Tucker—Selectmen

Thomas Marshall and Samuel Rann Constables; Daniel O.'Shaw and James Berry Surveyors; Capt Fryer Commisioner John Lewis and James Robinson Cullers of Staves

Elias Stileman James Randall Assembly Later in the year town chose Thomas Cobbett Commissioner and Robert Tufton and William Wallis Assessors.

1696

Edward Randle John Seavy Constables James Randle Thomas Paine Francis Tucker selectmen

Thomas Rann John Berry Andrew Franoh surveyors

Theodore Attkinson and William Seavy assembly men.

1697

Henry Trefethen John Odiorne
Constables James Randall and James
Leach and Francis Tucker Selectmen
John Foss John Marden senior
Thomas Jones surveyors

John Lewis and James Robinson
Cullers of Staves

Theodore Atkinson & William
Seavey Assembly

1698

George Wallis John Batson Con-
stables John Foss James Leach
Theodore Atkinson selectmen John
Bracket and John Clark Selectmen
Samuel Rand and Daniel O'Shaw

Surveyors Robt. Elliot Esq^r & Wil-
liam Wallis auditors.

1699—William Jones William Ber-
ry Constables Mr John Bracket Mr
James Waymouth Theodore Atkin-
son Selectmen.

Thomas Rand James Leach Sur-
veyors Mr James Randall Theodore
Atkinson assemblymen

1700.

Thomas Rand Jacob Clark Con-
stables Robt Eliot John Odiorne
Jacob Randel selectmen.

John Bracket and Theodore Atkin-
son Surveyors James Robinson and
Nathaniel White cullers of staves.

PASTORAL PLEASURES.

By Adelaide Cilley Waldron.



HERE really are pleas-
ures in the life of a pas-
tor; one of them is the
receiving of kind letters
from persons unrelated,
and sometimes unknown to him ad-
dressed, and perhaps one may not
regard any letter displeasing so long
as it be civil in tone, and honest in
the expression of opinion.

A clergyman in a large city found
in his mail one morning, more than a
half century ago, the epistle quoted
as follows :

ELDER SIR : I wish you a happy
New Year, and as there is consider-
able paper left, and I'm not very
busy, I will pen down a few thoughts.
And it's (if it would n't be express-
ing too much benevolence) by hav-
ing a disposition that the human
family should be happy rather than
miserable, that I was unhappy in
your meeting last night, also in the
Methodist watch-meeting afterwards,
and at all other times in church.

And for this reason, because they
(your dupes) are miserable them-
selves by having so much hell-fire
and damnation showered upon them.
There they will set and tremble under
the cross, and if they bear it, it's for
fear of going to hell if they don't;
—don't do right because it is right
to do right, at least the most of them
do say as much as this.

Sir, if this religion is all a complete
hoax, as I firmly believe it to be by
experimental knowledge, you must
know that if I had any human feel-
ing, to set there and be sensible of
what is going on, that I must be
unhappy. But then if Mr. F.'s
notion be correct, that whatever is
is right (and it is not easy for God
believers to see otherwise), then it is
all well enough. At any lay, I don't
yet see the propriety of all the reli-
gious world resolving last night,
henceforth and forever, to cease to
do evil and learning to do good.
For in Isaiah, 45 : 7, it says, " I form
the light and create darkness, I make
peace and I create evil, I the Lord
do all these things!" which corre-
sponds with the idea that our good

works and morality are nothing but filthy rags in the sight of God! a doctrine I don't exactly subscribe to. What could a devil do more or worse if there were one?

Sir, it's my candid opinion that the doctrines, precepts, and examples of the religious world are as well calculated to make the reflecting and sensible man atheistical as any thing these infidels you speak of advocates.

Sir, my views of these things are, that we can serve God one or more **only** by serving one another, establishing equality, and thus do away the oppressions in our labor systems under our eye, and the wide world over. We shall be virtuous and happy in proportion as we enjoy our rights and privileges, and are intelligent, whereas now religion and capital are combined to oppress the poor; as some evidence of this the orthodox clergyman at the city hall, Sunday before last afternoon, he said there were a class of reformers that wanted to have all equal in property, but said 't was not possible 't was against the decrees of the Almighty that t' was decreed the poor we should always have with us, and what the poor lost in these respects here he would have, or would be more likely to have in the next world! as riches were calculated to make people regardless of their future welfare. But as I am after all getting to be rather tedious, I will leave the subject by saying that I should prefer having our public teachers teach what they can demonstrate—teach science and our duty to one another, for, sir, our happiness in this life (and by the way, "What you do unto one of these little ones you do unto me," that is, we serve God by serving one another) instead of theorizing about

future states and beings that don't inhabit this earth or anywhere else.

You will please pardon me for speaking so freely upon this all important subject, as it is a great benefit or an injury to the community, I admit it to be the height of presumption in me, illiterate as I am, writing to an ambassador of Christ in this manner, but take the liberty to think on this subject, or any other, for myself, as everyone ought to candidly for himself. So I will close by wishing you a happy New Year.

HEZEKIAH SMITH.

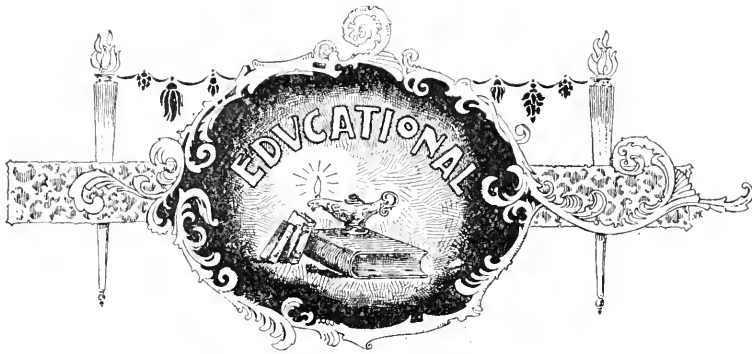
. . . Jan'y 1st, 1837.

P. S. I should feel very much obliged to you if you could inform me respecting the following: Whether angels come into existence full grown, or whether they breed in heaven and grow up as we do here; also which direction heaven and hell lies (not to ridicule, for I deem these to be grave questions). I suppose if I were spiritual minded, or had Paul's artificial eye, with which he looked through a glass darkly, I might discern these things. The scales have not yet fell.

The letter is written in a rather flowing chirography, and not many words are spelled incorrectly. The postscript reminds one of a "yellow jacket," and is akin to the addenda of letters written by women.

Differences between labor and capital seem to have been prevalent in the era of the correspondence as in the late years of the nineteenth century, and speculative remarks concerning religion were then, as always, heard often.





Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction

FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

By Clara E. Upton, Secretary.

The forty-fourth annual meeting of the New Hampshire State Teachers' Association was held in the high school hall at Manchester, October 29 and 30, 1897.

The meeting was called to order at half-past ten o'clock Friday morning by President Charles W. Bickford of Manchester.

Rev. B. W. Lockhart opened the session with prayer, and following this welcomed the members of the association to Manchester. After the address, the high school choir, under the direction of Mr. F. B. Bower, teacher of music in the Manchester public schools, favored the audience with several songs.

Supt. Fred Gowing, chairman of the committee on the "Unification of the Educational Organizations of the State," then submitted the following report:

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE TEACHERS' ASSO- CIATION.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE UNIFI- CATION OF THE EDUCATIONAL ORGANIZA- TIONS OF THE STATE.

Among the educational institutions of the State, your committee finds the following which

it seems desirable and possible to connect more closely: The State Teachers' Association, the various county and district associations, an association of academies and private schools, the colleges, the normal school, and the state department of public instruction.

To effect a common relationship of these organizations, your committee recommends the formation of a select body to be known as the Educational Council of New Hampshire, whose function shall be the investigation of the educational and pedagogical problems pertaining to the state of New Hampshire.

Its membership shall be composed of representatives elected annually by the organizations before mentioned as follows: Upon payment of the membership fee hereinafter mentioned, each county or district association shall be entitled to elect one member, the State Teachers' Association five members, the association of academies and private schools one member, the colleges one member each, the State Normal school one member, and the Department of Public Instruction one member. It is to be provided that no person can be elected to membership in the council unless an active member of the State Teachers' Association and of the immediate organizations which he represents, and that should any member fail to attend the annual meeting of the council he shall forfeit membership therein unless excused by the council.

Your committee recommends an annual meet

ing of the council to be held at least one month before the meeting of the State Teachers' Association, and such other meetings as may be found suitable.

It recommends that a report of the final conclusions of the council be made each year to the State Teachers' Association and to the Department of Public Instruction.

It recommends an annual membership fee of five dollars to be paid for each representative by the immediate organization electing.

It recommends that the State Teachers' Association so revise its constitution that it harmonize with the plan of this council.

It recommends that the adoption of a constitution and by-laws subject to these recommendations be referred to the council.

As a further and separate recommendation your committee advises that to join more closely the State Teachers' Association with the various county and district associations, the latter incorporate in their constitutions an article in regard to sending at least five delegates to the meeting of the state association who shall report to the county and district associations on the activities of that body.

FRED GOWING, *Chairman*.

AMENDMENT:

Your committee recommends that if an association of Training School Teachers be formed that it be entitled to elect one member to the council.

The reading of the report led to a brief discussion participated in by Mr. Hastings of Nashua, Mr. Folsom of Dover, Dr. Campbell of Plymouth, and Mr. Tucker of Laconia. Mr. Simpson of Portsmouth offered the following amendment:

"Your committee recommends that, if an association of Training School teachers be formed, that it be entitled to elect one member to the council." On motion of Dr. Campbell of Plymouth, the report and amendment were unanimously adopted by the association.

Superintendent Gowing moved that each county association be invited to send five delegates to the state meeting and that the secretary of the State

association be instructed to notify the presidents of said associations to that effect. It was so voted.

On motion of Superintendent Folsom of Dover, it was voted that the chair appoint a committee of five to revise the constitution of the State Association so that it shall meet the requirements of the report of the committee on "The Unification of the Educational Organizations of the State," also that the secretary be instructed to notify the county associations to make any necessary revisions of their constitutions to the same effect.

The treasurer, Mr. Folsom, then made a strong appeal to the convention for financial support. He said that he wished to reach every teacher in the state. Every teacher should feel a personal responsibility in supporting the association.

The president then introduced Miss Mary Adams Currier, who spoke upon "The American Voice." Miss Currier gave proofs that there is a distinctive type of voice called American, and that the tones are muscular, high pitched, shrill, and nasal. She said that this voice is more noticeable among women, many American girls having voices pitched a full note too high; but men often have muscular and nasal tones. Teachers frequently use hard mechanical voices in the school-room.

The speaker protested against the wholesale condemnation of the American voice. She mentioned as causes of the American bad voice, climate, heredity, lack of reverence, lack of restraint, the times, tone deafness, lack of artistic culture and of imagination, misdirected effort, and tension of the vocal organs, nasality, and neglect of resonance in our voices.

Good bodily condition, freedom of all

the organs that produce voice, repose, center, and above all character, were suggested as remedies for the American bad voice.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

President Bickford announced the following committees: On revision of constitution, Mr. Folsom of Dover, Mr. Simpson of Portsmouth, Mr. Sutcliffe of Manchester, Mr. Tucker of Laconia, Mr. Roberts of Woodsville; on resolutions, Mr. Pease of Dover, Miss Kate Peabody of Concord, Mr. Noyes of Nashua; on nominations, Mr. Harris of Keene, Mr. Hastings of Nashua, Mr. Spaulding of Manchester, Mr. Pringles of Portsmouth.

The first speaker was Mr. E. H. Russell of the Worcester Normal school, and the subject was "The Place and Object of Child Study."

The speaker said that the important lesson of modern science is development. Our grandfathers looked at things in a state of rest. They took a static rather than a dynamic view. They believed in the immutability of things. Everything has changed. The question is not simply "What?" but "Whence?" Modern science has opened a new heaven and a new earth to us.

He spoke of different sciences, and defined anthropology as the science which seeks to write the biography of the human race upon the globe. Anthropology endeavors to learn by what steps mankind has proceeded thus far toward the fulfillment of human destiny. It presses into its service history, archaeology, paleontology, sociology, and biology. Child study may be regarded as the newest volunteer to join the ranks of anthropology.

He discussed briefly the theory of

evolution, and stated the well-known biological law, that the individual organism passes through the changes that have marked the progress of the race. The embryologist may read page by page the stages of the journey. The study of infancy is found capable of shedding new light on the faculties of the mind. Child study is a kind of post-natal embryology.

He compared the helplessness and slow development of the human infant to the rapid development of animals. He said that we completely mistake the nature of the child when we make of it a little man and ignore the cycles in the unequal spiral ascent. We should render the transition from one stage to another as easy as possible.

The speaker then compared the old psychology to the new, and said that the *a priori* assumptions of the middle ages are giving place to induction, and that psychology is wheeling into line with the other natural sciences. He said that sympathy and insight must be the watchwords of child study.

He referred to the instincts and endowments of the child, and gave spontaneous activity as the first endowment. He urged his hearers not to check the natural activity of the child, and said that play represents and includes more than any other activity of childhood.

He does not consider the teacher the best observer of the child, since the child wears a mask in the schoolroom; and he can best be observed in his spontaneous activity. The best quality of an observer is openness. He does not believe in the attempt to reduce observations to an average. Mr. Russell then gave several problems that the observers should have in mind while studying the child:

1. The origin and growth of speech.

2. At what age shall we substitute natural law for myth?

3. How strenuously ought the parent and teacher to insist upon unselfishness?

4. What can a child find out, and what can he be taught?

5. What is the normal development of the will?

6. What is the normal ratio between expression and impression? Is it wise to ask the child to write out everything?

7. What shall be our attitude toward defective children?

The speaker said these problems are not sphinx riddles, and closed by saying that he has unbounded faith in research.

The next speaker was Dr. G. Stanley Hall of Clark university, and the subject "Will and Muscle Training."

Dr. Hall said one half the adult body, by weight, is muscle, and muscles are the organs of the will. If the muscles become weak and flabby, the will becomes weak also. We are making brain tissue when we are training our muscles. The old maxim was, "To live, is to think." The modern maxim is, "To live is to will." Intellect is conditioned upon will. The Greeks understood this relation of muscle to will, hence the Olympic games. He traced the success of Germany, as a power, to the introduction of physical culture after the Napoleonic wars.

The speaker stated that he believed thoroughly in out-door games, and said that the occasional loss of a life on the gridiron is not too high a price to pay for the benefits derived from foot-ball.

Dr. Hall spoke of the fundamental or large muscles, and the accessory or finer ones, such as those that go to the fingers. The finer ones enable thought transference. It is necessary that they

should be developed, but care should be taken not to develop them too early.

The speaker urged the necessity of play, and said he believes a game of tag worth more than any system of gymnastics. He would have a manual of plays as well as a manual of gymnastics. Everyone should aim to acquire perfect self-possession, since good manners depend upon this. They should also aim to acquire perfect repose and poise. The speaker said the whole body is a rhythm, therefore, while he discountenances the public ball room, he believes in the old-fashioned dances like the minuet, since to control rhythm is to enlarge mentality.

Dr. Hall protested against letting the devil have all the best things. He said he had made a study of anger, and had found boxing one of the best things to cure it. A man must keep his temper or get hit.

The speaker said health ought to be sacred. We must have exuberant, ecstatic health. Health is holiness. He concluded with "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own health?"

Miss Adelaide V. Finch of Lewiston, Me., was the last speaker, and her subject was "The Moral Factor in Education."

Miss Finch said that the development of the moral nature has been considered from time immemorial. The highest aim of all education is to develop character. High moral development is of slow growth. Government restrains. True teachers train as well as govern. The teacher should consider the interests of the child, since interest is the fountain head of all training whether intellectual or moral.

The speaker believes that it is best

to develop moral thoughts incidentally by means of poems and stories. These should give pure, sweet, and noble thoughts. A child can be made to see many great truths by means of myths. Miss Finch said the namby-pamby Sabbath school story and the dime novel should be replaced by good wholesome literature. Teachers should make lists of library books connected with the studies, and should direct the reading of their pupils. Good literature will drive out the morbid desire.

Nature study was mentioned as a great factor in moral education. Teachers should bear in mind that Nature study may lead to love for God.

Music and art were both mentioned as important in moral training.

The speaker concluded by saying that no success is possible unless the teacher has high ideals and is consecrated to her work.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Rev. W. H. Morrison spoke to a large audience upon "Lafayette, the Friend of Washington."

SATURDAY MORNING.

There was a business meeting at 9:30. It was voted to omit the reading of the secretary's report.

The treasurer, Mr. Folsom, was unable to give the exact amount in the treasury; but estimated it to be considerably more than it was last year.

The committee on resolutions presented the following:

Resolved, That the thanks of this organization be extended to the school board of the city of Manchester; to D. J. Flanders of the B. & M. R. R.; to C. A. Hoitt & Co., of Manchester; to Rev. B. W. Lockhart and Mr. Fred B. Bower for courtesies shown during this meeting.

FRANK H. PEASE,
For the Committee.

The above resolution was unanimously adopted.

Dr. T. W. Harris, chairman of the committee on nominations, then presented the following report:

President, W. N. Cragin of Rochester; vice-president, C. H. Noyes, of Nashua; secretary, Miss Alice C. Taggart of Manchester; treasurer, Channing R. Folsom, Dover; members of the executive committee, James B. McFadden of Keene, Miss Lilly P. Shepard, Nashua.

The report was accepted, and the above named officers were unanimously elected.

The next was the report of the legislative committee by the chairman, Mr. Folsom.

Mr. Folsom said he had very little to report. The most important bill, one regarding compulsory attendance, was vetoed by the governor. It was the same bill that had been pocketed by his predecessor. He said the committee made a mistake by putting too much into the bill, but he believed all its provisions to be just. The teachers from Coös to the sea should demand such legislation. They should say whether they do or do not want it.

Mr. Gowing said he did not think many knew what it meant to attend to this legislative business. He had fifty bills to be attended to. Some must be killed and some ought to pass. The bill to which Mr. Folsom referred hung fire the entire session.

Mr. Gowing then moved the acceptance of the report, and extended his personal thanks to the committee. He also moved that the thanks of the association be extended to the committee. It was so voted.

Mr. Gowing next moved that the legislative committee, consisting of

Superintendents Folsom of Dover, Simpson of Portsmouth, Fassett of Nashua, and Buck of Manchester, be continued in office. This motion was carried.

President Bickford stated that the committee on "Preparation for the Scientific Schools and for the Scientific Course in the Colleges" asked for more time. This request was granted.

Mr. Folsom asked for more time for the committee on the revision of the constitution. This was also granted.

Mr. Tucker of Laconia moved that the association select five members of the "Educational Council of New Hampshire." This motion was carried, and Mr. Harris of Keene presented the following names: C. L. Wallace of Lisbon, J. C. Simpson of Portsmouth, M. C. Smart of Claremont, F. S. Sutcliffe of Manchester, and L. J. Rundlett of Concord. These were unanimously elected.

President Bickford then introduced Superintendent S. T. Dutton of Brookline, Mass., who spoke upon the "Unification of Educational Forces."

The speaker said that there never was a time when people were so ready to do for education as now. He named as educational forces the home, the church, the public school, the Sunday-school, the public library, the newspapers, art and music, and the political machinery of the state. He called the school the central force, and said the best results are attainable only when all these forces act together. He mentioned the educational societies of Philadelphia and New York city, but spoke particularly of the society in his own town, showing how this society had worked in every way for the best educational interests of the community.

He urged the formation of such societies in the towns and cities of New Hampshire.

Following Mr. Dutton's address, there was a brief discussion of the rural school question, participated in by Miss Currier, Mr. Dutton, and Superintendent Gowing.

The meeting then adjourned. It is estimated that there were between six and seven hundred teachers present.



ARETAS BLOOD.

Hon. Aretas Blood, one of New Hampshire's wealthiest citizens, died at Manchester November 24. He was born in Weathersfield, Ct., October 8, 1816, and at the age of 17 was apprenticed to a blacksmith. He worked at his trade in Evansville, Ind., North Chelmsford, Lowell, and Lawrence, Mass., until September, 1853, when, at Manchester, in partnership with Oliver W. Bailey, he estab-

lished the Vulcan works, for the manufacture of locomotives. Three years later, he became the manager of the business and continued his connection with it to the time of his death, being the agent of the Manchester Locomotive works. He was president of the Manchester Mills, the Columbia cotton mills, and the water power company at Columbia, S. C.; of the Ames Manufacturing company of Chicopee, Mass.; of the Amoskeag Paper company; of the Nashua Iron and Steel company; treasurer of the Globe Nail company, Boston; vice-president and director of the Burgess Sulphite Fibre company of Boston and Berlin; practically owner of the Manchester Hardware company, the Manchester Sash and Blind company, and the B. H. Piper company; director of the Boston & Maine railroad; and president of the Second National bank. He was twice alderman for his ward, and was an elector in the college which voted Garfield and Arthur into office. Among his many gifts for benevolent purposes was one of \$75,000 for the home of the Woman's Aid and Relief society in Manchester.

JUDGE A. W. TENNEY.

Judge Asa W. Tenney, a native of Dalton, died at Brooklyn, N. Y., December 10. He graduated from Dartmouth college in the class of 1859, and in 1873 was appointed by President Grant district attorney for the eastern division of New York. To that position he was reappointed by Presidents Hayes and Garfield. In September last, he was made a United States district judge by President McKinley.

PROF. A. S. KIMBALL.

Professor Alonzo S. Kimball, born in Center Harbor, in 1843, died in Worcester, Mass., December 2. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1866, and was at the time of his death professor of physics in the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, where he established the department of physics and electrical engineering. He was a lecturer for a number of years at Mount Holyoke college. He had contributed a number of valuable papers to scientific publications and to the transactions of scientific societies and was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Science and of the Society of Electrical Engineers.

HON. CHESTER PIKE.

Hon. Chester Pike of Cornish died November 29 at the age of 68 years. He was prominent in agricultural and state affairs, having served in both branches of the legislature and having been the presiding officer of both the senate and house. During the war he was provost marshal at West Lebanon and later he was the collector of internal revenue for the third district of New Hampshire. He was for many years president of the Connecticut River Agricultural society.

DR. J. C. W. MOORE.

Dr. J. C. W. Moore was born in Wells, Me., January 30, 1837; graduated from Yale college, and studied medicine at Bowdoin. He served during the war as assistant surgeon of the Eleventh New Hampshire volunteers, and did valuable work. Since the war he had resided in Concord, where he died November 28.

DR. J. C. EASTMAN.

Dr. Josiah C. Eastman, 87, died at Hampstead November 26. He had been a resident of that town since 1839, and represented it in the legislature in 1847 and 1850. He was state senator in 1853-'54; was treasurer of Rockingham county in 1845 and was a delegate at the national convention which nominated General McClellan and Horatio Seymour. In politics he was the staunchest of Democrats. One of the oldest members of the state medical society, he served as its president in 1860, and had also been president of the Rockingham medical society. He was a director of the Nashua & Rochester railroad.

CALEB EMERY.

Caleb Emery, a native of Derry, died at Brookline, Mass., December 1. He graduated from Dartmouth college in the class of 1842, and when the Charlestown, Mass., high school was organized, he became its first principal and continued in that position until 1884, with an interval of fourteen years' work in the Boston Latin school, where Phillips Brooks was one of his pupils.

DR. G. C. HOITT.

Dr. George C. Hoitt was born at Thornton's Ferry July 20, 1835, and died at Manchester December 9. He was a graduate of the Dartmouth Medical college, and had always practised his profession in Manchester. He was president of the staff of the Sacred Heart hospital from the time of its opening, and was deemed one of the best anatomists in New England.

CAPT. G. T. WOODBURY.

Captain George T. Woodbury, who died at Amesbury, Mass., December 8, was born in Salisbury in 1832. At the age of 16 he shipped on an Arctic whaler. Later he engaged in the insurance business in New York. He fought through the war with a Philadelphia company, attaining the rank of captain. Since the war he had been in business in Chicago and Boston.

REV. A. C. HURD.

Rev. Albert C. Hurd, who died very suddenly in Boscawen December 4, was born in Clinton, Conn., May 18, 1831. He was educated at Clinton academy and the State Normal school at New Britain and taught school for four years in Connecticut and Ohio. He prepared for the ministry at Baldwin University and occupied pulpits during the remainder of his life in Ohio, Connecticut, and New Hampshire, his last two pastorates being at Francestown and Boscawen.

JONATHAN STONE.

Jonathan Stone was born in Weare April 29, 1823, and died in Charlestown, Mass., November 26. He had been a resident of that city since infancy, was for many years engaged in the grocery and provision business there and owned many houses and stores. He was a member of the common council in 1872, and was elected mayor of Charlestown in 1873, being the last mayor of the city as it was annexed to Boston January 1, 1874.

E. C. BRYANT.

Edwin C. Bryant was born in Bedford seventy-four years ago, and died in Manchester December 25. He early became identified with cotton manufacturing interests, and as both overseer and superintendent of the Manchester Mills for more than a quarter of a century he achieved an excellent reputation. After leaving the Manchester Mills he was superintendent of a plant at Plymouth, Mass., until 1880, since which time he had been retired from active business. He represented the state of New Hampshire as commissioner at the New Orleans exposition.

DR. EBEN THOMPSON.

Dr. Eben Thompson, fifty years of age, a native of Durham, died at Newton, Mass., December 7. He was a physician of large practice, well known in social circles, and had been a member of the common council and the board of aldermen.

ENOCH TILTON.

Enoch Tilton was born in Chichester February 28, 1805, and died in Newburyport, Mass., December 6. At the age of 19 he entered the employ of the Eastern stage company and continued until its dissolution in 1830. He then went into the hotel business as one of the proprietors of the Wolfe Tavern at Newburyport, and under his management the house acquired a national reputation.

C. S. GRISWOLD.

Charles S. Griswold was born at Lebanon December 23, 1861, fitted for college at St. Johnsbury academy, and graduated at Dartmouth in the class of 1883. He studied law with Bingham, Mitchell & Batchellor, was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1887, and had practised his profession in Woodsville since 1889.

GEORGE E. TURNER.

George Edward Turner, the oldest boot and shoe retailer in Boston, who died November 29, was born in Walpole in 1813. He went to Boston when a young man, and embarked in business for himself more than fifty years ago. At the time of his death he was the proprietor of two stores on Court street, one of which he had carried on for more than forty years.



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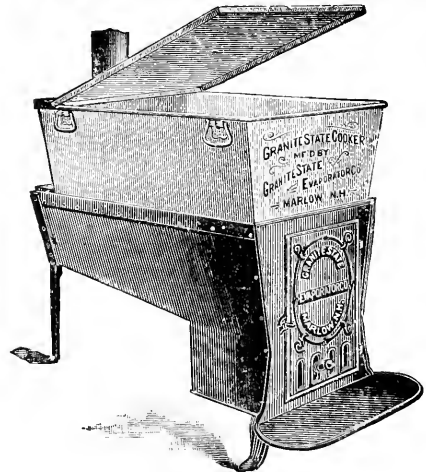
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FEBRUARY, 1896.

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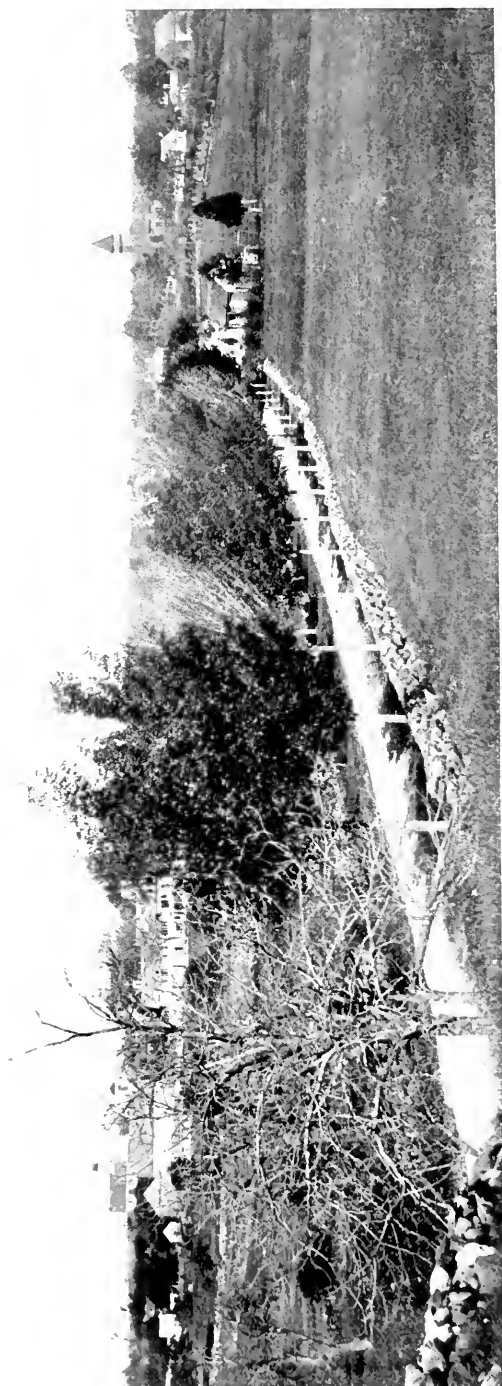
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HOLLIS FROM THE TOP OF BUTTERFIELD HILL.

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The "Hope," Caught in the Ice.

A SUMMER VOYAGE TO GREENLAND.

By Arthur Malcolm Dodge.

IN the spring of 1896, Lieutenant Peary organized his sixth expedition to Arctic regions and invited Professor Burton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to join him with a party of six for scientific research in any part of Greenland he might choose to be landed. It was my good fortune to be accepted as a member of this Boston party. Lieutenant Peary had chartered the steam whaler *Hope*, of St. John's, Newfoundland, a sister ship of the *Windward*, that brought Nansen home last fall, the two largest and best ships in the fleet. He had her again in 1897, commanded by the same man, Capt. John Bartlett, an able officer of many years' experience in Arctic seas, and a most thorough gentleman, who added greatly to our pleasure and comfort.

Our party left Boston on the 11th of July, going by boat to Halifax, and thence by train to Sydney, Cape Breton Island, where we met the other members of the expedition. There were a party of six from Cornell University, under Professor Tarr; Albert Operti, a New York artist; Mr. Figgins, a taxidermist from Washington; Mr. George Bartlett from McGill University, Montreal; Messrs. Hopkin, Sutherland, and Hollifield from Cape Breton, and last, but most important, Lieut. Robert E. Peary, U.S.N., and his two personal aides, Hugh Lee and Matt. Henson, who were with him for two years in the far north.

Our own Boston party, as we were called, was made up of Prof. Alfred E. Burton, in charge, Prof. George H. Barton, and Mr. Russell W. Porter, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Mr. John C. Phillips from the Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge; Mr. George R. Putnam, of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey; and the writer.

The *Hope* met us here, and taking our supplies and instruments on board, we made our start on the 16th of July, under sail and steam. Our course lay across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Straits of Belle Isle, and then up the long bleak coast of Labrador. On the second day out we saw our first icebergs, and the

sight brought us all on deck, and used up our adjectives so soon, that when later we saw the bergs near their birthplaces, we could only repeat ourselves or simply say "Oh!!" with no words to express our admiration. All sizes, all shapes, and I had almost said all colors. A fair sized berg would measure one hundred and fifty feet high, and perhaps five hundred long and broad. When you remember that eight ninths of the bulk of ice is under water you may begin to realize the vastness of the glacier from which such pieces could break.

At Turnavik, a small fishing station on the coast of Labrador, north of Hamilton Inlet, we made a stop of a few hours to make observations and leave our last letters for home, as the Canadian Government mail steamer was to call later. Then on again up the coast, and now we were continually in the midst of floe ice, and one of the ship's officers was kept in the

cross trees of the foremast to pilot us through the ice. Many times it seemed from the deck as though we could go no farther, but the man aloft would "smell out" some distant "lead," as a channel through the ice is called, and the good old *Hope* would back off a short distance and then ram her way toward the open water.

After rounding the northern end



Lieutenant Peary in Arctic Costume.

of Labrador one morning some one shouted, "A Bear!" We all scrambled for our rifles and got on deck, when a Polar bear with two cubs was seen on the ice floe. She looked, and then came toward us, evidently wondering what we could be. As she approached, swimming from ice-pan to ice-pan, Lieutenant Peary cautioned us not to fire too soon and not to shoot the cubs. The bear fever must be as bad as the buck fever, for more than a dozen shots failed to more than wound her, when Peary put a finishing shot into the base of her brain. Then came the race for the cubs. On foot over the ice-pans, and in boats to head them off, nearly the entire party spent an hour in eager pursuit. Numbers won, and

we soon had the pair on deck, and, as we thought, securely tied. But as the men were busy caging one, the other worked loose and come on the quarter deck, which as soon as he was noticed he had to himself. We all had business elsewhere. Bruin took a look about and then jumped on some casks, preparatory to a leap over the rail, when the hero of the occasion sprang on him and held him long enough for new ropes to secure the prize, and, to anticipate my story, we brought them home alive, and they are now on exhibition in this country.

The next day we reached Big Sav-

age island in Hudson straits, where a few of us were landed for two or three days and spent our time in making observations and taking photographs, and doing some shooting, as eider ducks were very thick. Deer were seen, but the country being entirely treeless and open, we were unable to get at them.

When again on board, the ship heading out of the straits, as we were sailing along about ten miles off shore, we heard a shrill cry and soon saw an Eskimo coming off to us in a kyak or small canoe of skins,

made to hold only one. Captain Bartlett stopped the ship and took him on board, boat and all; soon others came, followed by a large skin boat called an umiak, with twenty-

seven men, women, and children, not to count numberless dogs. We set up a brisk trade with them in furs and ivory toys, and they told those of the party, who knew a little of the Eskimo language, that this was the first ship they had seen in four years. Years before these same people had seen Peary, and when he came on deck they burst out with, "Chimo! Peely!" ("Welcome, Peary") and eagerly crowded around him. He talked with them some time, gave them some crackers and coffee, and then a boat load of our people went ashore to see their village. It was composed of three small skin tupics or tents,



Turnavik—Labrador Fishing Station.

made of raw hides, and every soul had come off to the ship, not even leaving their dogs behind, as they would have eaten the tents up. Nothing that can be chewed is safe from the dogs.

After leaving these people, the first Eskimos we had seen, we kept on our way for Greenland. On July 29, we

us to land. This had to be obtained through the United States government before leaving, and is an especial courtesy, as Greenland is a Danish colony, and no one is allowed to land without a permit from the home authorities. Lieutenant Peary's papers made things smooth, and the inspector gave us a letter to the gov-



Umanak Fjord and Icebergs.

crossed the Arctic circle, and here as at the equator, Neptune visits the ships crossing and demands his dues—and in default shaves those who have never crossed. The old sea god boarded us over the bow, and with an old tar bucket and white-wash brush, proceeded with his shaving, the razor being made from an iron barrel hoop. Most of us preferred to pay our footing in another manner, and he welcomed us to his northern sea.

On August 2, we reached Godhavn, the Danish capital of North Greenland, situated on the Island of Disko, and were warmly greeted by the inspector and governor and their families. We paid them formal calls, after coming to anchor and saluting with flags and cannon; and wines, coffee, and cakes were served by Eskimo women servants in native dress. Here Lieutenant Peary presented his papers to the inspector with permission from the Danish government for

ernor of Umanak, where the Boston party was to stop.

After a day and night, or, rather, twenty-four hours here, as there was no night, we steamed on up the Weigat or passage between Disko island and the mainland, and for 150 miles we had a most glorious sight. A passage about nine miles wide, mountains varying from 2,000 to 6,000 feet high rising abruptly from either shore, and the sea filled with a stately procession of massive icebergs in white, blue, green, and often the whole scene tinted with the peculiar yellow of the midnight sun, made a picture never to be forgotten. Occasionally some berg would break in pieces or roll over and the report was like a discharge of heavy siege guns in the perfectly still and clear atmosphere. For twenty-four hours I could scarcely tear myself from the deck, only going below for meals.

We reached Umanak Fjord on the morning of August 5, and as soon as

the formal salutes and calls had been made, we landed our stores, and the *Hope* proceeded on her way still to the north. Governor Knuhtsen at once had a house placed at our disposal, and both he and his charming wife were unceasing in their kindness to us during our entire stay in Umanak, which was our head-quarters during our five weeks' stay ashore. From here we made various boat journeys to the head of the Fjord, visiting mainly the glaciers, for the purpose of studying their movements and various conditions. From these glaciers are broken off the icebergs, and it is a wonderful sight to see one break off. The commotion in the water is so great that waves many feet in height travel for miles up and down

on every hand, and here seemed to be the home of the Burgomaster gull, a large, white bird called by the natives, *uiak*, and esteemed by them as a delicacy, although, of course, not equal to the seal or *puissé*, as they call them. These seals are not the fur bearing kind, but have short, stiff hair instead, and are really the main support of the Eskimo. Their skins furnish them clothes, the blubber heat, light, and food, and the meat is food also.

Our longest boat journey from Umanak was about sixty miles up the fjord of the same name to the Karajak glaciers, the larger one being five miles across the front. We had two boats of our own, a whale boat and a jolly boat, which we



Front (or end) of Stivdlarsut Glacier, where icebergs break off.

the fjords. Our Eskimos could not be induced to take us in boats within less than five miles of the glacier front, and after we had witnessed one of these waves, we could easily realize why.

Game was not abundant in this part of Greenland, but somehow the Eskimos were able to bring us venison, although we were unable to shoot any ourselves. But birds were

named the Ahnighits in honor of Lieutenant Peary's little daughter. We took the small one, but Governor Knuhtsen advised us to take an *umiak* or large native boat, instead of the whale boat, as it was lighter, and the crew of Eskimos we were to have were more used to it. This was a boat made of skins, and when loaded only drew about ten inches of water. Our crew was composed of a chief,

who steered, three men and two women at the oars, and a kyaker, or man who went in his own canoe and caught seals to furnish food for the crew. The women rowed as well as the men and looked after our fur clothes and boots, drying and softening them whenever they became water soaked.

After reaching the glaciers some of the party devoted themselves to studying them, while Mr. Phillips and the

river they had secured several beauties, and they tasted as good as they looked. Next day we tried for deer, but were only rewarded by finding fresh traces, but did not get in sight of any. There is no cover of any kind, and, the deer being the same color as the mossy rocks, it is almost impossible for any one but natives to reach them.

On our return to the main camp we found those of our party who had



On the Great Karajak Glacier.

writer took the small boat with one man to help row, and the kyaker, and went off on a week of hunting and fishing. About thirty miles away we came to a small river where, the men said, were salmon, and with much eagerness got out our rods and flies and began. Not a "rise" rewarded us, and in spite of the most tempting flies not a salmon showed himself. The Eskimos meanwhile got out a light gill net, and when we returned to our camp at the mouth of the

gone to the Inland ice returned after having got in about twenty miles. The Inland ice covers the entire continent of Greenland, except a strip along the shore varying from two to five miles. This strip is really a coast line of mountains from 2,000 to 6,000 feet high, acting as a shore to the ocean of ice covering the country. Wherever a valley breaks through this chain a glacier comes from the Inland ice as does a river from a lake.

A few miles back from the edges the ice is fairly smooth and covered with a fine snow which drifts about with the varying winds, as does the sand of a desert.

Where the glaciers press out into the valleys, however, the surface becomes rough and broken, and, in places, impassable, from the cracking and pressure it receives in forcing itself along the more confined space. Our party got in about twenty miles, as I said, when they

unloaded, lifted the boat out of the water, and after it had dried sufficiently, the women sewed on a fresh patch and the boat was as good as new.

We spent about five weeks in various trips making the later journeys in our whale boat, as new ice was forming and the danger of making more serious holes in the skin boat was too great. In all our boating the natives were always on the lookout for seals, and often the cry of "Puissé,"



Danish Trader with his Native Wife and Children, showing Dress of Eskimo Women.

came to a river running on the ice at right angles to their course, and as they were unable to cross, returned to camp.

On our return trip to Umanak a sharp piece of ice caught under our skin boat and tore a hole three or four inches long, and I expected to be obliged to climb on an iceberg to keep from a watery grave. One of the Eskimo, however, coolly put his moccasined foot over the hole and stood on it until we reached the village we were headed for. Here they

as they term them, was excitedly raised. Ludwig, our kyaker, occasionally shot one, and there was always rejoicing among the crew. One day the professor shot one from the boat, and when the Eskimos picked it up and found that the bullet had entered the seal's eye, their admiration knew no bounds. When the professor saw his marksmanship established at so high a mark, he laid his rifle aside and did not shoot again during our stay in Greenland.

We returned to Umanak from our



Ikerasak—Eskimo Village and an Umiak.

last trip late at night on the 8th of September, expecting to see the *Hope* on the 10th. But as we were eating breakfast on the 9th, the Eskimos were heard shouting, "Umiasuit piotut!" ("The fog ship") and an hour later the *Hope* steamed into the snug little harbor. We hurriedly packed up, made our farewell calls, and got away on our homeward voyage the same night. It was with great regret that we left our Greenland friends, who, by their many little kindnesses, had added so much to the pleasure of our stay.

The Eskimos, or Irmit as they call themselves, are a sturdy race, rather undersized, dark skinned, but the darkness is, partially, at least, dirt, with, as a rule, fine teeth and hair. Most of the women do their hair in a kind of top knot standing erect above their heads and bound by a ribbon. They draw the hair so tightly that the older women are very apt to be bald around the edges, but not on the top of the head. They are a pleasant-natured people and never seem to get enraged, the nearest

approach being a sulkiness when things do not go to please them, reminding one of children in this respect. The Danes have established schools, and almost all the natives read and write fairly well, and they are nominally Christians, having a church in almost all the villages with the native schoolmasters acting as ministers. The Danish pastor at Umanak has the oversight of the churches and schools in that district, and holds his appointment from King Christian of Denmark.

Our seal catcher, Ludwig, was an especially bright fellow, and he acted as my teacher in the Eskimo language. I soon found that "Sunana?" meant "What is it?" and so when I wished to know the name of anything I would say "Sunana" and point at the object. He would give its name slowly, and after I repeated it correctly he would show his full set of teeth and say "Ajungiluk" (or "Good") and then ask me what I called it in American. So we each picked up many words of the other's language. One day I wished to tell

him we would break camp the second day after. I knew "Akrago" meant to-morrow, so said "Akrago-akrago," he was puzzled a moment, then laughed, and his expressive "Ajungiluk" ("Good") came out.

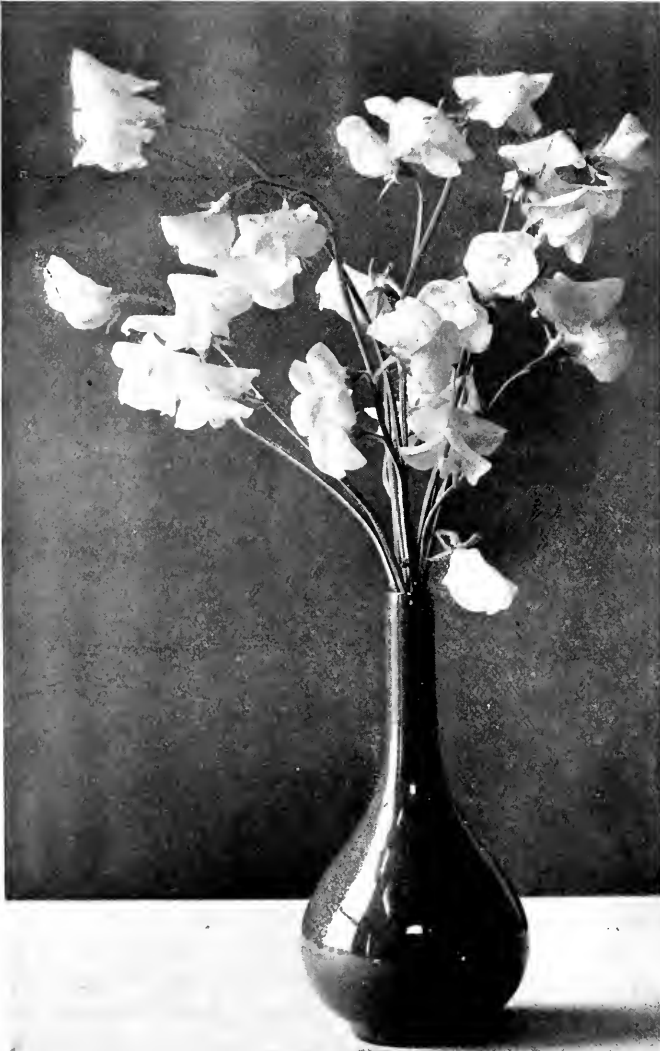
After leaving Umanak we called at Godhavn, and, making our last purchases of souvenirs, etc., we left the Greenland coast and struck across Davis straits for Cumberland sound. Our first night out we went into the worst storm of the voyage, and everything not securely fastened was thrown helter-skelter. On deck, the cook's galley traveled to leeward against the bulwarks, a whale boat was carried away, and numberless skeletons of walrus, bears, and white whales were scattered in every direction. The storm, fortunately for our comfort, lasted only a day, and the next day we were fastened into the ice floe of the Arctic current. Here we were held three days only a few miles from shore, but so dense was the ice packed that some of the party made their way to shore and back.

Finally, the wind and currents opening the way, we worked our way out and crossed Cumberland sound to Black Lead island. Here is a whaling station, and it was here that in the old days the whaling ships would winter. Near by is an old cemetery with rudely carved head-boards, which told many sad tales. One told of twenty-seven men dying of scurvy on one ship, and a new one was being put up by the captain of the station in memory of Captain Clisby of Nantucket, who lost his life two weeks before, by a boat upsetting in a squall. He was in charge of another station a hundred

miles away, and had come on a visit to his friends here. We brought home his mate, Mr. Jensen, who returned last summer with Lieutenant Peary. Mr. Jensen had a thrilling experience four years ago getting lost on the ice for five days with nothing to eat or drink. His feet were so badly frozen as to necessitate the removal of his toes, and this had to be done with a razor and saw made from a clock spring, as there was no surgeon nearer than Newfoundland.

After a couple of days spent here in making observations and "prospecting" a mica mine, we again started on our way south. From now on our chief interest lay in reaching home on time, and the captain was continually being consulted as to our chances. As we had broken part of the blades of our propeller we made slower progress than on the way north, but in this as in the rest of our trip we were favored, and got on finely. We made no stop on the Labrador coast, and reached Sydney on September 26, in time to miss the train out, so spent Sunday there. This time we made use of in getting hair cuts and shaves, and a general return to civilization.

As I write this the *Hope* is again leaving for the Arctic with Lieutenant Perry on his trip of preparation for his North Pole expedition, and I am bemoaning my misfortune in not being of the party. I will close this little sketch of my Arctic experience with the prophecy that the North pole is reached within five years, and that Lieutenant Peary is the man who will have the honor of hoisting Old Glory over the spot from which every direction is south.



Coquette Sweet Peas, in a Red Brown Vase.

THE NEW SWEET-PEAS.

By Clarence Moores Weed.



A Beautiful Sweet-Pea—Aurora.

IN the history of the sweet pea, the years 1896 and 1897 will be marked as banner seasons. In 1896, the lovers of this beautiful flower were able to grow for the first time nearly a dozen admirable varieties of sweet-peas, while during the last season a still more remarkable set has been introduced. In its evolution, the plant has made most phenomenal progress during the last three or four years. I desire here to supplement the study of sweet-peas, published in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, in July and August, 1897, with a further account of the new varieties, as cultivated in my garden last season. The accompanying photographs will help to show the characters of the blossoms, although, of course, the charm of color has been lost.

The sweet-peas were grown in a good loamy garden soil.

THE FORMS OF THE BLOSSOMS.

In a recent bulletin of the Cornell University Experiment station, "A Second Account of Sweet-Peas" is published. It will interest every lover of the flower into whose hands it comes, as it contains an excellent discussion of the modern varieties. Concerning the forms of the blossoms, Mr. A. P. Wyman writes:

"The various forms which the sweet-pea assumes easily fall into four classes. One class is the large flower which bends and curls its standard forward into a hood,



A New Type—Red Riding Hood.



Maid of Honor Sweet Peas, in Yellow Idzuma Vase

like the Countess of Radnor. Another large flower, as *Gaiety*, spreads itself out into a broad, round, expanded form, but without a stiff effect. Still another bends or reflexes the sides of its banner backward in a manner not so pleasing, and if the substance is poor, in a manner which is almost ugly, as in *Fairy Queen*. Last, there is the stiff, erect blossom, the smallest type, from which all the varieties have sprung, as *Carmen Sylva*. In connection with this expansion and hooded character and reflection, must be considered the shape of the base of the standard.

In the last or old natural form, and to a greater or less extent in the reflexed, the base is wedge-shaped. In such case, the banner cannot help falling backward, because there is no structure to pull it forward into place. In the expanded and hooded forms, the base is different. Here it is not

only straight horizontally or truncate, but in the hooded form is drawn down, giving an ear-like or auriculate shape. This explains the characters of the two expanded and hooded classes. The broad truncate base is stiff and pulls the edge of the blossom forward tightly into place, or if it is auriculate, it is still stronger, and curls the edge still farther forward into a hood. There are two other variations which cannot be classified and which occur in the poorer forms only, as a rule. These are the occurrence of a notch at the top, or really the emphasis of a

minute notch already there, as in *Emily Henderson*, or else a notch or sinus at either or both sides of the standard, as in the case of the *Butterfly*.

"Three sizes are commonly accepted and will be found accompanying the classification above. The small, as in *Captain Clarke*, is that of the old natural form. The medium size is the one usually found in the reflexed form, like the *Boreaton*. While the large size of *Senator* and *Dorothy Tennant* is that of the expanded and hooded classes."

THE NEW VARIETIES.

In many respects the *Coquette* sweet-pea stands at the head of the list of varieties, and represents the greatest advance yet made in the evolution of the plant. It seems to me to average considerably larger in size than any other sort; it is of the

best form, having the standard perfect in shape, and the wings broad and nearly horizontal; the substance is most excellent. Practically, all the blossoms are of the same type. The color is very delicate; the standard is white, with a faint flush of pink, more pronounced toward the top, while the wings are of a dainty, creamy tint. In the buds and opening blossoms the color of both wings and standard is more pronounced than in the fully expanded flowers.

The plants are strong and vigorous, bearing the flowers with great freedom. The blossom stems are remarkably long and stiff, rendering them especially desirable for use in vases. This is nearly the ideal sweet-pea.

The Maid of Honor sweet-pea was developed from the Butterfly by careful selection. It has the peculiar charm of coloring of the Lottie Eckford type, with the mauve tinting especially concentrated in a line along the borders of the petals, from which it gradually shades to the white of the main portion of the petals. The standard is frequently divided into two petals, and also often shows the notch midway along the margin on each side: this will probably be eliminated, however, by further selection. The wings vary considerably in the manner in which their edges are folded; in a large proportion of blossoms the upper part is rolled down transversely, while in others the margins are of the normal, vertical, or oblique form. This is a charming sweet-pea, with the good-sized flowers borne freely on the plants. It will readily take the place of the Butterfly in the hearts of most lovers of the flower.

During the last year or two there has been considerable complaint that the Countess of Radnor sweet-pea was losing its lavender hue for a more reddish one. An attempt to restore the variety to its original color appears to have been successful in the New Countess, which is a beautiful blossom.

Mr. Hutchins tells us this is "the result of the most careful selection and development from a single plant and of strict adherence to the true type." I should select seed of this instead of the usual Countess of Radnor seed.

The Countess of Shrewsbury sweet-pea is one of Mr. Eckford's 1897 introductions. The standard is a very delicate rose-pink, while the wings are clear white, sometimes slightly suffused with a faint pink. In the fully expanded blooms the standard is reflexed, the upper portion of the sides being rolled obliquely back-



Countess of Shrewsbury Sweet-Peas.

ward in many older blossoms. The flowers are of medium size, or somewhat larger; an unusual proportion of stems bear four blossoms each. This is a dainty sweet-pea, but it is



Aurora Sweet-Peas.

not an indispensable variety, except for the large collection.

The Countess of Aberdeen is a very lovely variety of sweet-pea in which the blossoms are white, more or less flushed with a soft rose-pink. In typical flowers the pink is along the edges only, but this type is not constant; some of the blooms are white with very little pink, while others are pink throughout. The blossoms are large, of good hooded form, and excellent substance, while the stems are long and the plants have the great merit of blooming very freely—an exception to the rule that holds with most pink sweet-peas. When massed together these flowers give a very charming color effect.

The color of the blossoms of the Prima Donna sweet-pea is a beautiful soft rose-pink. The size is considerably above the medium; the substance is good; and the form of an excellent hooded type. Mr. Hutchins says this is "the grandest light blush pink that Mr. Eckford has put out." It seems to me one of the best of the pinks, although judging from the few plants I had this season, it is not very prolific in bloom. The plants are vigorous, however, and the flower stems are of good length.

Little Dorritt is a dainty sweet-pea, similar to Blanche Ferry, but blossoming much later. The standard is a delicate carmine-tinted pink, and the wings are white. The standard is expanded; the angle between the standard and the wings is not a wide one. My test of this variety was not very satisfactory, but judging from it the plant does not seem to be as yet well acclimated. The flower

stems are short, while the blossoms are of medium size and good texture.

The Aurora sweet-pea was pronounced by Mr. Hutchins the leading novelty for 1897. It has probably justified this judgment, for it has elicited much admiration from all lovers of the flower who have been so fortunate as to grow it. It has the best qualities of its race; profusion of bloom, vigor of plant, length of flower stem, excellence of form and substance, largeness of size and attractiveness of color. It is a seedling of the Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain sweet-pea; the coloring is more striking in the Aurora than in the parent plant. The ground color is white, with stripes and pencillings

of bright peach-blossom pink profusely marking it. The flowers mass very prettily and combine with white to excellent advantage. Aurora easily ranks first among the pink and white striped varieties.

Two other pink varieties were introduced during the year. I was unable to make a satisfactory study of either of them, and in order to make this account more complete I quote descriptions from Mr. Hutchins: "The Lovely sweet-pea," he says, "is a soft, shaded shell-pink. Although adding one more light pink to the list, it is distinct and will be greatly admired. Its size and form are of high quality." Royal Rose is described as "a great advance on Apple Blossom, being of warmer shading and larger size."

Mr. Eckford describes the color of the Mikado sweet-pea as "deep orange-cerise ground, striped white." The deeper color is marked off by the veins and veinlets, while the lighter color, more often a pale rose-pink than white, marks the area between the veinlets. The deeper color is a tone difficult to describe; I am tempted to call it a deep, bright rose-pink, but this does not quite do it justice. It is much the same red as is seen in Ovid. The flower is medium to large in size, of good hooded form and fair substance. The plants bloom freely.

Captivation is a good sized sweet-

pea of the violet-red group. In color tone the standard is very near to solferino, while the wings are rose-purple. Or, in other terms, the standard is violet-red and the wings are red-violet. The standard is of the expanded form, and the wings are oblique. The substance is fair to good, while the size is somewhat above medium, and the plant blossoms very freely. In color, Captivation is very similar to Waverly, the former being somewhat lighter.

The Creole sweet-pea is said to be a chance seedling from the Lemon Queen, which variety it resembles in form, having the same expanded standard, and a wide angle between the standard and wings. The sub-



Captivation Sweet-Peas

stance is fair to good, the size medium, and the stems none too long. In color, the "standard is a light, pinkish lavender, and the wings pure lavender." There is a tendency to a

pencilling of the color, which is more pronounced as the flowers grow older. I judge that this is not likely to become a very popular sweet-pea.

The Mars is doubtless the finest crimson sweet-pea yet produced. It is a decided advance in size over its predecessors, and is excellent in form. The color is crimson with the veins showing distinctly deeper than the rest of the petal tissue. This variety

NEW TYPES OF FLOWER STRUCTURE.

The Red Riding Hood represents a new and distinct type of sweet-pea, the flower having much the shape of a snap-dragon blossom. This is caused by the mal-formation of the standard, which is formed like a hood, and encloses the upper part of the wings. The flower is deep rose-pink in color, much lighter at the base.

This variety is of interest as a novelty and as an aberration from the normal type. But it has little artistic value and does not deserve to be grown for decorative uses. It impresses one as a deformed flower, and has, in part, the ugliness of deformity. The plant blooms very freely and frequently produces four flowers upon a single stem.

The Golden Gate sweet-pea represents another deviation from the usual type. Each wing is rolled vertically instead of having the normal overlapping form. The plants are very vigorous and four flowers are commonly borne on a single stem. The color is a rather indefinite

pink, and the flower as a whole does not appeal to one as having much artistic value.

THE PASSING OF THE TRENCH SYSTEM.

For years, the general custom in planting sweet-peas has been to adopt the trench system, by means of which the seeds were planted several inches deep. There has been also more and more complaint regarding the blight which killed the vines, and thus



Mars Sweet-Peas, in Makuzu Vase.

was introduced by Mr. Eckford in 1897, its very appropriate name having been suggested by Mr. Hutchins.

Burpee's Brilliant is a crimson-scarlet variety "of good substance and size, inclining to a hooded form, growing three blossoms on the stem." It is probably the best sweet-pea of the color now available; and will be very likely to take the place of the popular Firefly. For a somewhat deeper red the Mars appears to be the best sort yet introduced.

brought desolation to the heart of the lover of these gentle flowers. The Rev. W. S. Hutchins has heretofore advocated the trench system, but in his admirable booklet, "Sweet-Peas Up-to-Date," he makes this announcement,—

"We must abandon the trench method of planting sweet-peas. The trench method was used to secure deep planting, and the substitute for deep planting is firming the soil. Since the trench method apparently causes the blight, we must stop it. Sweet-peas do best in a heavy soil, and you can get very nearly the same effect, if your soil is light, by firming it. Plant, if possible, in your vegetable garden, where the soil has been deepened and enriched in past seasons. And if, where your row comes, it has been newly spaded, tread it down considerably before planting. This treading will hollow out the place for your row about right—and it will thus collect moisture, and by its compactness will hold it. In this hollow, scratch the lines for your seed one inch deep, covering it only one inch, and firm the ground above the seed. When the seeds come up, do not fill in any earth about them, at least for six weeks. Every time you hoe, firm the ground compactly about them, and don't let moles loosen it up. Vines that come up in the well-trod path do not have the blight. This method applies to light soil in which the blight is troublesome. In the case of heavy soil, it settles soon of itself, and the surface of it must, of course, be kept from baking. In either case, after the buds begin to appear, put on a light mulching to shade the ground."

There has been a good deal of evidence accumulating of late to show that we should choose a new location each year for the sweet-peas. Much better results are thus obtained than when the plants are grown in the same soil for successive seasons.

A SELECTION OF VARIETIES.

It adds greatly to the interest of growing sweet-peas to know the varieties by name. To do this each sort should be separate in the row, although pleasing effects are frequently obtained by mixing two or three distinct varieties. Were I asked to name a select list in which each important color should be represented I should choose the following varieties :

COLOR AND VARIETIES.

White—Blanch Burpee, Emily Henderson.
 White flushed with pink—Coquette, Eliza Eckford.
 Primrose—Mrs. Eckford.
 Lavender—New Countess, Maid of Honor, Lottie Eckford.
 Lavender stripe or purple stripe—Gray Friar, Juanita.
 Violet red—Waverly, Dorothy Tennant.
 Pink stripe—Aurora, Ramona.
 Orange pink—Meteor, Lady Penzance.
 Pink and white—Blanche Ferry.
 Rose pink—Her Majesty.
 Maroon—Boreatton.
 Red—Mars, Brilliant.
 Red stripe—America.

Of course no two people are likely to agree on all varieties in such a list. I am in most doubt regarding the rose pinks. There are so many varieties of this color, and so many of them are poor in substance or in blooming quality that it is difficult to decide upon the one which in general will be most satisfactory.

FRED LEWIS PATTEE.

By William S. Harris.



GOOD old Puritan stock running back to early Colonial times, boyhood amid the inspiring scenes and healthful surroundings of our Granite hills, early training in virtue and industry, opportunities of the best culture that our New England schools can give, and contact with the greatest minds of the world through the medium of the printed page,—these things are the common heritage of multitudes of our youth; ambition to utilize these favoring conditions is the secret of the success of some who have made a name and place for themselves that the world honors.

In the busy manufacturing village of Bristol, N. H., the subject of this sketch was born on March 22, 1863, the oldest child of Lewis F. and Mary (Ingalls) Pattee. When he was a few years old his parents removed to a farm a mile and a half

out of the village, on the heights of South Alexandria, whence one looks down upon Bristol village, beautiful in the distance and encircled with hills.

To have been brought up on this spot with its pure air and far-reaching views is almost enough to make

one a poet and to give one a noble character. And when we add that rambles of a few miles in different directions bring one to grand old Cardigan with its bold cliffs towering against the sunset sky to the mountain-girt and isle-studded Newfound lake, one of the choicest gems of our northland, and



Fred Lewis Pattee.

to "the winding ways of Pemigewasset" as it dashes through its narrow valley, the wonder is that any one with such inspiring surroundings can be sordid or even practical.

But day-dreams and aspirations must be worked out in the stern realities of life, and for a boy to be thrown largely on his own resources

often develops a strength of character that otherwise would remain latent. Young Pattee having gone through the district schools and attended the Bristol High school winters, at fifteen entered the printing office of R. W. Musgrove in Bristol as "devil," walking one and a half miles to build the office fires in the morning, and receiving during the first year the sum of fifty cents a day for his labors.

He remained there three years and then, determining to have an education, he entered New Hampton Institution to fit for college, and was there graduated in 1884. The next four years he spent at Dartmouth college, teaching schools in New Hampshire and Maine winters, and working summers in the hay-field or in hotels as waiter. He graduated in 1888, with the degree A. B., receiving his A. M. in course, three years later.

From boyhood his bent was towards journalism and literature. Besides his three years' experience in the printing office at Bristol, he had been while at New Hampton editor-in-chief of the school publication, *Hamptonia*, in college, an editor of the *Dartmouth Literary Monthly*, and upon graduation was class poet. So it was not strange that he at first decided to follow journalism as his profession; he secured a place on the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, but on advice of his teacher in literature at Dartmouth, Prof. Charles F. Richardson, gave it up to devote himself to teaching.

He spent the next year as principal of the schools of Eatontown, N. J., and the year following held a similar position in Mendon, Mass., and in

the fall of 1890 came back to his native state to assume the principalship of Coe's Northwood academy. Here he spent four prosperous and happy years building up the school, sending out thirty-two graduates, and when he left for a wider sphere, leaving behind him many firm friends, not only in Northwood, but in all the surrounding region. That he is a true teacher is evidenced by his ability to secure the esteem and love of his pupils and to inspire them with something of his own enthusiasm in study. Many can instruct, but to inspire is vastly more difficult and more desirable.

In the fall of 1894, he became professor of English and rhetoric in the State College of Pennsylvania, one of the largest and most prosperous state institutions in the East, where he remains at the present time in charge of the department, having the aid of an able assistant, Prof. H. K. Munroe, A. M., and where his special talents in the line of literature and language have full scope for exercise. He is making for himself a name as teacher not less brilliant than his fame as a writer of poetry and of literary history and criticism.

The first poem he ever wrote, "The Solitary Pine," was published in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* of April, 1883, and this magazine has since contained many of the choicest productions of his pen. Others have been contributed to the *Youth's Companion*, *Boston Journal*, *Springfield Republican*, and other periodicals.

Professor Pattee's first publication in book form was a monograph on "Literature in the Public Schools," published in Cincinnati in 1891, followed, two years later, by "The Wine

of May, and Other Lyrics," a collection of miscellaneous poems, many of which reveal a deep love of nature, especially in its wild and sombre forms.

"I sit and muse on that enchanted land
Far up the Allequash by Chamberlain,
Amid the hemlocks and the sighing pines,
And oft I long to breathe its balsamed air,
To walk amid its pathless solitudes,
To float all day upon its nameless lakes,
And camp beside its beaver-haunted streams."

Some of its shorter poems and sonnets, such as "The Picket's Song," "Indian Pipe," "July," "September," and "To a Robin," are gems.

Professor Pattee's love of nature and power of description make his "Pasquaney," published in 1893, as charming as the writings of Thoreau or Burroughs. Pasquaney was the Indian name of Newfound lake, and in this little book of mingled poetry and prose almost as poetic, the lake and its romantic surroundings are pictured with the glowing colors which they deserve. What description can excel this:

"Hast ever stood upon the wind-swept peak
Of Cardigan and looked adown the rocks?
Sheer off they make one bold and mighty leap,
And one in mid air may look down and see
The ragged ledge and tops of mighty trees
Within the ancient forest far below,
While on the brink a few storm-dwarfed shrubs
Stretch out their arms in pity to the blast,
And clutch for life the crevice of the rock."

And stanzas like the following make us love equally the mountain and the poet:

"When from the valleys at thy feet
I see thy form in majesty
Sharp cut against the western sky
At fall of night, or when there beat
The morning's arrows on thy head,

"Or when at dead of winter night
I hear thee fighting with the blast
With sullen roar, while thick and fast
The storm's mad bolts thy shoulders smite,
And all his legions lash and shriek,

"I feel a swelling in my breast,
A nameless thrill that masters me.
My heart, old king, goes out to thee,
And oft I long, in wild unrest,
To larger grow and grander be."

In the summer of 1893, he built his cozy, little summer cottage, "Ledgewise," in a picturesque and shady retreat on the western shores of his beloved Pasquaney, almost under "the sullen dome of Sugarloaf, with its granite wall rising almost perpendicular from the water's edge." Here amid invigorating breezes and cool shadows and ennobling scenes of nature, the summers bring rest and joy.

"But not for me thy charms, fair Loch Katrine,
For I will dream my summer days away
Where on the beach the lazy ripples play.
Of that sweet lake unsung and half unknown—
Pasquaney, 'mid the forest dells alone."

In 1896, Silver, Burdett & Co., of Boston, published Professor Pattee's "History of American Literature, with a View to the Fundamental Principles Underlying Its Development," an exhaustive text-book of 500 pages, designed for schools and colleges. It was received with remarkable favor both by the critics and by practical educators, and reached its third edition within six months. Written in a style simple and clear, it reveals its author's familiarity with the whole subject of our national literature, his accurate judgment and sense of proportion, and a contagious love for his subject. It is unique in its philosophical treatment of American literary history in

relation to historical events and social conditions.

Upon the recommendation of E. C. Stedman of New York and others, Professor Pattee was chosen to write an addition to John Nichol's article on "American Literature" in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," bringing it to date, and to contribute an article on the history of Canadian literature. He has lately prepared a book on "Reading Courses in American Literature."

He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, earnestly engaging in all religious and reform work which comes in his way. He has received a license as a local preacher in his denomination, and on various occasions has officiated in the sacred desk. His sermons before his graduating classes at Northwood are remembered by those who heard them as models in thought and diction.

Professor Pattee married, March 9, 1889, Miss Anna Plumer, daughter of Charles N. Plumer, a leading citi-

zen of Alexandria, and one who as superintendent of its schools for a long series of years, did much for the cause of education in that town. Mrs. Pattee is a graduate of New Hampton Institution, is an artist of much merit, and before marriage was for some years a popular and successful teacher. She has proved a true helpmeet for her husband. In Northwood she was preceptress of the academy, teaching as her strength permitted, and attending to the various duties of her position, with an energy and success remarkable in view of her delicate health. Mr. and Mrs. Pattee have one child, Sara Lewis, born at State College, Pa., May 13, 1895.

Although much of the time not in robust health, Professor Pattee, starting from humble surroundings, has already accomplished work in the world which should inspire all young men with high ambition and lofty purpose, and we trust that his useful career has only begun.

THE CHURCH AND MEN.

By J. Bouton Lawrence.



OW and then ministers are called upon to explain their alleged failure to "reach men." Sometimes the newspapers open the question. Not infrequently some pastor, vexed by moderate success with his own sex, ashamed of his reckoned failure with the gender to which he belongs, calls upon himself to find the cause of so indifferent success in this noble effort

of captivating the attention, thought, enthusiasm, service of men.

It is common opinion that "worldlings" are prone to be not very tender in their treatment of pastors, but, if the whole truth were known, it might be found that preachers are often most severe with themselves. For example, Dr. Shaw of our American metropolis, writing evidently from the standpoint of the preacher, could hardly be dealt with more severely by

an incisive sceptic pen, than he has treated himself by his recent article in the *Homiletic Review*. If a secular paper or magazine told such things as are printed under the sanction of the *Review*, if an unsympathetic critic of ministers said these very things, some of "the cloth" would feel themselves challenged to brush up a little and resent the insinuation. May be there are a few who feel so as the case now stands.

Is it true that the church is not popular with men? Will such theory explain why males are in minority in ecclesiastical life and labor, or why females are a majority? Will this notion receive the approval of common sense? Is it fact?

Men are certainly preached about, preached to; and themes of the pulpit are, in general, directed to problems of particular interest with the life and labor of men. "Men," "young men," "laboring men," "men of wealth," ideal citizenship, "the duty of the hour," and so on to infinity, would indicate to some minds that, instead of there being lack of interest in the masculine gender, this particular sex is pampered, and "toasted," and honored far beyond its due. And there is some slight ground for suspecting that the reason so few men are in the church, or, again, why women outnumber them, is that there has been and is too much discrimination in favor of men. The nobler sex has been abashed at the attention bestowed upon it, while through the narrow and obscure door opened to woman she has very modestly ventured to enter.

Men! men! men! When a lad I recollect once asking my mother if

she could get any good from the sermons our pastor laid upon us. "Why do you ask such a question?" said she. "Well," I replied, "the minister always says 'brethren,' and seems to talk to no one else." It has been the fashion from of old to regard with special distinction the masculine portion of the congregation, and to a degree at times discourteous, considering the well-known two-thirds majority of females.

An inference might be this: now let there be heard more preaching to women, more exhortation of the "dear sisters," while the men get an opportunity to slip into meeting all unobserved and undisturbed. Perhaps they are waiting for some chance like this. Or, still another conclusion might be, that the truth of Christ would better serve the end of reaching men, than this ceaseless boomeranging the coveted sex. No species of fish ever heard of can be taken in this fashion. Noisy work drives afar the timid soul. Fifty or five hundred eyes and minds glaring at a fellow is more apt to cause him to think of his hat than of his eternal well-being. Give men the ideal of thought, the ideal thought, and if the loadstone of truth and life fails to draw, then let the mariner give up his polar star and lend his feeble voice to calling upon his precious freight to save themselves; then let the ministry of the gospel cudgel itself with big, hard words until a practical method of rescuing men may be revealed.

Perhaps all pastors might be persuaded under circumstances, to pass over this notion that men are unpopular with the church, but few could be

silenced in face of the charge that they "are altogether too fond of the women."

It is to be hoped that preachers of righteousness have due regard for the gentler sex, for their minds and souls, for their worth and work. They have great esteem for womanhood, no doubt. We must agree with Coleridge, and the same idea is found in Steadman, that the truly great man is androgynous. Strange it would be if the son should not partake in some excellencies of his mother, stranger if he had no love for the mother traits of her who gave him existence. And when he sees and feels the same potency in others of his mother's sex, it would be beyond understanding if his nature made no response at all.

But "altogether too fond of the women!" "Fond" would be bad enough, "too fond" is intolerably worse, but "altogether" prefixed is superlatively disgusting. Yet they who fall into such state never lay any claim to the fact, unless sometimes in impassioned public utterance, admiration and love of wife or mother beguile into eulogy of the more feminine traits.

It was my fortune once to happen into the Monday morning ministers' meeting at the Congregational House, Boston. The question of pastoral work, so called, was on hand. Some not very sharp, but yet conservative, difference of opinion about the subject came out of the discussion, enough to impress my mind that there was not altogether too great fondness for the women; and also, be it added, to persuade me that those pastors were not absorbed in securing the "fond" regard of the

women of their parishes. The office of pastor is that of the shepherd, to help, shield, feed the flock, and it has been my fortune to know such ministers as these; but if any were afflicted with the malady mentioned by the metropolitan preacher, they never let me know it. The daily press has generally attended to matters of this sort, and, it ought to be said, has confined itself a little more closely than some other people to definite cases.

It must be an uncomfortable sensation for a minister of the gospel to wear a coat fitted to his profession by such tailors as Dr. Shaw, to be told that he is "altogether too fond of the women," and find no way to modestly decline the misfit gift.

No one could be so wanting in good sense, so short of experience as not to know that ministers of this sort could not succeed with the other sex. The church of Christ is not composed of women enlisted by such agency as fondness, fond pastors, and so on. Where there is such a religious body we will not inquire. It would be an offense to Christian manhood and womanhood both.

Then, this presumption that preachers do not know "the cares and conditions under which the great mass of men live, their peculiar temptations," that "they do not call on the men," and such like,—to put the case mildly, the author would better promptly admit that the day before these words were penned he preached to a congregation sadly depleted by a severe gulf storm. This is really the best way of explaining it away. We should be pained to flatly contradict it. This is not good form nor agreeable. Few men could afford a minis-

ter as much time for visiting as the courtesy of a housewife would allow. But a good word and hearty hand-shake in the office, store, or factory is by no means an unheard of thing.

They who man our pulpits and shepherd our churches are often in peculiar relations with the toiling masses of men. Scores have carried the dinner pail themselves, have served time; or, the fathers, from whose homes they have been called to the ministry have been honest, godly toilers of some sort, so that the home and early associations were such as tend to affiliate one by bonds peculiarly close and dear with the toiling classes.

No man, nor any number of them, is "reached" very vitally when a good man shakes his hand or makes his acquaintance. The masses are not wanting merely to be called upon, to be preached to, to be specialized. Work with men and for men only is as problematic with the Y. M. C. A., or the Y. M. C. U., and others, as with the churches. The secretaries, whose relation with men tends to give them special training for work with their sex, find that to reach men unto their permanent good is rewarded with success not at all commensurate with the outlay. And all this leaves plenty of room for saying that these special agencies for helping men are crowned with commendable results.

This problem of reaching men, the gospel minister would better not load *in toto* on his own shoulders. If he could succeed in getting the church to assume the responsibility, and by the church seek for a solution, could he but enlist particularly fathers, and, of course, mothers, in the enterprise of proper child training, and Christian nurture, he would accomplish something worth the effort.

The difficulty of the church to reach men is not with the minister primarily. The church as a home, and the homes of the church, the parents, especially those busy fathers who renounce responsibility, who resign their parental calling to wife and mother,—these boarder-fathers and lodger-husbands hold the big key that only can unlock this great door, through the escutcheon of which the parson looks upon the problem and delivers his broken, feeble, ineffective exhortations. When fathers can be led to perceive the worth of character as superior to the worth of gold; when manhood is reckoned above trade, and repose of home beyond the tension of factory and market; when mind and soul and body come to be estimated at their own values; when the lost equilibrium of manhood returns to its poise; then we may expect to find the vagrant sex in the way of return to the Father's house.



CAMERON'S JOKE.

By Helen Ray Kent.



Of course it will be patent to all that when Byers, Cameron, and I were graduated from the law school of one of our New England "fresh water" universities, and settled in Greenwich, we did so because of the large and ever-growing practice to be picked up there for the taking. However, in fear that this frank confession may bring an avalanche of undeveloped legal talent into our thriving community, I hasten to add that, really, our chief reason for selecting the town was because of the cheap-living, and the general unsuspiciousness of its citizens. Byers had spent nearly half of his life-time there at his grandfather's farm, "living on the old man," as he rather disrespectfully expressed it; and when we three impecunious, embryonic Daniel Websters were talking over prospects the last night at college, he exclaimed, "By Jove! boys. Let's go up and settle in Greenwich. You need n't laugh," he added, as Cameron and I snickered derisively, recalling his picturesque tales of the charming hamlet and its inhabitants.

"It's quite a place, really," he went on. "Five or six thousand people, with no lawyers at all except old Hayes and Judge Wilkins, who've been tottering on the edge of the grave ever since I can remember; and Joe Eggerton, who has n't brains

enough to fill a peanut. I've got to go there, anyhow, for I'm strapped—completely strapped; and unless the old gentleman sees fit to come down handsomely and set his only grandson up in style (which he won't), I haven't got cash enough to keep me afloat a fortnight. So I've concluded to enter Hayes & Wilkins's office there, so I can live at home." Byers always called the farm home. Indeed it was his only one. "And that pleases the old fellow mightily," said he. "He says all they need is 'young blood'; and you know yourself how tenacious country people are of their rights, and 'taking the law on yer,' as they call it. Oh! there'll be enough to do. And by and bye—why—well, when grandfather is dead I can go where I please, you know."

Byers paused for breath in his embarrassment, while Cameron asked jovially to put him at ease, "That's all very fine for you, old man, to go and rusticate, and rest after your arduous labors at college—"

I groaned.

"But where are Ned and I coming in on that racket? We haven't got any grandfathers to take us in and keep us till we can stand on our own legs. There are n't any old codgers who are anxious to take *us* into partnership."

"I know all that," interrupted Byers, impatiently. "But see here,

boys, you've got to live somewhere, haven't you? Now how long do you suppose your cash will last here, or in any other good-sized place, for that matter, until you get a good paying practice?"

Here Cameron whistled and looked at the ceiling, while I retorted sharply, "Maybe you don't know it, my son, but I think its devilish impertinent of you to twit us in that way. Cam. and I are n't to blame because we're not the heirs-apparent. But we'll forgive you. It is n't your fault because your mind wanders in the land of the dollar."

"The land of the dollar! I live in the land of sense—good, sound sense!" answered Byers, grinning appreciatively at my witticisms.

"But, honestly, you've no idea how long you can make your wad last up there; and how long they'll trust—let you have things 'on tick,' you know. Besides, whenever we have a client I'll ask him who the opposing counsel are, and if he does n't name you—"

"He won't," interpolated Cameron, mournfully.

"Why, I'll say, 'This seems to be an important case, sir. Perhaps you'd better secure the services of Cameron & Dupont, or they may be snapped up by the other side. Remarkable fellows for ferreting out evidence'; or something like that. At all events it'll advertise you, and you know advertising is the modern way of getting there. What do you say?"

To that we said a good deal that was mere nonsense, but we finally decided to think it over and take account of stock before joining Byers at Greenwich, where we were to

make at least a "good long visit." I'm afraid we didn't do much serious thinking, and as for taking account of stock, in our circumstances, that was simply a figure of speech; but we spent a delightful month visiting Phil and his grandfather; we rode, walked, fished, read, and galivanted among the girls; and at length decided to begin practice there, both seeing the bench or congress looming ahead in the future.

We took rooms at a widow's, not five minutes' walk from the centre of the town,—thereby securing inestimable advantages over Byers, we told him, and hired an office in the block directly opposite the bank. We ordered a sign, large, resplendent, and striking, in black and gold:

CAMERON & DUPONT,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW.

and arranged our some hundred books in the second-hand book-case as spreadingly as we could. On the walls we pinned etchings, prints, and—I grieve to confess it—newspaper cartoons of our famous brethren in the law, Choate, Lincoln, Sumner, and others. Phil's grandfather, to our great surprise, had given each of us a desk, roller-top (exactly like Byers's) and we filled these well up with a lot of papers really inspiring in their legal aspect. On the whole, the office suited us very well indeed, and we would not have asked for a better one. Then began that trying period, known, alas! to all lawyers, but ignored or gilded over in accounts of subsequent years of successful practice; that discouraging, nay, heart-rending, time of waiting for clients.

And we had to wait! Actually,

during the first six months of our residence in Greenwich proper, the door of our office was opened but once by a possible client, and that miscreant only "wanted to know" where the photographer's rooms were.

It was pitiful. There we were, fresh from the lecture-rooms of the famous —— law school, anxious to counsel, eager to plead causes; surrounded by people not at all averse to going to court rather than have their rights infringed on—and still nothing to do.

Byers encouraged us as much as he could; he was at work for a salary himself, "ridiculously small," so he said, and indeed it must have been, or I am sure he would have mentioned the figures, which he never did.

But still that was something; and, as he lived at home, his case did not call for sympathy. Then he seemed to be most devoted to old Mr. Hayes, and showing him no end of attentions, and thereby greatly pleasing his grandfather. I believe I have neglected to mention that Mr. Hayes had a daughter, Alice. She was quite the prettiest girl in town;—and if that town owned a homely girl, I never saw her—was well-educated, witty, refined—in short, just what "She" or "Her" (capital letters, please) always is to a young man when he begins to think and talk vaguely about "settling down." Cameron and I had both secretly nibbled (very small nibbles indeed) at this charming fruit, but finding signs of unmistakable frost at the first speech bordering on sentiment, we withdrew, leaving the field to Byers.

"For he 's got the looks,
He 's got the brains,
And he 's got the money, too,"

quoted Cameron, directing my attention to our classmate, as we stood on the postoffice steps waiting for the mail to be distributed. Byers was on the opposite side of the street, gazing in at the window of Greenwich's best furniture shop at an oak dining-table, with an expression which, even at our distance, was pitiful in its unconscious hunger for domestic joys.

"He 's a gone coon," I remarked.

"Yes, and a mighty lucky one," answered my partner rather shortly.

Later in the day Phil burst in upon us with the news of his engagement; and while we were congratulating him, and he was talking and gesticulating wildly,—now condoling with us upon our lonely estate, now endeavoring to describe the unutterable bliss of being engaged—the door was shoved suddenly open and *our first client* walked in. Fortunately we had not heard him coming, else he would have had to wait while we reconnoitred through the key-hole; (we were reduced to thus dodging our landlord) and our carefully rehearsed welcome was not forthcoming. But the old fellow did not miss it.

"Want you to do some law business for me," he began, bluntly addressing Cameron.

"Didn't know but what I was a fool to trust it to any young fellows," he continued, "but when I heard you cussin' and jawin' and ravin' round so, comin' upstairs, I calculated I had n't made no mistake. Hayes & Wilkins has always done most of my lawin' for me, but they 're both of 'em too old now to stand up

and give the other side a regular knock-down fight. And the young feller there 's in love they tell me, so he would n't be any assistance.

" 'Settle, settle,' old Hayes says to me the last time he tried a case for me. 'Settle be damned,' says I. And so he went ahead, and lost the suit, but if he 'd had any fightin' gumption left he could have won it easy enough. So I made up my mind I'd try a new set of lawyers the next time the Old Harry kicked up any trouble for me."

Here Byers rose, saying he would call again later; and I accompanied him to the door where we both indulged in a stifled laugh, and I promised to call and extend my felicitations to Miss Hayes that evening. Then I returned to the business in hand.

Never mind what the case was. It promised abundant opportunities for Cameron's eloquence and my genius for drawing papers. And best of all, when the old fellow rose to go he pulled out a roll of greenbacks and deposited fifty dollars—fifty dollars! on the table. "Guess that 'll do for a retainer," he suggested, as we escorted him to the head of the stairs.

Do! I sank into a chair speechless with amazed delight, while Cam. executed an impromptu dance about the office. "It's too good to be true," he shouted. And later in the day when we received several bills for collection through the postoffice; when I was accosted by the village butcher with a request that we begin suit for him against the M. L. & N. railroad; when, after spending the evening at the Hayes homestead, Cameron found a widow patiently

waiting to see us, with a request that we collect her dead husband's life insurance—we were appalled by our good fortune.

"It's been so long coming, and now striking us all in a heap, it sort of takes one's breath away," Cameron would declare. Even Byers's appointment as county solicitor failed to rouse the slightest feeling of envy.

But there was one way in which Phil did trouble us that summer and all the winter following, a way which two years before we would not have believed possible of him. He bored us; bored us to death with his raptures as a lover; and was irritating beyond a measure in his indifference to other topics.

"I do n't mind his confounded love affair," Cameron would confide to me. "Every man who's engaged is just like that; thinks she is the loveliest, the dearest girl, and can't help telling you so to save his life, so look out when your turn comes. That is, every one but those glum, grumpy fellows, who never say anything because they care twice as much for themselves as they can for any girl. But I can't stand the supercilious, top-lofty airs he gives himself. The sort of satisfied way he says 'Oh! business,' or 'politics,' as if they did n't interest him in the least. His engagement and his office make him feel a little too well, and he needs taking down a peg, for his own good. I'll do it myself. You just see if I don't," he would add threateningly.

Winter and spring wore away, however, without the fulfilment of Cameron's prophecy, and the wedding day, which was to be in apple-blossom time, drew near. Byers,

alas! grew more consequential than ever, as the day approached; and yet, he was such a good fellow, and so unconscious of his exasperating ways that one could but smile at him and them. As he could not have us both for best man, we settled the question by tossing up, with the result in my favor, while Cameron was to be "only an usher," as I told him.

Some three weeks before the ceremony, Miss Hayes betook herself to New York for the final trousseau-shopping; and as Phil had been too forlornly miserable for anyone to contemplate, during her previous absences, I suggested that, as he was unable to take us into Delmonico's and give us the customary stag dinner, we make a little fishing excursion up Grand brook, some forty miles away. The "close season" was not off yet, but what did that matter? We could take care not to be found out. Phil fell in with the plan eagerly (why is it that even the best of men after working and voting to frame good laws for the majority, so enjoy breaking them, with a quiet little minority?), and as Cam. refused to leave our really rapidly increasing practice, we asked young Stickney, the teller in the bank, to accompany us. He accepted instantly, and after the usual preparation, a little prolonged by the red tape necessary in a no-license community to procure enough of something to prevent colds, we started.

The fish were ravenously hungry. We caught more than we could eat or bring home even; just for the fun of "having more than enough of anything in this world," as Stickney ex-

pressed it; and after a pleasant outing of four days we took the train back to Greenwich in high glee. To an acquaintance on the train, Stickney reported that we had been out on a survey of some disputed boundary lines. We were all in great spirits as we reached Greenwich, Byers particularly, as he expected Miss Hayes home the next day.

The moment I stepped on to the platform and saw Cam.'s face, however, I knew something had happened.

"What is it, old man?" I asked anxiously.

"Hush!" he whispered close to my ear, looking over my shoulder for the others. "Somehow the story of your buying that liquor has leaked out—you know what a devilish place this is for gossip—and old Peters has been arrested for selling it to you. Then that kid, where Stickney boards, blabbed that he overheard you talking about fishing; and you know what that means in this state when the close season is on. There isn't much going on just now except the wedding, and Byers being in it, the thing has spread like wildfire. Some of the old fogies have taken it up and mean to prosecute. I'm afraid its going to be a nasty scrape all round, especially for Phil as he's county solicitor. The sheriff—"

But I did not hear any more. Visions of disgrace, handcuffs, jail, and what not, floated through my head. As in a dream I saw Sheriff Macomber lean over and touch Byers on the shoulder, saying softly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Byers, but it is my duty to place you and your companions"—here Stickney, who was just be-

hind, turned and jumped aboard the train again, disappearing in the car, while the officer went on solemnly—"under arrest for violating the law, in fact two of the laws."

But I waited to hear no more. Breaking from Cameron's detaining arm I made a dive along the platform, ran around the locomotive, and brought up on the back side of the freight sheds. In a second or two I was joined by Stickney who was literally frightened to death.

"I—I saw you. I've thrown them all away," he gasped.

"Thrown what?" said I savagely. Somehow his terror made me cross.

"The fish," he answered, more calmly. "I chucked the box out of the car window. Of course that's what's the matter. And if they can't find any, why, it'll be all right."

"Yes, mau, but the spirits?" I yelled, as the train rumbled out of the station.

"You don't mean they're on to that, too?" he demanded.

"What a confounded state to live in, where a man can't take his glass as a gentleman, but has to get it like a sneak. By Jove! Byers had the bottles himself, in his valise. He's done for. They do make such a fuss about—"

Just here our conversation was cut short by approaching voices.

"F. A. Stickney," said the unseen speaker. "The teller in the bank. He was n't in the cars; perhaps he went into the freight-sheds." And before we could make our retreat the sheriff stood before us.

"Well, Mr. Stickney," he began; "I am under the painful necessity of arresting you for violating the fish-

ing laws of this state—a grave offence, as you doubtless know. A box full of trout, bearing your name, has been found; so you must come with me, while you, sir,—"

turning to me—"I don't know anything about it. I—I'm not acquainted with the parties," I stammered basely.

"You are detained for the present as a witness, if not an actual participant," he went on, paying no heed to my faltering interruption, and marching us both off.

How we reached the sheriff's office that evening, how and why we were taken there, I did not know. Phil was the only one who spoke on the way, and he only murmured something about "not telling Alice."

Stickney was too frightened to say anything. I seemed to be stupefied. Even Cameron's desertion did not surprise me. At first I did not notice it. Not until the sheriff had ushered us into his room, remarking, "You'll wait here, gentlemen," and had gone away locking the door behind him, did I remember that graceless partner of mine.

"*Et tu, Brute!*" I thought bitterly.

Byers and Stickney sat like stone images until the latter asked, falteringly, "I suppose they'll let us go on bail—if we can get it, won't they?"

"Bail"—Jail!

The thought maddened me. I sprang to my feet and walked to the door opening on the hall. It was locked. Of course it was. I had heard the sheriff lock it myself.

Then I walked over to the other door leading to another room, and tried that. It, too, was fastened.

Just as I was turning away, bound to make an escape, somehow, I heard a faint sound, remarkably like a subdued laugh, in the next room. Quick as a flash, I stooped and peered through the key-hole. Seated at a table directly opposite that limited space, were the sheriff and Cameron. The former was drinking the last of a bottle of extra-good sherry from Byers's valise, and Cam. was counting the fish as he sipped my claret. Their faces were red with suppressed laughter.

I tip-toed over to the boys, and after each had satisfied himself of the little game that had been played upon us, we put our heads together to plot an anti-climax. When the windows had been reconnoitred, Byers began to groan and I to cough, while Stickney unfastened one and let himself out on to the shed roof below. I fol-

lowed, after leaving the following note in a conspicuous place :

"DEAR CAM.: Did you ever get left?
"Yours truly,
"THE THREE FISHERS."

Byers brought up the rear.

* * * * *

"There is one thing I don't understand," remarked Alice Hayes to me the evening before she became Alice Byers. "I don't see what it is that's funny about that lovely fish set you three boys have given us. Phil explodes every time he looks at it. And this noon, when Sheriff Macomber's present came, he nearly had a fit. Have you seen it?" And she led the way to the picture of a fine string of fish.

"It's just the thing for our dining-room. Why, Mr. Dupont, you're laughing too. *What* is the joke?"

COASTING ON MILE HILL.

By Clarence Henry Pearson.

We pause before we reach the height
To view the landscape fair,
And with a sense of calm delight
Inhale the wine-like air ;
Hark ! from above us comes the noise
Of childish voices shrill,
A merry brood of girls and boys
Are coasting on Mile hill.

See, on the front the pilot rides
His face with pride elate,
Less haughty looks the man who guides
The mighty ship of state ;
He knows his comrades all rely
Upon his nerve and skill,
It needs a practiced hand and eye
To steer adown Mile hill.

COASTING ON MILE HILL.

The double runner comes apace
Straight as an arrow might,
The glow of health on every face
And every eye alight ;
And when the laughing crew glides by
I feel my pulses thrill
As in the days when you and I
Went coasting on Mile hill.

I yield to memory's spell and lo !
The voices that I hear
Are those that in the long ago
Fell oft' upon my ear,
And I, despite the almanac,
A happy youngster still,
With all my old time mates am back
A-coasting on Mile hill.

Once more the keen air smites my face
As down the roadway white
I sweep the hill from crown to base
In swift and bird-like flight,
With tingling nerves and heart aglow
I drink my very fill
Of that wild rapture those may know
Who coast upon Mile hill.

I waken all too soon, alas !
And sadly turn away,
The roads along which I must pass
Are far less smooth to-day,
And Fate will ne'er again for me
Joy's crystal chalice fill
As in the golden days when we
Went coasting on Mile hill.





A Corner of the Eight-Acre Apple Orchard of the late Cyrus Burge.

HOLLIS: AN AGRICULTURAL TOWN.

By Abbie C. Burge.



HOLLIS was carved out of the township of old Dunstable, a Massachusetts creation. A territory composed of several grants, but afterwards sub-divided, forming all, or portions of, the present towns of Nashua, Dunstable, Tyngsborough, Hudson, Litchfield, Amherst, Milford, Merrimack, Londonderry, Groton, Townsend, Pelham, Dracut, Brookline, Pepperell, and the good old borough which forms the base of this article.

For several years prior to 1741, a bitter dispute raged between Massachusetts and New Hampshire in reference to the boundary line. Through Dunstable ran the war-path of controversy. Massachusetts was determined to possess all its fair acres, and New Hampshire had little idea of relinquishing the hard-earned homes, and embryo farms of the settlers, to the greed of the Bay colony. Consequently, these sister provinces offered great inducements

to influence immigration to this particular locality, each hoping in the end to "bag the game."

The result was that lands in this region were, for a few years, rapidly taken up, not by trappers and adventurers, but by strong, resolute, and honorable men,—men who came for a purpose, and that purpose to make for themselves and their families, comfortable homes, to convert the forests into fruitful farms, and to educate their children.

To learn how well they succeeded we have only to drive around the fine, well-cultivated farms they left, or acquaint ourselves with the lives of the noble men and women who were born in the old farmhouses that we pass, and of whom their descendants are justly proud.

The history of Hollis was so closely interwoven with that of Dunstable, until the king established the province line, that in some cases it has been hard to unravel. Being for a time a possession of Middlesex



Runnells Bridge over the Nashua River.

county, Massachusetts, such records of deeds as were kept were filed at the county registry office at Cambridge.

In 1739, the government of Massachusetts formed the westerly portion of Dunstable into a distinct precinct, terming it West Dunstable, which name it retained until 1746, when it is said to have been christened Hollis by Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, to commemorate the name of Thomas Pelham Holles, Duke of New Castle, who was, at that time, colonial secretary, and to whom, it is affirmed, Governor Wentworth owed his position.

There seems to have been contention about the orthography and the origin of the word, some claiming

that the duke spelled his name with an "i" instead of an "e." Other authorities assert that it was called Hollis in memory of Thomas Hollis, a man of renown and worthy of respect, whose deeds are linked with Harvard college. Facts lean heavily to the side of the duke, but as he was known to have been a disreput-



Parsonage of Rev. Eli Smith.



Town Hall and First Parsonage.

able character and only renowned for his ignorance, most people prefer to think of the town as receiving its title from Harvard's distinguished benefactor.

To the aborigines it was known by the pretty, musical name of Nissitissit, which is still given to a busy, useful stream that flows from Potan-topo pond in Brookline, down through the westerly part of Hollis, finally

mingling its waters with those of the Nashua. It is a charming bit of a river, along whose banks the ghostly white birches grow side by side with the drooping elm, the ash, and the maple—the whole interlaced with the wild grape and the clematis, to which is frequently added the fragrance of the water-lily, whose white blossoms shimmer in the sun as they float on the limpid water, with nothing to



Present Parsonage.

disturb the stillness but the song of birds and the chirping of insects.

During its infancy Hollis seemed destined to many changes of position and contour. One of Dunstable's sixteen children, she passed her youthful days in one state, finding



Congregational Church.

her permanent home in another. Although transferred from county to county, through its various vicissitudes, she retained an amiable countenance, keeping her weather eye constantly on Providence and willing to add or subtract from her possessions, as best suited her near neighbors. Consequently we are not surprised to learn that in 1762, she listened to a petition from the little town of Monson to take it under her protecting wing. Amherst seeming to feel jealous about the annexation, this petition was dismissed; but in 1770 the governor settled the matter by dividing the loaf between the two towns. So Monson died, aged twenty-four years, mourned by none; and leav-



Interior of the Congregational Church.

ing as the only public record, a pound, which the Undertaker Decay has since disposed of.

Then there was the border controversy about "One Pine Hill," which created discord for seventeen years. "One Pine Hill" was a settlement of very worthy people on the eastern side of West Dunstable. When the state division line was fixed, they found themselves where they did not wish to be, namely, in Old Dunstable. Their friends, their church, and their

cided that "One Pine Hill" had the best of the argument, and an act was passed in 1763 giving to Hollis the right to adopt this well-to-do colony.

The noted pine tree that marked the boundary of those belligerent towns, was a tall, straight Norway pine nearly one hundred feet in height, standing like a solitary sentinel on the top of a hill. For years it was a landmark for travellers and a rendezvous for scores of hunters whose names were engraved in the bark.



View looking toward the South Cemetery.

sympathies were all with the Hollis people; and Hollis land owners reciprocated their sentiments. Many times did the settlers of "One Pine Hill" petition Dunstable and the general court to allow them to be joined to Hollis even to pay £1,500, O. T., for the privilege. Dunstable rejected this offer, and the petitions, with repeated hostility. Hollis at one time "voted to give the people of One Pine Hill £200, O. T., towards expenses in Getting off from Dunstable." At last the court de-

In 1764, to Raby, now Brookline, was measured off a strip of land as a peace-offering, and again in 1786 went a slice as a charity gift.

The construction of bridges was a heavy tax upon the new-comers. When the first bridge across the broad channel of the Nashua river, between Hollis and Dunstable, on the main thoroughfare to Nashua, was so injured by a freshet, as to create a demand for a new one, Dunstable was unwilling to pay one half the expense. Two farmers of

Dunstable, whose possessions extended to the bend of the stream, offered to pay handsomely towards building a new one, provided they could be allowed to come under the jurisdiction of Hollis. The court in 1773 granted their request, the town receiving the men and five hundred acres of sandy land, more suitable for the cultivation of the vine than the olive, which very likely gave rise to the epithet of "Pumpkin Yard."

manufactory on the opposite side of the stream, taking the bridge in its course and the carding-mill.

The year 1784 found Milford knocking at the door, begging for a grant on the northwestern corner. He did not knock in vain, but received the wished-for donation. Since then, Hollis has been left in peace, and her relations to the towns which surround her have been serene.

Under an organized township, the first transfer of real estate to a perma-

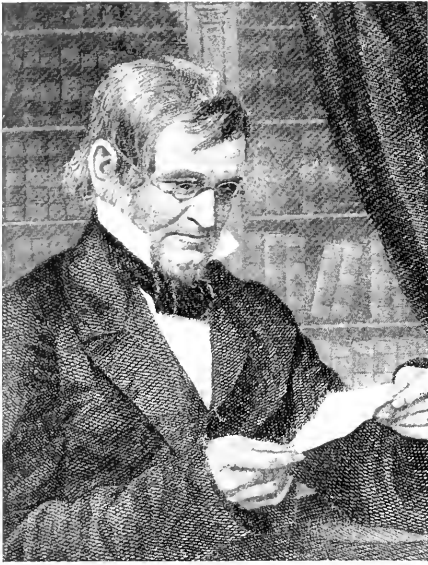


View from the South Cemetery.

A mill had probably been grinding grain, by the river, for nearly half a century before the property, in 1777, was deeded by Ebenezer Runnells to his son, in consideration of which he was to pay his mother thirty shillings yearly, and make her "an annual visit during her natural life."

Years ago, when business hummed in this locality, the bridge spanned the river below the falls. Samuel Runnells had rebuilt the saw- and grist-mill adding a carding-machine. Unfortunately, fire destroyed a paper

settler, that is recorded, was a deed of thirty-seven and a half acres to Peter Power in the autumn of 1730. Upon this land he erected an humble dwelling not far from the present residence of one of his descendants, Marcellus J. Powers. The following winter, during the cold and frosty month of January, he brought to this lodge in the wilderness his young wife and two little children. It may have been romantic to come away ten miles, by themselves, into the Indian-haunted woods, but,



Joseph E. Worcester, LL. D., the Lexicographer.

doubtless, to them it had its side of stern reality as well.

For two years, Powers seems to have been "monarch of all he surveyed," and then came a wave of immigration. Not with the rush of Klondike gold seekers, but with the steady enthusiasm of God-fearing, liberty-loving, soil-owning home-builders. Tradition says that savages were sometimes seen lurking in the forests, but the town seems to have wonderfully escaped their cruel depredations. Two garrison houses were erected for protection, and in a few cases the settlers fled from their homes, fearing an attack.

But it must not be thought that these men of sterling worth, because they were unmolested themselves, selfishly left others to do their fighting. We find the names of sixty-one men, who went out to do battle during the French and Indian wars. Among them those of the minister and the physician, and those out of

a population that numbered but few over a hundred souls on the tax-list.

As soon as circumstances would permit, the question of erecting a house of worship was agitated. A plan was nearly consummated, when the inhabitants awoke one morning to find that they had been separated from the Massachusetts colony; therefore their proceedings were null and void. Embarrassed by this, they did not falter, but voted to petition for a charter to erect a church and "Bring forward a Larned and Orthe Dox Minister." The first edifice was a rude structure, but over the threshold stepped Faith, and into the windows peered Hope.

In 1743, the parish, by common consent, voted for, and chose the Rev. Daniel Emerson for their "Gospel Minister to take the Pastoral care of the Flock of Christ." Some copies of the correspondence would be given here if space had permitted, for the



Home of Joseph E. Worcester, LL. D.

letters were unique—as were also the articles of agreement in regard to salary. Mr. Emerson accepted the call, and for nearly sixty years continued a true shepherd of the flock. A man of active, leading intellect and iron nerve, the epitaph on his monument fails to do justice to his worth.

Before many years elapsed the con-

gregation had so increased as to necessitate the building of a larger meeting house. Although this was in every way more comfortable, still the only fire that warmed it was love, and the zeal of the preacher, whose sermons were said, at times, to have been strongly seasoned with brimstone theology.



Residence and Creamery of Samuel A. Worcester.

The third and present house of worship was raised in 1804, when it was "Voted that y^e Com^{tee} provide Victuals and Drink for y^e People." This building was enlarged and remodeled in 1849. Since then it has undergone many changes for the better, as regards refitting and refurnishing.

The style of architecture has not been altered, and a peculiarly clear, sweet-toned bell suspended in the belfry, not only announces the hours for divine service, but the custom still remains of ringing it thrice daily. The residents hope that the good old fashion may long continue.

When advancing years obliged Mr. Emerson to seek more leisure from his pastoral duties, his grandson, the Rev. Eli Smith, became his colleague. At Mr. Emerson's decease Mr. Smith continued as pastor of the church until he, too, on account of his age, requested that he might lay the burden down. During his pastorate, be-

tween four and five hundred persons were added to the church. He was a man of energetic talents whose discourses were often as warm as the glass of toddy he imbibed afterwards.

Then followed in succession the Rev. David Perry, the Rev. James Aiken, the Rev. Matthew Gordon, the Rev. Pliny B. Day, the Rev. James Laird, the Rev. Hiram L. Kelsey, the Rev. D. B. Scott, and the present incumbent, the Rev. Samuel L. Gerould, D. D. All were good men and true. One went to fill another vocation, some to preach in other fields, while still others have gone to that land where history is never written.

Of these clergymen, to the Rev. P. B. Day, D. D., who was at the time of his death, a trustee of Dartmouth college, is due more than a passing notice. A few years prior to his installation as pastor of the Hollis Congregational church a Baptist church had been organized and a church building erected. Dr. Day possessed an unusually well-endowed mind, broadened by travel. Conser-



High School.



Site of Sawmill where Lumber was Sawed for the Church in 1804.

vative, pleasing, and gracious in manner, through his efforts the two societies were united, and in his audience were regularly found those differing as to creeds, but bowing in reverence to the good Father who cares for and governs all.

This state of affairs in the church resulted in a very harmonious social condition of society. Parties and teas were of common occurrence, though the latter were of a very different type from those of to-day. The home-coming of Hollis's highly educated and distinguished sons and daughters, and there were scores of them, was usually the signal for a social gathering. Externally, these residences were not elegant, but large, neat, well-painted, and with



Residence of Capt. Daniel Emerson, of Revolutionary fame. Erected about 1768.

an air of ease and good taste about them. The interiors contained innumerable creature comforts, and many luxuries. The tables were nicely laid and bountifully spread, and the guests—it would have been difficult to find their equals in any farming district. The women were arrayed in silk; the men in immaculate linen and black broadcloth suits. Conversation abounded, freely sprin-



Nichols House. One of the Oldest in Town.
Built by Wilder Chamberlain.

kled with laughter, for those bright minds hammered out wit unsparingly. This interchange of thought with visitors from the outside world, doubtless, was among the means which kept the inhabitants from falling into provincialisms.

Charity and benevolence never anywhere found warmer supporters than here. It has been remarked that this town, in the amount of its charitable and religious contributions, for decades equalled any other place in the state, even though larger and wealthier. Mention is made of some of the charitable organizations, believing that they have few prototypes in New Hampshire. The Hollis Philanthropic society was incorporated nearly a century ago for the purpose of "Divising a plan for the permanent support of the ministry without taxation." The wish of the

organizers, "to transmit a fund to posterity," has proved to be to the church what they desired, "a valuable legacy." Its excellent preamble is a model of forethought and broad-mindedness.

The Hollis Benevolent association was formed over eighty years ago "to furnish material aid to each of the charitable and religious enterprises of the day." For many years the average annual amount raised by it, was \$500. The association still exists, a living memorial to the generosity of its benefactors. The men were not left to carry on all the good works, for in 1829 was started the Hollis Female Reading and Charitable society. Since its inception, it has usually held its meetings the first Thursday afternoon of every month, at some pleasant and well-ordered home, generally a farmhouse. While



Witch Brook. Mill Site of Moses Sanders, 1742.

being nearly forty-five hundred dollars.

Now comes one more, though very likely this had its counterpart elsewhere. While the men were enlisting and drilling for service in the Civil War, their wives, sisters, and mothers were forming a company known as the Soldiers' Aid society. They met once a month, and many times oftener, to make or pack such articles as would add to the comfort of those brave men who were willing to give their lives, if necessary, to preserve the unity of this nation. No written record was kept, but members conversant with its affairs believe that the actual hard cash contributed was not less than four



Old Tavern, now J. C. Hildreth's Store.

a member reads aloud, the others ply the needle; then comes supper, and sometimes in the winter, after supper, the men appear on the scene, and the evening passes as "merry as a marriage bell." As a result of these years of stitching, reading, and talking, yearly boxes filled with clothing or useful articles have found their way to destitute homes or deserving institutions, their total value



Home of Four Generations of Daniel Baileys.

thousand dollars. That, of course, does not include the barrels and boxes of hospital and camp supplies. All this money and these gifts to whatever cause have been collected in a rural community where there are no manufacturing interests and no men of wealth, as the world counts riches; where the population

All except three of those superior women have since joined that silent army, whose detachments wait in the churchyards until

"Heaven's morning breaks,
And earth's shadows flee away."

If the years intervening between America's two greatest wars had not



Mrs. James Ball.



Mrs. Taylor G. Worcester.



Mrs. Cyrus Burge.

has not averaged since 1800 more than 1,350 souls; and where almost every father has been to the expense of sending his children away for higher education.

Of the last-named society, Mrs. Taylor G. Worcester was the untiring president, and Mrs. Pliny B. Day its faithful treasurer. Their hands were aided by a very practical, intelligent, and noble-hearted corps of directors. Two of the oldest were Mrs. James Ball and Mrs. Cyrus Burge.

cooled the enthusiasm of the descendants of the Revolution, then one is not surprised, on turning back to those times, to find recorded such incidents as the following:

Reports being rife that "The Regulars" were approaching, Mrs. David Wright of Pepperell (*née* Prudence Cummings of Hollis), with some of the neighboring women, arrayed themselves in their absent husbands' clothes, and armed with all sorts of weapons, from muskets to pitchforks, determined to defend what is called Jewett's bridge over the Nashua river in Pepperell. Soon a Tory approached. He was seized, taken from his horse, searched, and, important dispatches being found in his boots, he was turned over to the Safety committee, and afterwards given years for meditation in Amherst jail. Now, near the bridge a suitable stone dedicated to Captain



Residence of Dr. Frank Bell.

Prudence C. Wright commemorates the deed.

Word reached Hollis about noon on the 19th of April, 1775, of the approach of the red coats. Captain Worcester had just lathered his face for shaving; but, hearing the call, he dropped his razor, and, in the plight he was, mounted his horse and joined others in spreading the alarm. Hearing the cry, "To arms," five Nevins brothers, who were digging a large, flat stone out of a private roadway, placed a bowlder under the rock and hastened to join the company forming near the church. For seventy years the stone was left in the same position as a family souvenir, but now appropriately inscribed it rests on the Common, not far from the Soldiers' monument, a memento illustrating the spirit of 1775. That afternoon ninety-two men, under the



Residence of Charles M. Stratton. Framed by Col. Samuel Hobart, 1771.

years of war that followed, 300 soldiers, one-fourth of the population of Hollis, fired their muskets at the British, and were among the first in fidelity and danger, if not in fame.

It may be news to the rising generation to learn that before the Revolution, it was a penal offence to cut "White Pine Trees fit for use in the Royal Navy." The king's sheriff for Hillsborough county was Benja-



Rev. P. B. Day, D. D.



Sergt. George A. Burge.



Corp. Henry H. Day.

leadership of Captain Dow, started on a march of forty-two miles to Cambridge. After a few days' absence, thirty-nine returned, but the remainder, with their captain, volunteered for eight months, placing themselves under the command of Colonel Prescott, whose estate in Pepperell joined Hollis. During the seven

min Whiting, one of the four Tories of Hollis. The part he played in the "Pine Tree Riot," in 1772, is described so well, in an excellent article in a former number of this magazine, that it needs no repetition.

That the people of Hollis rejoiced in the treatment Whiting received at Weare is undoubtedly true, for, when

the war was over and the British commissioners tried to provide for the return of the adherents of the crown, Hollis called a special town meeting to give instructions to their representative on this point. They passed a set of emphatic resolutions,

carried one man. One Fast Day, Parson Smith (who was a warm supporter of the war) was speaking in a conservative way of the party which was demanding peace at any price. This was too much for waspish, war-like Daniel Merrill. He arose to



Long Pond.

from which the following is copied: "The minds of the people being tried in respect to the returning of those Miserable Wretches under the name of Tories, Absentees, or Conspirators, —Voted unanimously that they shall not be allowed to return, or regain their forfeited Possessions."

During the War of 1812 the records show that Hollis men were still hostile to England. An incident illustrates to what pitch patriotism

leave the church, declaring that he would never again contribute to the weekly offerings. The parson commanded him, "In the name of God sit down." This put a quietus on Mr. Merrill for the day, but he remained true to his declaration, and one Sunday, a few years afterwards, the storm of his pent-up feelings burst in a blow, which he gave to Deacon Burge's bell-crowned hat as the deacon came around for the offertory. Away flew the money, while Mr. Merrill loudly and vigorously exclaimed, "Keep that hat out of my pew."

The town sent out 163 men to defend our flag during the War of the Rebellion. Company H of the Seventh New Hampshire regiment was officered and made up largely of Hollis volunteers. The Grand Army post have honored the noble memory



Residence of John A. Coburn.

of the first lieutenant (who received his death blow at Fort Wagner) by naming their organization the John H. Worcester.

The following fact depicts the character of Lieutenant Farley and his Hollis soldiers: Just before that mis-

pay the librarian, who kept the volumes in his house. From 1851, it has been domiciled in a room on the first floor of the church. Now the town votes \$150 annually for its maintenance, making it free to the public. Upon Parson Emerson's



Witch Brook.

erably directed and disastrous battle of Olustee, Florida, where Lieutenant Farley was mortally wounded, he was ordered to detail several men from his command for skirmish duty. The lieutenant stated the case to his company, saying that rather than select them, he would ask those willing to accompany him to come forward. Every man stepped out from the ranks.

Realizing that intellectual as well as physical life must be nourished, in 1799, the Rev. Daniel Emerson (then in his eighty-fourth year), the Rev. Eli Smith and their friends, with \$1,000 as a capital and a nucleus of about two hundred books, founded the Hollis Social library. Since then, its capital has materially increased, and its stock of books to about forty-five hundred. For years a small tax was charged readers to

great-granddaughter, Mrs. Levi Abbot, the mantle of his literary spirit must have fallen, for she and her husband have busied themselves in enriching this instructive mine.

Hand in hand with the cultivation of the soil and soul went that of the mind. The farmers were as willing to "Tithe the mint, anise and cumin," for educational as ministerial purposes, and the ministers, in their



Residence of Noah Dow.



Residence of George D. Verder.

turn, have been very enthusiastic workers for the cause. It is claimed that during the first century of its existence, no other town of the same number of individuals could name so many college graduates. Between forty and fifty have entered the ministry, with a fine showing in other professions.

To delineate the lives of the celebrated would prove impossible, for such sketches would crowd other matter entirely out of this magazine. The selection is so perplexing that we finally leave them all to charm and beautify their own little world, with the exception of one type of them all,—Joseph E. Worcester, L.L. D. In his tenth year he came to Hollis with his parents. During his youth he sought all available opportunities for cultivation, but he aided his father at home on the farm until his majority, when he finished his preparation for the sophomore class in Yale college. One may wonder why a young man of his calibre waited until he was twenty-one before he started out in life, and we think it was because his assistance was needed at home, and he saw the necessity for labor. To care for and educate a family of fifteen children on a New England farm, and to send seven sons to college,

was no light task for the legicographer's father. Dr. Worcester's works, especially his dictionary, are his best biographies.

Very early in its history, the town gladly conformed to the old Colonial law of 1719, by providing an instructor to teach the children to read and write, and establishing a grammar school, employing as the first master, Parson Emerson, as a "discreet person of good conversation well established in the tongues." The es-



Residence of Levi Abbot.

teem in which Mr. Emerson was held by the community is admirably shown in a letter sent to him by Governor Wentworth, when he placed his orphan nephew under his tutorship.

It had always been a cherished hope of the friends of education to be able to establish an academy or high school, and a number of meetings had been convened to consider the subject, but their wishes were not fulfilled until Miss Mary Farley at her decease, in 1875, left a fund for the support of one, provided a suitable building was erected. The town cheerfully acquiesced in her wish.

The universal use of intoxicants, which habit had been contracted during the hardships of the early wars, found its devotees here, as well as in

other places, but when the flood-gates of temperance were opened, and the purifying waters of reformation swept over the land, it washed the hills and valleys of this territory very clean. Occasionally some one has fallen from grace, but a good home and manual labor have generally restored them to their equilibrium. The writer cannot recall ever seeing an intoxicated person in the place, an unpainted house, or one with an old hat for a window-pane. The temperance cause is still warmly supported by the W. C. T. U.

The town owns a very good three-storied engine house, which shelters an old-fashioned hand-machine. Considering it cheaper to pay for losses by fire than to purchase expensive fire apparatus to spoil by rust, the



Residence of Jackson Wheeler.

citizens, nearly half a century ago, obtained a charter for a fire insurance company. It is still alive and in good healthy condition, and its funds have never been embezzled.

There are some things to regret in Hollis, as there will be everywhere, until the millennium comes, and one is, its poor railroad facilities. When the Nashua & Worcester road was projected, the public-spirited and farsighted portion of the inhabitants wished to have Hollis Centre in-

cluded in the survey; the commissioners were willing to lay the rails to the ridge of hills near the Fox place, provided the town would invest \$20,000 in stock. The non real estate owners, those who loved a dollar with a good deal of affection, and the distantly located settlers, outvoted the progressive element. So to-day the station stands three and a half miles from the old training-field, now designated as Hollis Common. Cars on the Nashua & Wilton road almost cast their shadows over the line, on the northeast corner and the Pepperell, Brookline & Milford road skirts the town on the southwest.

As a manufacturing place, it is scarcely a failure because little has been attempted. Coopering used to be the farmer's knitting-work, and it was often remarked, that all the Hollis folks were coopers, except their minister, and he hooped his own cider barrels. The trade is still carried on to some extent by Worcester Brothers. Proctor Brothers began the manufacture of casks, but transportation was so inconvenient that they moved to Nashua, where they are still doing business.

There have been, and are, many good musicians in town. Brass and strings bands have flourished, and numberless occasions have been



Home of the Hayden Family for Five Generations.
Erected in 1760 on the Site of the Taylor Place.

brightened by the melody of their sweet strains.

An amusing anecdote is told of "Aunt" Hannah Worcester, who was once the first soprano in the choir. When she was married, to please her friends, she consented to



The Tenney Homestead for Six Generations.
Erected in 1747.

have the ceremony performed one Sunday in church, where she had sung for over a quarter of a century. As the bridal pair walked up the aisle, the choir, wishing to honor the occasion, sang a favorite anthem, commencing with the words, "I waited patiently, I waited patiently for the Lord."

There have been hundreds of court-ing cases here, though very few cases in court. Disturbances of the public peace are almost unknown, due, in part, to the wise counsels of Benjamin M. Farley, Esq., a native and resident, who had "no superior at the Hillsborough bar."

Our order-loving ancestors put up a whipping-post and stocks, in accord with the old Provincial law. Offenders requiring the use of the "cat o' nine tails" were rare, even the four slaves owned in town submitted peacefully to the will of their amiable masters.

The physicians who have practiced in town have made creditable records.

In comfortable conveyances, over excellent roads, how different the life of a practitioner of 1898 compared to that of Col. John Hale, M. D., who was a celebrated surgeon in the Seven Years' War. On horseback, over poor highways, or "across lots," he often covered fifty miles a day, his medicine in his saddle-bags, and his clothing sometimes freezing to the saddle, as he rode through the darkness, cold, and sleet, on his errands of mercy. Little wonder that charges were made by the mile! What an item it must have been to Sewall Butterfield, the shoemaker of Butterfield hill, whose children numbered sixteen, to be considered by the doctors inside the one mile limit.

The fraternal orders are now represented by a lodge of Odd Fellows, a grange of Patrons of Husbandry, and an order of the Golden Cross. Papers have been preserved which show that there existed before the Battle of Lexington, a union of nearly one hun-



Gravestone of Doctor Jones in the Old Cemetery.

dred young men, very similar to the Young Men's Christian Associations of the present day. Lyceums and public lectures, by persons of distinction, have frequently entertained hundreds of listeners during the long winter evenings. Dramatic clubs, singing and dancing schools have had

their followers, while the young people have enjoyed quiet frolics at parties, spelling-schools, sleigh-rides, corn-huskings, and apple-bees.

Like hundreds of other places, Hollis had her tithing men, field drivers, hog- and deer-reeves. In the houses were found foot stoves, hand looms, spinning wheels, tin bakers, and other appurtenances of by-gone days.

After the old wars were over, many children were left fatherless, wives, widows, and aged ones destitute. To provide for these, a large home was built for them on a farm in that district signalized as "Brimstone," from the color of the school-house. When the town recovered from the devastations of the eighteenth century conflicts, there was only one dependent left in the poor-house. Accordingly, the property was sold, and since then, other provision has been made for the worthy poor, or any suffering from a want of inertia.

There is not a word strong enough in the English language to express the despicableness of that act of the British, in 1779, when they sent through this community, persons infected with small-pox, in the guise of peddlers. Two hospitals were improvised in Hollis, and there were in one of them, at one time, over one hundred patients. Dr. John Hale was in charge of these, and it argues well for his ability, that there were only eight deaths from the scourge.

When liquor mellowed all occasions, and produce and merchandise were transported by teams, licenses were issued for several inns. These have become extinct. The floor of Mr. Hildreth's store shows where the

bar stood, while directly overhead is the old dancing-room. The stranger within its gates can be cared for by the family that reside in this building, but a bona fide hotel does not exist.

The principal productions of this period, hay, fruit, and milk, efface those of Eighteen Hundred. Not that everything else is neglected—Yankees are too practical for that. Believing in a rotation of crops, every landholder still raises a "patch of corn," but hundreds of tons of grain are annually bought to feed the cows that furnish, nobody knows how many quarts of milk, or pounds of butter for Nashua and Boston. In a productive year, from twenty to thirty thousand barrels is very likely a low estimate of the quantity of apples grown on this soil, many of the first grade being shipped directly to Europe. Peaches come next on the scale, and then follow plums and pears.

To protect the feed and shelter the stock in this vicinity, requires either large buildings, or several of them, and one often sees capacious, up-to-date barns connected with the comfortable homes—barns capable of containing from seventy-five to one hundred tons of hay, also ample storage for other varieties of provender, and silos with an immense capacity for ensilage, besides stabling for the cattle and horses.

The geological formation is chiefly granite, cropping out in the northern part of the town into a ledge, which was successfully worked for many years.

In 1880 Hollis celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its birth. It was a gala day, and a

memorable occasion to those present. George A. Burge was president of the day, and the oration was by Hon. John H. Hardy.

A jocose, poetic character, who owned a home on the Amherst road, was Joseph Wheat. Here is a specimen of one of his rhymes:

" My advice to farmers all
Is—Pick your apples as they fall.
And if your cider's pure and sweet
Please buy your casks of Joseph Wheat."

He sold his place in 1796, and afterwards became one of the first stage drivers between Concord and Boston. This notice would indicate that advertising was in vogue.

" Come, my old Friends, and take a seat,
In this new Line with Joseph Wheat,
And when to your journey's end you've come,
Your friend will treat with good old Rum."

His nose was very long, but, being of a humorous disposition, he always facetiously turned any remark in regard to it. Amherst was on his stage route at one time. Being complained of by the people that he did not announce his approach by the customary toot on a horn, he replied, in the *Amherst Cabinet* "that he was too poor to buy a tin horn, but that, in the future, when they should see his nose, they might expect the stage in ten minutes."

By whatever gateway one enters this town (except the Pepperell), he is apt to be disappointed. Even if previously informed, he finds it hard to believe that beyond lie hundreds of acres of arable lands, dotted over with orchards and shade trees, and, in summer, dressed in various shades of green. If over the Nashua road the threshold is crossed, Brim-

stone lies at the very door. Like all New England scenery, this is full of surprises, and as the elevation increases, delight is expressed at the well-tilled farms.

If approach is made from the railway station on the southwest the soil for some distance is rather poor for cultivation, but yields good timber. Twisting around, the highway crosses a brook called Beaver. How it acquired its name any Yankee can guess. The water from this small stream percolates the secluded marshes beyond, until they are like immense sponges. At night heavy mists arise giving to the section the name "Fog End." Now come lines of hills, not so difficult of ascent but that it pays to climb them, for at the summit broad landscapes are to be seen. There is nothing to mar the view. The sky is bright, only slightly flecked with fleecy clouds. The air is clear as crystal, and every corner and dale visible. To the west lie rugged mountain ranges, their harshness softened by distance. Upon a hillside a forest stands out in bold relief. In the foreground the pasture lands, the orchards, the cultivated fields, the brooks, and the commodious white dwellings give a tone of beauty to the scene.

If entry is made from the Nashua & Worcester railroad, pine woods are what the eye first discerns. The road winds by a zigzag way over the Nashua river and across a sandy plain. Then the grade gradually increases, the woods disappear, and the prospect expands, revealing farms to the right of you, farms to the left of you, farms in front of you, for miles in solid succession. Past two oak trees, the highway leads. Oaks upon whose

branches Indian papooses may have swung, so ancient are they supposed to be. Up another little incline, and there lies the farm settled by Ephraim Burge in 1762, now owned and occupied by his great grandson. The old apple trees nearest the wall are remnants of an orchard planted in the previous century. South of the house is an aged button wood. Though somewhat shorn of its limbs, it has withstood the buffeting of wind and storm for one hundred and twenty years. Beyond is a pear orchard, and here, as on other landed property, are rows of apple trees by the fences, and solitary ones in the open fields. The route continues on past the ancestral home of the celebrated Worcester family. Externally it remains much the same as in former days, but the interior has undergone pleasing modern improvements. The houses are near together now, but one cannot stop to take note of them. At the Common a delay is made, for antiquity and associations render this triangular piece of ground attractive to its former citizens.

"Hard by the Synagogue" stands a shaft of the best Concord granite, erected to the memory of the soldiers whose lives were given to their country. Directly behind the venerable church is the old cemetery, thickly strewn with graves. From the ancestors that lie here, many offshoots have become firmly established elsewhere.

In this old graveyard are headstones leaning as if burdened beneath the weight of long, quaint epitaphs, though many of them have a direct truthfulness. In a remote corner stands one with this inscription:

"Dr John Jones,
Died July 14, 1796, aet. 69.
In youth he was a scholar bright,
In learning he took great delight,
He was a Major's only son,
It was for love he was undone."

The age is undoubtedly wrong, as he had a strong aversion to having his real age known. Ninety would be nearer the figure.

This eccentric hermit had a wide reputation, especially in northern Massachusetts and southern New Hampshire. His spicy verses are still quoted; and as some one has remarked, they contain "scraps of fact, floating in seas of poetry." This strange man is reported to have been the son and heir of a wealthy English family. He was educated for the ministry, and had accepted a call to a parish in England, when his plans were frustrated by the death of his sweetheart, which seems, in a measure, to have eclipsed his unusually bright mind. He never kept his love affair a secret, but perpetuated it in a long doggerel commencing,

"Come all young people far and near,
A lamentation you shall hear
Of a young man and his True-Love
Whom he adored and prized above
All riches."

From the remainder of the poem it is inferred that his parents bitterly opposed his marriage with a young woman whose position in life they regarded beneath his. The girl's father, resenting the opposition, forbade Dr. Jones's visits. It so affected his fiancée that she became ill, and upon her deathbed sent for her lover. When he arrived she gave him the engagement rings, saying,

"Keep them for my sake
And always when these rings you see
Remember that I died for thee."

According to the ballad, this is what followed:

"Tears down his cheeks as fountains run,
He cried, 'Alas! I am undone.
No comfort ever shall I have,
While I go mourning to my grave.'"

There were three young men in Hollis whom he admired and called his adopted sons, and to whom his estate was willed. The rings still remain in the possession of one of the descendants. To Dr. Jones is due the credit of introducing throughout this region grafted fruit and Balm-of-Gilead trees. He used to wander about the country selling medicinal herbs, his "Liberty tea" (the dried leaves of juniper bushes), his rhymes, and superintending the grafting of fruit trees. He wore a long, black cloak and a mourning weed upon his broad-brimmed hat. On his arms hung two baskets,—one he called his pity, and the other his charity, basket. His "lone cottage" was not far from the residence of Jackson E. Wheeler. There was not any approach to it except by a cart path. The old cellar is still visible. Dr. Jones owned about four acres of land, and here he planted a nice orchard, and cultivated flowers, and a great variety of herbs. Being called upon to say grace at a second table, where he had been invited to dine, he gave thanks in these words,

"Cursed be the owls
That picked these fowls:
And left the bones
For Dr. Jones."

On another occasion at a farmhouse, he was told he could remain to dinner, provided he would compose an epitaph for the hostess. He wrote this couplet, saying he would compose another after the meal,

"Good old Sarah died of late,
And just arrived at Heaven's gate."

The food not being agreeable to the doctor's taste, as he left the house he added,

"Old Gabriel met her with a club
And knocked her back to Beelzebub!"

Many pages could be filled with his pithy, original sayings, but the foregoing will enable the reader to discern the peculiarities of this slightly demented being. His words and acts in this country have been dramatized and proved quite a taking play in localities where he was known, and where his keen wit used to cut like a razor, at gatherings or firesides at which he was present.

Leaving the old burial ground, which deals more with the past than the present, the road is followed, lined with horse chestnut trees, and search is made for the ponds, that lie scattered like gems at the foot of the hills far away. Turning to the right, the public way passes the original home of Deacon Samuel Goodhue, afterwards sold to, and enlarged by, Dr. Joseph F. Eastman and his heirs, of whom the present owner, Dr. Frank Bell, is one. Within a stone's throw is the abiding-place of the descendants of Daniel Hale, who, in 1800, bought the property of Moses Smith.

It is an ideal day, a gentle breeze stirs the air, and against the deep blue of the sky, the dark green woods are massed beyond Long Pond hill. Below is one of Nature's reflectors, Long pond, a favorite resort for pleasure parties. On a little brook to the right of the pond, is an old gristmill, silent as the former owner, who rests from his earthly labors.

If the brook is followed it finds an outlet in a large, lily-covered pond known as Duncklee's. Here stands a sawmill, while the surplus water wanders on until it reaches a still larger pond, which bears the name of the Indian tribe that fished upon it, Pennichuck, and from which Nashua obtains her water supply.

Emerging by a cart-way and following the Merrimack highway towards Hollis, one arrives at the settlement known as Patch's Corner. Here the eye sweeps over an undulating landscape covered with productive fields and pleasant homes, about which there is a peculiar quiet, characteristic of places far from the noisy world.

Turning north again in the direction of Milford the brook is found, which, tradition says, was thought by two of the king's surveyors, to be bewitched, because, having lost their way, they tried to follow the stream to its mouth, but could not determine which way it ran. No wonder, for if there ever was a lazy, crooked, crazy, little rivulet, this is one. Its surface often mirrors the plants and bushes along its banks, while here and there the sunlight falls in bright patches on it, as it winds through an open meadow. Then for long stretches it creeps over the mossy roots of old trees that meet overhead. But its cold, sparkling waters have been harnessed and made to work. Near its source, in 1742, Moses Sanders built a sawmill, the first in Hollis. The old stone dam and some of the timbers still remain in fair condition. On the site now owned and occupied by Hayden Brothers, one of their ancestors sawed the lumber for the church put

up in 1804. This brook and its tributaries have seen the time when they had to furnish power for many mills, and they still keep three buzzing. The general lay of the land is such that no one picture can give a fair idea of the extent and beauty of the scenery along its course to the Merrimack river.

Taking a southwesterly direction the scenery becomes wild, but never bold; romantic, but never weird. The way is through forests of pine that always seem chanting soft music to the neighboring trees of birch, maple, chestnut, hemlock, and oak. Occasionally on some pretty spot a house, with its coat of white paint, and green blinds, peeps out brightly from the surrounding foliage. Turning from the Brookline road down a woodland alley, strewn with granite boulders, the swish-swash of waves on a pebbly shore assures one that Rocky pond is near at hand. Three miles to the southeast Hollis church spire is visible, and by a circuitous ride the goal is reached. Most of the way is through an uninhabited tract interspersed with pastures and woodlands, brightened by an undergrowth of lovely mountain laurel.

The monarchs of the primeval forests vanished long ago, as have some of the sawmills that made such ravages among them. Here we search for the site of Stephen Lund's old home—that Stephen Lund of whom the story is told that his wife having died he mentally selected a woman whom he thought would be a suitable person to act in the capacity of Number Two. Without wasting time in courtship, he called upon the lady and stated his case: "I am a widower, and I have nine children (just

Roger Williams's number), there is not a poorer house in town than mine. I am several hundred dollars in debt. My children are as ugly and unruly as children in general. My wife will be obliged to work hard and will enjoy few luxuries. Now will you marry me?" She married him, and is said to have "filled the bill" to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

Like a child eating candy, the best has been saved until the last, and that is the drive from the Centre to Pepperell, and the towns beyond. Starting in front of the High school grounds the first house that is passed is that of the Abbots, and is supposed to stand on confiscated Tory soil. Many other residences entitled to merit line this excellent street (as hard as granite can make it), but want of room precludes mention of them. There is a bewitching look to Lover's lane, a romantic by-way (redolent of the odor of the wild-woods) which leads to an outlying farm, back of the home of Charles M. Stratton. This property of Mr. Stratton's was originally owned by Col. Samuel Hobart, who was treasurer and register of deeds for Hillsborough county. Having contracted to furnish gunpowder for the state he removed to Exeter. In 1801, the place passed into the hands of Dr. Benoni Cutter, and continued in the possession of his heirs until 1885.

Casting one's glance back, at the top of Butterfield hill, the scene observed through the light of an early

summer's day is delightful. The earth is covered with soft emerald verdure, and there is a marvelous serenity about the town which makes it seem as if it must be an Utopian abode. No prettier or more conspicuous location is to be found in this section than the hillside where sleep those whose lifework is finished.

As the panorama unfolds, the country beyond stretches away for miles beneath our gaze. It is a splendid outlook to the south. So harmonious is the background that it forms a charming setting for the hills, valleys, towns, and cities that intervene between Ashby, Lunenburg, and Westford. If any one thinks this an exaggeration, go stand on the summit of the hill where Mr. John Coburn lived to the good old age of ninety-six years, and may be you will think this description meager. The shade trees by the roadside are often magnificent elms, and one forgets worldly cares as he goes up and down the low hills and through the quiet glens until to the west, grand old Monadnock lifts its head, looking blue and defiant, but warmed a little by the ranges of hills that lie like sea waves between.

Vistas of fine estates lie farther on, among them the summer home of the Prescotts, descendants of Col. William Prescott of Bunker Hill, and William H. Prescott, the historian. But the limit is reached, beyond is Massachusetts territory, and as Kipling says, "That's another story."



DOROTHY'S CHOICE.

By Fred Myron Colby.



AN old square house overlooking Long Island Sound, the chimneys tall and huge, and the roof opening into dormer windows so small and so numerous that each side resembled the port-holes of a battery. There was the great door of solid oak paneling, with its huge, brazen knocker cast to imitate a lion's head. And there was the long hall, sixteen feet across, with the Mosaic floor covered with tiger skins (brought from India by Captain Rathburn himself), the deer antlers above the door, and the heavy mahogany chairs, while on either side wide doors opened into the square parlor and the "living room," each glorying in its broad fireplace and its great beams and its wide, rich paneling.

In the kitchen of this mansion, whose sanded floor was as white as was ever Mrs. Scudder's, and where a tall, eight-day clock ticked away in the corner and told off the hours and the phases of the moon with the greatest regularity and precision, there stood spinning, something more than a hundred years ago, a young girl. The warm sun of the November afternoon streamed through the windows upon her fair and dainty face, with its dark, gray eyes and proud, sensitive lips; upon the golden hair, that she wore brushed back from her forehead and piled

upon the crown of her head after the most approved fashion; and upon the tall, willowy figure dressed in a skirt of India chintz and a striped Jaconet short gown.

This girl was Dorothy Rathburn, the only child of rich Captain Rathburn, and by all odds the handsomest girl of the seaside town—so avowed, at least, by the French officers of Count Rochambeau's staff, who were mad over the Colonial belle, especially a certain Colonel le Marquis d'Alencourt, whose dark eyes had looked at her with unfathomable tenderness in their depths. And there was another young man, too, who thought Dorothy an angel, though he had never told her so, and who was quite jealous of the attentions of the gallant Frenchman. So here we have the old combination of a beautiful maiden and her two suitors, one of whom has wealth and rank to offer her, while the other can give her only a true and faithful heart. Which will she choose?

Perhaps Dorothy herself was considering this very question that afternoon, for her face was unusually grave and preoccupied, and the hazel eyes looked dreamily out through the window upon the French fleet in the harbor, as she stood and reeled off a skein of the white, soft woolen yarn. Did she see in a vision one of those white-winged vessels bearing her away across the seas to the ancient

chateau among the Norman woods and orchards which Marquis Henri had told her of as they sat in the garden arbor one summer night? It would be grand to reign there where the dames of the old *noblesse* had lived in their pride and loveliness—those stately ladies of the high sounding names—De Rohans, and Robencourts, and Beaumanoirs, who had fêted Richelieu and smiled on Montmorency and the great Condé; she knew that well enough, and yet she was not quite sure that she would go if he asked her.

The heavy knocker of the front door suddenly sounded its alarm, and a smiling domestic presently appeared, bearing a package securely wrapped in paper and tied with a silk thread.

"It was the marquis's aid duh kong, that funny little Frenchman," said the girl, and he said, "'Here is de geeft of the de Marquis d'Alencourt to de most bootiful mademoiselle Rathburn', and he bowed and waved his hands so funny that I couldn't help laughing in his face."

"Why, Mary, that was rude," said Dorothy, as with a soft blush she unwrapped the parcel, displaying an elegant velvet casket. When this last was opened a carcanet of pearls was disclosed lying in a bed of azure silk and moss roses.

"Oh, how beautiful!" they both ejaculated, and Dorothy took very tenderly the magnificent bandean and held it up between her eyes and the window.

"I wonder how much they are worth?" she asked, with true feminine curiosity.

"Oh, may be a hundred dollars,"

answered the domestic, to whom that sum seemed a fortune.

Dorothy smiled, but the smile soon faded in a graveness as she read a small billet-doux that she found underneath a fold of the lining of the jewel case. It was in the marquis's hand, and read as follows:

"DEAR MADEMOISELLE RATHBURN: Pray accept this bond of pearls and wear them to the ball to-morrow night for my sake. They are real pearls, and have graced the brows of marchionesses before now, but they never looked half so regal on them as they will on you. You will be a queen there, and I shall be your happy subject. The moss roses are for your breast.

"M. D'ALENCOURT."

Dorothy kept repeating the words "for my sake," and "your happy subject," to herself as she sat looking at the pearls long after Mary had left the room.

"I wonder if he really means it all," she thought. My "subject"—a great, rich marquis, a real French nobleman who had the blood of the De Rohans in his veins, the subject of a young American girl.

That was something to swell the heart of any girl with pride. But it did not swell Dorothy's. She was very grave, though her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shone like diamonds for brightness.

"How should I look, I wonder?" she said, placing the pearls upon her head and walking to a small mirror that hung upon the wall.

She looked indeed like a queen, and her neck curved unconsciously, and her head was balanced proudly as that of an empress as she saw the beautiful image reflected from the glass.

"So you are going to wear those, are you? Then you do not care for

me at all, Dorothy?" said the deep voice of a man that had a quiver of wounded pride in it.

"Why, how you frighten me, Robert Emery!" gasped Dorothy, glancing with a paling countenance at the tall, sturdy form and the jealous eyes of the newcomer. "How did you get in?"

"The back door was open, so I walked in that way," answered Robert. "I was going to ask you to go to the ball with me, but I see you are engaged."

"Yes, I am engaged, as you see," said Dorothy, the least bit angry at his air of injured condescension.

"And it's that Frenchman?" he continued, with ill-concealed disgust.

"The marquis is a gentleman, if he is a Frenchman," replied the girl. "He never insults a lady;" this with rising color in her cheeks and a flash of the hazel eyes.

"You can wear his pearls if you want to," he flouted out, and he threw a handful of China asters and bergamot at her feet and rushed away suddenly.

Dorothy sat down and cried after he had gone, but the tears ceased in a few moments, she stamped one of her small feet, and her lips formed into a pretty pout.

"Why did he speak to me so? I will wear the pearls now, anyway, to let him know that I don't care for what he says." But she carefully picked up and placed in a vase of water, for safe keeping, the late garden flowers that he had plucked and dropped at her feet.

The night of the ball arrived, and the beauty and élite of Newport were assembled in the stately rooms of the

mansion which was Rochambeau's headquarters, for the party was given by the French commander, and almost everybody in the little Colonial town was honored by an invitation. The marquis's coach called for Dorothy at an early hour, and there was a murmur of admiration as she walked up the hall leaning upon his arm.

She was dressed in a white satin petticoat trimmed with lace, and over that a pale blue short gown, flowered with rosebuds and violets; her little feet were cased in high-heeled shoes, and over her shining hair she wore the string of pearls. The moss rosebuds she did not wear, but at her bosom was fastened a knot of asters and the green leaves of bergamot.

She danced her first minuet with d'Alencourt, and after the measure was over a crowd of admirers came up to claim her hand,—among them was Robert Emery.

"I see you wear my flowers," he whispered, nodding at the asters and bergamot. "By this token I claim your hand for the next dance."

"Mademoiselle Rathburn resembles a Parisian more than a flower of this wild country, do you not think so?" murmured the marquis, with a provoking smile, glancing at her bandeau of pearls.

"She retains her American heart, I trust," answered Robert, who was quite ready to poignard the conceited Frenchman.

Dorothy glanced at him with a strange light in her eyes a light that he had never seen there before, and the young man felt his heart throb with a new hope. But his courage fell again when he saw the Frenchman, half an hour afterward, holding

a small handglass for her while she arranged her hair and replaced the band of shining pearls. He had no further opportunity of speaking to her, for she was constantly surrounded by a crowd of decorated foreigners to whom she seemed all attention.

"She doesn't care anything for me, and I am a fool to think anything about her," were his thoughts. "And I don't know as I can blame her for wanting to be a marchioness. She will shame them all in Europe."

He confessed this with a bitter heart, for he was forced to do so. Few indeed among the titled dames of the old world could match Dorothy Rathburn's loveliness. But that queenly beauty only carried her farther away from Robert Emery.

Later in the evening he wandered out of the crowded rooms into the shaded walks of the large garden. The broader avenues were lighted by hanging lanterns, but some of the smaller parts were dusky and shadowy. The more distant corners of the garden were quite dark. Robert wended his way to a small summer house that was completely covered with trailing vines, and throwing himself upon a rustic seat buried his face in his hands.

He had not long been seated when there was the rustle of silken skirts along the gravelly walk, and presently two figures paused at the entrance of the arbor. It was not so dark but that he could see who the newcomers were, and every word of their low, whispered voices came distinctly to his ears.

"Dear mademoiselle," the marquis was saying, in his smooth, plausible tone, "you have made me so

happy by wearing my pearls. Do you know that you are the most beautiful woman in the world? My chateau would be graced by such a sovereign. You have only to say it, and you shall be Marchioness d'Alencourt."

But Dorothy did not say the word: the graceful head was bent in thought, the dark hazel eyes were half closed under their drooping lashes.

"Why do you not speak, mademoiselle? Why do you not answer?" the marquis went on. "You know that I love you, and life in *la belle* Normandy will be so happy."

"Monsieur Marquis," said Dorothy at last, "Americans have the old-fashioned habit of never marrying unless they are in love, and I do not—"

"You do not love me? Impossible!" cried the marquis quickly. "You must love me. Why, you are the only woman I ever loved. It would break my heart to have you refuse me."

"I should not like to do that, but I do not love you," answered Dorothy, quietly. "I did not know once but but that I might, but I know my own heart now."

"What has changed you, mademoiselle?"

"Do not ask me. I would not pain you, but I can never be your wife."

"But my chateau is pleasant and grand, and you would queen it so royally. Oh, mademoiselle, you shall have everything you ask for, and wear pearls and diamonds all your life."

"I cannot, cannot listen," cried Dorothy, with rising dignity. "I must follow the dictates of my own heart. Even pearls and diamonds

could not make me happy with a man I did not love."

The Frenchman threw himself at her feet with an impassioned gesture.

"O Mademoiselle, your words kill me! I—"

Dorothy touched him with her hand.

"Rise, Monsieur, further words are useless. I cannot marry you. Here, take your pearls, I will not wear them longer. I have been miserable ever since I put them on. Hush! some one is coming. Leave me, I will remain a moment here."

She motioned him away, and then stepped within the arbor.

"Dorothy," whispered a voice. She drew back startled, but a pair of strong arms enfolded her, and a gentle voice soothed her.

"Dorothy, it is I, Robert Emery. O Dorothy, pardon me, but was it for another love that you refused the Frenchman?"

"O Robert! and you heard it all!" and she started from him.

But he was inexorable. "Dorothy,

I love you. Do you refuse me as you did the marquis?"

"No, for I love you, Robert." The proud head rested on his bosom now.

"You saved my flowers," said the happy lover, caressing the bunch she wore on her breast. "But you were so proud and cold that day! Why were you so distant?"

"Robert, I did not know my own heart. Besides," she whispered, with an arch look and a winning smile, "you had never told me that you loved me."

He bent and kissed her.

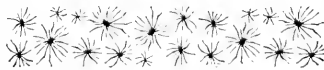
"I have told you now, and you do not doubt me?"

"Never, Robert; my own heart tells me it is true."

"And the pearls, and the chateau in old Normandy, Dorothy?"

"Ah, Robert, they *were* a temptation, but I think we shall be quite happy without them."

And I am quite sure that if the marquis could have seen them in after years, even he could not have doubted their happiness.



TRUST.

By F. H. Noyes.

Who knows what sadness or what aching void of heart

Is her's, or counts her tear-drops in the autumn rain;
Or dreams, amid the thousand hue of leaves that fold

In death her fairest born, of that great mother's pain?
For, wiser she than mortal grieving for his own

Who sleep, no sable grief does stricken Nature show;
But robed in purest white her silent children waits,

And they in chastened beauty wake when melts the snow.

NECROLOGY

GEORGE A. ALLISON.

George A. Allison was born in Warner, September 14, 1843, and died in North Cambridge, Mass., January 20. From 1859 until 1864, he was in business at Concord, and then removed to Boston, where he became a member of the firm of C. B. Poor & Co., wholesale drug and paint dealers. This relation continued until 1878, when he went into the flour business, in which he has since continued. He was at one time a member of the common council of Cambridge, and was also an alderman and member of the school board in the same city.

MRS. ISABELLE HIGBEE.

Mrs. Isabelle Higbee, wife of Lieutenant Commander J. H. Higbee, U. S. M. C., died at Brooklyn Navy Yard, January 20. She was a native of Portsmouth, and was fifty-five years of age.

BENJAMIN F. PALMER.

Benjamin F. Palmer, a native of Dover, died in Manchester, January 13, that day being also the sixty-third anniversary of his birth. In 1856, in company with his fathers and brothers, he began, at Concord, the publication of the *Democratic Standard*, which was continued until August, 1861, when the office of the newspaper was raided by a mob of infuriated soldiers, who were provoked to this action by the extreme virulence of the paper's editorial comment upon the conduct of the war, the moving cause of the attack being an exceptionally bitter article which the paper printed concerning Colonel Mason W. Tappan's regiment, which had just then returned from its three months' enlistment. The Palmers were secreted in the old state prison to protect them from the mob. Benjamin continued to live in Concord until 1886; since then his home has been in Manchester.

HERBERT W. EASTMAN.

Herbert W. Eastman, secretary of the Manchester board of trade, died in that city January 10. He was forty-one years of age, and was at one time city editor of the *Manchester Union*. In 1886, in company with Frank H. Challis, he established the *Daily Press* in Manchester, and remained with that paper until 1891, when he was chosen to the position which he held at the time of his death. He was at one time president of the Manchester Press club, and he had a host of friends throughout the state. In his own city he was recognized and esteemed as an earnest, practical worker for the good of the community.

EDWARD A. FERGUSON.

Edward A. Ferguson, for twenty-five years foreman of the Boston & Maine Railroad repair shops in Portsmouth, died in that city January 6, aged about sixty years.

JOHN C. HANCOCK.

John C. Hancock, a lineal descendant of John Hancock, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, died in Brooklyn, January 4. He was born in Franklin, and had lived in Brooklyn about five years. He was seventy years old, and up to the time when he came to Brooklyn he was actively engaged in the building business in Concord. Mr. Hancock's daughter, Lizzie Martha Weaver, was the compiler of a number of volumes of the town papers of New Hampshire. She died a year ago. His wife was a descendant of Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts.

HON. JOHN C. RAY.

The Hon. John C. Ray, who, since 1874, has been superintendent of the state Industrial school at Manchester, died at that institution, January 23. Mr. Ray was born in Hopkinton seventy-three years ago. He lived in Dunbarton from childhood until 1874, and when he was barely past the legal age was sent by that town to the legislature. He also filled all the town offices. In 1893-'94, he was a member of the governor's council. As manager of the Industrial school Mr. Ray made an enviable record and was not less successful in private business affairs.

JAMES RYAN, JR.

James Ryan, Jr., postmaster at Dover, died in that city January 23, aged thirty-seven years. He was born in Dover, and when a lad worked in the mills of that city. By his own exertions he was enabled to attend Berwick academy, where he graduated; he afterward read law and was admitted to the bar. He was appointed postmaster by President Cleveland.

HON. WILLIAM HASELTINE.

The Hon. William Haseltine died at Suncook, December 18, 1897. He was the oldest person in town, and was born in Pembroke, October 9, 1809. He fitted for college at Pembroke academy and was graduated at Dartmouth in 1835. Out of a class of over fifty only two members survive him. After leaving college his attention was turned to law, one year being spent in the office of Daniel Webster. A number of town offices were held by him, both in Pembroke and Allentown, he serving each town as selectman and in other positions. He also represented the town of Pembroke in the legislature of 1854-'55. In 1862, he was justice of the Pembroke police court, which position he resigned after a service of eight years. For many years he was president of the board of trustees of the Methodist church, also president of the board of trustees of Pembroke academy, holding the office at the time of his death.

IRA WHITCHER.

Ira Whitcher died in Woodsville, December 9, 1897, aged eighty years. He was born in Benton, and was one of the best known men in the state. He was a member of the legislature for eight terms, served six years as county commissioner, sat in the constitutional convention of 1860, and was one of the commission to rebuild the state house in 1864. He was noted for his benefactions, among them being the building of a free library for the village of Woodsville.

JAMES FREEMAN ROGERS.

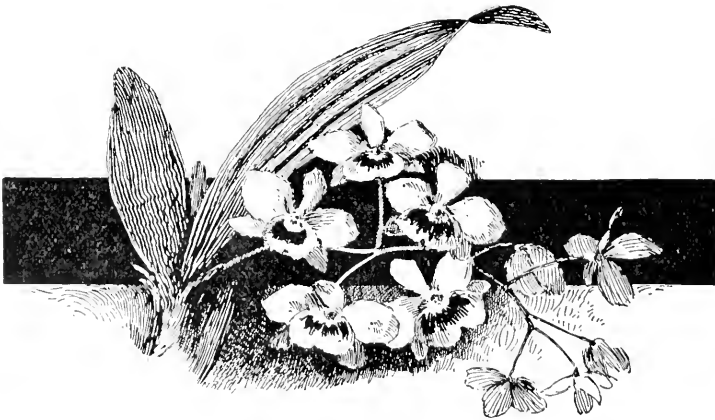
James Freeman Rogers, a native of Langdon, died in Jamaica Plain, Mass., December 18, 1897. He was born July 20, 1852. He served in the Fifth New Hampshire regiment during the war, and had lived in Massachusetts since 1863. He organized and was superintendent of the Jamaica Plain Gaslight Co., and since 1875 had been district call chief of the Boston fire department.

FRED A. BARKER.

Fred A. Barker, postmaster at Keene, died in that city January 23. He was born in Westmoreland, September 16, 1835. He was prominent in politics and served on Governor Weston's staff in 1871. During President Cleveland's first term Colonel Barker was United States marshal for the district of New Hampshire.

DANIEL K. FOSTER.

Daniel K. Foster, a native of Chichester, died at Concord, December 13, 1897, aged seventy years. He was an exceptionally fine linguist and for many years was principal of the academy at Pittsfield. Since 1891 he had been employed at the state house indexing the records in the office of the secretary of state.



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THE GRANITE MONTALY



VIEW NEAR THE RIVER'S MOUTH. PISCATAQUA RIVER.

THE _____

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MARCH, 1898.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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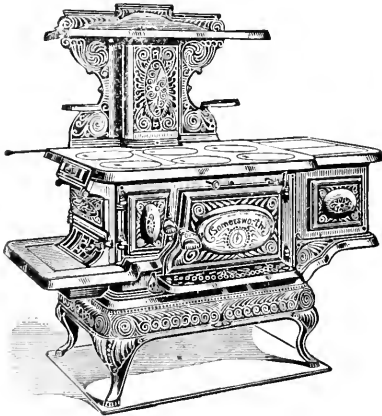
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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MARCH, 1898.

No. 3.

THE WINDINGS OF THE PISCATAQUA.

By H. Bartlett Morrill.

No legends cluster o'er thy water's green,
Nor on thy banks are antique ruins seen ;
But here before thy shrine fair Nature dwells
Burns to thee sweet incense, and casts her spells.



OR a small stream of only a few miles in length, few rivers present features more worthy of consideration than the swiftly flowing Piscataqua. Properly the Piscataqua has its source in Great bay, and from thence flows majestically onward, past groves, palisades, and shady woods, past the dreamy old town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and the silent navy yard until it loses its individuality in the sparkling sea. From Great bay to the sea is little more than eleven miles, yet few, if any, rivers with a course so short, manage to make such a beautiful display as does this snarling, bubbling, cross-grained river of New Hampshire. At flood-tide, however, all is calm and serene as a mill pond ; it is only the incoming and outgoing tides that turn this river into a living thing of whirlpools, eddies, and cross-currents.

Other than the dusky red skins, the first individual we know of who enjoyed the distinction of ascending the Piscataqua was Martin Pring, the explorer. In 1603 he arrived at the mouth of the river, with two ships, the *Speedwell* and the *Discoverer*, the latter being scarcely larger than one of our modern sloop boats. He traversed the river from mouth to source, occasionally landing and plunging into the woods which line the river at intervals. It seems our friend Pring was laboring more or less severely under a common delusion of the day. Public opinion, or perhaps the medical part of the world, credited the sassafras plant with the power of prolonging life indefinitely. It would seem, then, that this venturesome hero of the deep was more concerned with the sassafras plant than exploring, and as his search for the elixir of life proved futile, with great disappointment he descended the river and

made for the open, going on a southern excursion.

Two years later the French discoverer, De Champlain, who occupies a prominent place in the annals of American history, visited the river. De Champlain also claimed the discovery of the Isles of Shoals, supposed to have first been discovered by Capt. John Smith. His claims may have been valid; certainly if he visited the Piscataqua, he could not well have helped ob-

age and coolness when death seemed inevitable,—when he escaped from the Indian's club, only by the noble intervention of the fair Pocahontas, who acquired immortality by the action,—in short, we find him the fearless hero of innumerable tales of hardships, blood, and war. Smith explored the river thoroughly, expressing great enthusiasm over its beauties; he found it a safe harbor with a rocky shore. It is doubtful if any of these explorers took any part in the



Greenacre and Hotel.

serving the Isles of Shoals, which mere curiosity would have prompted him to visit.

Nine years elapsed before another excursion up the Piscataqua is made. This time it is the famous Capt. John Smith, who always decorated in a highly artistic manner that part of the earth to which his destiny called him. We read of him as combating, single handed, a band of blood-thirsty Turks (would that he had commanded the Greeks in their late war with the Turks), of evincing the greatest cour-

settlement of Strawberry Bank—subsequently known as Portsmouth. Such are the historical associations of the river; though shadowy and uncertain in minute details, it is yet something to know that these three famous explorers, doubtless, spent many hours on the crystal waters of the Piscataqua.

It is a beautiful day in June. The air is clear and bracing, the flowers exhale a delicious fragrance, and the feathered minstrels pipe away joyously from tree and brush.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then if ever come perfect days :

Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays.

Nature is at her best, and circumstances could not be more propitious for a trip down the Piscataqua. Best of all, the tide is flowing out, otherwise it would be utterly impossible to attempt the trip save in a steam launch, or with something besides our oars for motive power. Great bay, a beautiful sheet of placid water, is our starting place. To do justice to the beauties of the bay in an adequate manner would be impossible; it must be seen to be appreciated. Perhaps it is at its best at sunset, when the waters are gloriously tinted and smooth as a mirror; or when the dawn spreads her mantle over the dewy earth, then, too, it is inexpressibly lovely. The bay is irregular in outline, possibly more oblong in shape than anything else; three corners of the oblong give birth to a river, while the fourth corner forms a good sized inlet. In some places the woods run down to the water's edge, in others the shore is rocky and steep; again one finds broad meadows which terminate in stretches of white beach. In fact, all the varieties of the rural landscape seem to exist here in small patches, blending in a most pleasing and picturesque manner. The beauty of the place is not unappreciated; here and there, standing out vividly against a background of divers shades of green, are white farm houses, occupied by summer residents and natives. Some of the first settlements in New Hampshire were made here and at the mouth of the river,—an Alpha and Omega, as it were. From Great bay

we emerge into what is known as Little bay, a particularly uniform stretch of water, with an average width of perhaps three miles. If the Piscataqua is deficient in length, it atones for its fault by breadth and depth,—in hardly any place is the river less than three fourths of a mile in breadth, while its waters are exceedingly deep. Were it not for the narrows, the largest ships would have little difficulty in gaining access to Great bay, and, in case of war, Great bay would make an ideal place for a navy yard.

Passing out of Little bay, we enter the main river. The current is so swift that we lay aside the oars, using the rudder only. Every turn in the river discloses new beauties; now we pass points and shady inlets, now groves and woods. Fox Point in particular is a veritable patch of fairyland; even the clumsy kodak could not fail to reap a harvest of loveliness here. Sweeping around a curve we come in sight of Dover Point bridge,—a rambling wooden structure that might have brought renown to the architects of a barbarous age, but cannot be said to shine as an architectural triumph to-day. It is, however, in harmony with the environments, and is not unpicturesque. Piles covered with sea-weed and barnacles, and leaning at divers angles, support the quaint structure. The water rushes through here like a mill race, and we breath an involuntary sigh of relief when it is passed.

For the next three miles the river flows straight away, the shores being hilly and open. From time to time we pass picturesque groups of those who till the soil for a livelihood. The



Old Walbach Tower.

first haycrop is being gathered; large hay carts, drawn by lazy oxen, move from one hay-cock to another, the men pitching the hay into them in a leisurely manner,—the scene is restful to the extreme. In some places grass-grown roads wind downward from the hills, terminating on half ruined wharves, on which some country urchin usually sits, busily engaged in fishing. Further down the river is the little village of Greenacre, consisting perhaps of a score of motley houses, including a weather-beaten church, and the usual battered school-house, where all sorts and conditions of children assemble to gather fruit from the tree of knowledge. Here situated on an eminence

of considerable height, and commanding a superb view of the river in either direction, is a summer hotel named after the place. For a weary urbanite, fatigued with the year's toil, it would be difficult to find a more delightful place in which to while away the long summer afternoons. During the season a course of lectures are held here, embracing various literary and scientific subjects. The object of these lectures is to bring together all those who anticipate the new day, which they believe is surely coming. The resolute little band of enthusiasts who assemble here in the summer, have conceived a new comprehension of the Christian spirit, and hope to re-



Fort Constitution and Fort Wharf.

generate the world and the false teachings and unworthy standards of society.

From now on, the river becomes more interesting. Anon we come to Eliot, a charming little hamlet nestled close to the river's bank. Perhaps some of my readers would smile in derision were I to mention the high rocky walls which extend along the left side of the river above and below Eliot, as palisades. The austere grandeur found in the palisades of the lordly Hudson is, of course, wanting here. Nevertheless these

of the Portsmouth bridge. For oddity this bridge would certainly be awarded the rank of monarch among bridges. The structure is low and long, being somewhat elevated at either end, and supported by an arm of piles, which seem to groan under the weight of their burden. Few places are more dreary than this place at night. The few dim lights stationed at long intervals, only serve to intensify the gloom, while each casts its ghastly shadow on the flooring; the water rushes through in a manner that is positively wicked, but,



Fort Point and Lighthouse.

rocky banks have a charm peculiar to themselves. Occasionally, smooth walls of rock rise, with sheer ascent, to an altitude of some thirty or forty feet, but for the most part they are steep, rocky banks, in some places overgrown with birch and pine trees; in others with plants and wild flowers, which climb over the rock in wild profusion, trailing in the waters below. They might, perhaps, be called hanging gardens,—their builder, Nature. Towering high above the palisades, and extending back from the river for some distance, are woods of pine and hemlock. Rounding another curve, we come in sight

notwithstanding, fascinating to look at. The person unfortunate enough to fall within its grasp would speedily be wafted to that bourn from which no traveler returns. Sometime since a small sail boat moored below in the river, dragged its anchor and drifted up to the bridge. It was late on a dark night, but a belated traveler crossing the bridge, saw the boat approaching and shouted to its occupants. His cries aroused the two young men on board, who rushed on deck just in time to throw the man a rope. All efforts to save them, however, proved fruitless. The mast encountered the bridge and the fierce

current dragged the boat under. The man on the bridge gave the alarm, and boats put off to the scene of the disaster, but no trace of the men or boat was discovered; weeks afterwards one of the bodies was recovered miles from where the accident occurred.

Passing the bridge we come abruptly on the old town of Portsmouth. It seems as though the ghost of some old Colonial town had risen once more to bid defiance to the modern world, with its train of new ideas, before passing again into the misty sea of oblivion. The buildings near the river belong to the Colonial and Dutch style of architecture, and over all the old tower of St. John's church looks down, with sepulchral gravity. On the rickety, worm-eaten wharves are old warehouses, which have an air of intense gloom wrapped about them,—brooding over the glories of the past, as it were, for once, though it is difficult to believe now, all was confusion and noise where silence now reigns. The old ware-houses were open and filled with costly goods, which the merchantmen brought from the Indies. Merchants and sea captains, in the picturesque Colonial costumes, paced up and down the wharves, waiting anxiously for their vessels, while a countless throng of sailors loaded and unloaded ships. But Portsmouth is not the unique town that it formerly was. A glance into the interior will show the usual activity of an old seaport town of New England, which time is forever changing. Alas! the old place will soon lose the last remnants of individuality. With the advent of the electric road, now in process of construction, the few re-

maining characteristics of the past, still extant, will be dissipated.

Opposite Portsmouth is the navy yard, where the merry clang of the hammer and clank of machinery are seldom heard. That a navy yard so admirably situated, and which, were it properly equipped, would rank among the first in the country, should be almost entirely neglected is most lamentable. At this yard the historic frigate *Constitution*, lately removed to the Boston yard, has for many years been an object of great interest. Drifting onward past the old town we presently reach what is known as the Narrows. The water here is immensely swift and cross-grained. A point having the significant appellation of "Pull-and-be-Damned," forcibly illustrates the nature of the place. Opposite this point the river has an offspring on the left. During the next three-quarters of a mile, two more branches leave the main also on the left. The offshoots are traversed by what are known as the Newcastle bridges. On the first bridge is a sea aquarium, where seals, tortoises, and numerous other marine animals sport about in square enclosures. The three tributaries constitute what are called the back waters of the Piscataqua. They wander in and out in a fantastic manner, forming small bays and inlets, and winding about charming little islands. The waters blend some distance beyond the bridges, forming a single stream, which in turn flows by the old historic Wentworth mansion, and the large summer hotel, also known as the Wentworth, finding a resting place further on in the beautiful waters of Little harbor.

The river widens considerably be-

yond Pull-and-be Damned point. On the left we pass the three bridges and the back waters in the distance. Further on the shores become rocky and steep. Here perched high on the rocky bank is a small cottage,—the home of some toiler of the deep; the rocks in front of the cottage are strewn with fishing nets, while a pile of bleached lobster-traps occupies a place on one side of the door-steps; the old fisherman himself sits in the

Newcastle and Kittery Point, the former being on the New Hampshire side of the river, the latter on the Maine side. Volumes could have been written about these old sea towns. We shall speak of Newcastle first. Originally Newcastle was a part of Portsmouth. As the population swelled, however, and the town grew in importance, it seceded from its parent and called itself Newcastle. Newcastle is a town of great antiquity,



Home of Sir William Pepperrell.

doorway, puffing a short pipe and repairing a net. The houses become more frequent as we progress. Soon the sea breeze springs up and we breathe in the salty air with avidity; all the while, the distant clang of a bell buoy announcing that we are near the river's mouth. Presently the left shore gives way abruptly, and we have arrived at the wide entrance to the river.

Two charming old towns fraught with historic interest, decorate either side of the river entrance,—they are

settlements being made here as early, if not earlier, than at Portsmouth. One or two houses built by the original settlers are yet extant, while most of the other houses have such an ancient air,—weather-beaten and discolored as most of them are,—that the most fastidious antiquity hunter could not be other than pleased. The chief occupation of the natives is fishing, and among these laborers of the sea one will find many a quaint and curious character. It is as a summer resort, however, that Newcastle is

generally thought of. When the writer first visited Newcastle, some five or six years ago, the place was entirely different from what it is to-day. At that time, one roaming about the old town, felt that he was monarch of all he surveyed, and perhaps more. One could wander through its quiet vistas for hours at a time without encountering a material being; dream away the time on some ruined wharf, or sketch a bit of scenery that captivated the fancy. The natives apparently believed that honesty was the supreme virtue, and judging from appearances, had implicit faith in each other, and chance visitors. Nobody ever thought of locking the doors at night, or taking the usual precautions against theft that people do elsewhere. Often I have visited one of the three or four little shops the village supports, which are supposed to contain everything that a human being might require, only to find the shopkeeper absent, probably discussing affairs of state with some neighbor. How easy for one evil disposed to walk away with a bunch of bananas or a box of figs, but who would take advantage of such honesty? But many of these charms have fled. The delightful old Fort Constitution, with its brick walls tufted with grass, and arch-shaped doorway, with uplifted gate ready to fall in case of danger, is to be rebuilt by the government. This fort, the former rendezvous of picnickers, and the playground of merry children, has been metamorphosed into a large quarry, and its beauty has gone forever. All day steam-drills shake the solid rock- ledges within the fort, with short, fierce blows, while clouds of steam

rise above the motley group of Italians, who operate the drills. At twelve in the morning and six at night blasting takes place,—sometimes a dozen or more blasts follow each other in quick succession, giving strangers the impression that a fleet of gun-boats have arrived in the harbor and are saluting. A whistle sounds previous to the blasting, and the people seek refuge indoors to escape the bombardment. Nor is this the only evil that has overtaken the old town. A number of vulgar cottages, vying with the rainbow in hue, have sprung up, presenting a sad contrast to the unobtrusive white and gray cottages that were built at a happier epoch. But let us hope things will change for the better before long, and even though Newcastle be modernized, it will yet possess a subtle charm that cannot be obliterated,—not even with dynamite and red paint.

Kittery Point, on the contrary, has retained to a great extent its pristine aspect and beauty. There are few towns which are as picturesque as this old place with the queer name. The supposition has been, that this is the only Kittery Point in the world, which, however, is not the case. In England, at Kingswear, which is on the Dart river, directly across from Dartmouth, Devonshire, is another Kittery Point, from which this Kittery Point received its name. The Dart river is a beautiful stream, navigable for small vessels, from its outlet in the English channel to Toknes, a distance of ten miles. In many respects the Dart river resembles the Piscataqua. About 1635, the family of Capt. Alexander Shapleigh came from this region and set-

tled at the mouth of the Piscataqua. At that time the little colony was without a name, but it was subsequently called Kittery Point by Captain Shapleigh, probably on account of its close resemblance to his old home in England. In a curious old cemetery, overlooking the river mouth, one can find the names of many of the original settlers. Time has loosened many of the stones from their wonted position, and Nature has covered them with vines and grass as they lie supine on the green-sward. Many of the stones are decorated with hideous skulls and cross-bones, or cherubs with diabolical faces and outstretched wings, meditating flight as it were; the epitaphs, too, are startling for their originality. It is impossible to forbear from quoting one,—that of a woman who was supposed to have been lost at sea. It reads thus:

“ I lost my life in the raging sea,
The Sovereign God rules over me;
My Kittery friends they dumped me here,—
At the Day of Judgment I 'll appear.”

It is sad to rob this woman of the glory of finding death in the hoary sea, but tradition discloses the amusing fact, that the woman did not perish at sea, but in an inglorious puddle swelled to large proportions by melting snow,—how vain is humanity! Following the road that passes the cemetery, we come to Fort McClary, situated on an eminence and commanding a superb view of the river entrance and sea beyond. For some unknown reason Fort McClary was never completed. As the ramparts, however, were to have been built of stone, which was about that time discovered to be futile as a protective power, it is fair to presume

that it was not finished on that account. Few places are more delightful than this old fort. On the highest part of the eminence stands a queerly shaped block-house surmounted by a red roof; near it is a jail, with immensely thick walls; these, with several other half-ruined buildings, constitute the fort. Everything within the fort remains pretty much as the workmen left it,—so long ago. Large piles of granite, old cannon, and ammunition are scattered about with an utter disregard for order. An underground passage, leading from the fort to the water, is often explored by the young, who emerge from its subterranean depths in woeful condition. The fort is the favorite resort of summer visitors, who dream away the time in blissful contentment, and gaze at the beautiful view spread out before them. Many of the houses built by the original settlers are still standing. Among them are the Sparhawk and Pepperrell mansions, the latter being the home of Sir William Pepperrell, the hero of Louisburg. So much has been said about these old landmarks, that I shall doubtless be censured for mentioning them, therefore I shall speak of them sparingly.

The Sparhawk mansion was erected by Sir William Pepperrell for his daughter, who married Col. Nathaniel Sparhawk. The old gambrel-roof mansion is well preserved at the present time. The large hall and stairway have a stately air that the modern house fails to acquire, while the wall paper, containing divers epochs in the history of our country, is remarkably beautiful and fresh in appearance; there is also some exquis-

ite carving brought from the mother country. The Pepperrell mansion stands in the center of the village protected by a large tree, which spreads its branches lovingly over the gambrel roof. Originally the house had a wing on either end, but these have long since been removed. In the time of the Pepperrells, a lawn sloped to the water's edge, and a deer park extended into the interior for miles. The history of Kittery, in fact, is more or less that of the Pepperrells, who, at one time, owned by far the greater part of the surround-

ing country. Not far from the house, enclosed in a dense growth of hemlock trees, is his tomb.

The tomb is oblong in shape and covered with a slab, on which are an inscription and the arms of the Pepperrell family. The inscription, which is half obliterated, doubtless enumerates the achievements of this illustrious man. Curiosity seekers have cut their immortal names on the tablet, —Brown, Jones, and others,—nothing that is antique or of interest seems to escape the eyes of these ubiquitous and irresponsible people.

CHARLES FARRAR BROWN ("ARTEMUS WARD").

IN NEW HAMPSHIRE AND ELSEWHERE.

By George Bancroft Griffith.



AT a Spiritualistic camp-meeting the last season, held at Blodgett's Landing, Lake Sunapee, N. H., it was claimed by a correspondent of the *Argus and Spectator*, published at Newport, that one of the intelligences speaking at that place through the lips of Mrs. Carrie E. Twing, a famous medium, was "Ikabod," a unique character, said to be the world-known "Artemus Ward," Charles F. Brown. Whether the great humorist made himself known at our beautiful summer resort, or not, it is certain that whoever or whatever prompted the words, they were comical, instructive, and evinced remarkable insight of human life in its varied phases. It is also true that the lady referred to, through whom these manifestations were

made, is a woman highly esteemed by all who know her, regardless of religious opinions, and one identified with many reforms, and also a popular Grange lecturer.

The item, however, came under the notice of one of the leading editors of the Pine Tree state, who published it in his journal with the comment that the old home of the late "Artemus Ward" at Waterford, was peopled with some of his kinsfolks, but so far as could be learned, no ethereal beings from the shadowy realms of the Great Beyond ever disturb its inmates.

Shortly after the appearance of these newspaper scraps it was our good fortune to visit the grave and early home of him who has been named a "Walking Joke," and to learn from the lips of his cousin, Mr.

Daniel Brown, who greatly resembles the best portraits of the great humorist, and other relatives, quite a number of incidents touching the characteristics and life of "Artemus Ward," hitherto unpublished.

Waterford lies among the foot hills of the White Mountain chain, and it is the last town among them to the southeast. To this "new country" came Father Hidden of Tamworth, N. H., and no one was more beloved as a pastor than he. Here his labors were greatly blessed, and among his best friends was Calvin Farrar, grandfather to Charles Farrar Brown, the subject of our sketch, on the maternal side, and a native of Marlborough, N. H. This worthy's three brothers were all, also, natives of the Granite

state, and one of them owned at one time, by special grant, a large tract of land in Henniker.

"Artemus Ward," his illustrious descendant, had his first experience with the outside world in the rôle of a "printer's devil," upon the rugged soil of New Hampshire. At about the age of fourteen he entered the office of the old *Cool's County Democrat*, published at Lancaster, having been persuaded to take this step by an old friend of the family, Albert Bradbury Davis, who had served an apprentice-

ship there. It is said that he showed noticeable aptitude in the rough work assigned him for one so young, but the future showman's career as a "jour." among the White hills was of brief duration, cut short by a freak of his own, and he journeyed back with his belongings in a little bundle swung over his back, with a stout stick run through its knotted folds; a package very much like the one Horace Greeley carried in a similar manner, but with his face set toward Vermont in eager quest of a job, from which "Artemus" had run away in disgust.

It was while upon this memorable trip toward home, and with the spirit of innocent fun overflowing whatever might rise to sadden such a nature as his, that he played the little "joak" on



"Artemus Ward."

the unsophisticated old housewife. His small store of pocket-change had entirely given out, and hungry as only a growing boy can be, he had reached, very tired and dusty, just before noon, the humble home of a farmer, whose only occupant at that time happened to be the good-natured New Hampshire matron. "Artemus," with a bold front, knocked at the door and presented himself as an itinerant repairer of clocks. It so happened that the family had a queer fashioned corner affair she had long

threatened to have mended, and so the old lady, touching the silent heirloom with a loving hand, bade the delighted stranger "to do his best and he should be well paid for 't," though she added "you look uncommon young to follow such a trade." The embryo craftsman, however, managed to disembowel most of the interior "fixins" of the old time-piece before dinner was announced, and sat down to the ample board apparently well satisfied with his work. After doing strict justice to the liberal supply of eatables within reach, he arose with the air of one filled with devout thanks in his heart for all blessings, excused himself from the room, and with the barn for a cover, by a circuitous movement, gained the highway some distance below with his tramp's bundle in hand, and was off before the guileless madame had fairly missed him, leaving an improvised kit beside the two rush-bottomed chairs, filled with wheels, cogs, cat-gut, and pinions.

It seems that our hero still had a taste for the art preservative, or was induced to try again, and upon his native heath, for soon after leaving New Hampshire we find him in what he named the "Devil's Den," at the old *Advertiser* office, Norway, Me., where he assisted a part of the time to reduce his expenses as a student in the Liberal Institute of that town. He entered this school in the fall of 1848, and during a lyceum course contributed his first humorous effort to the *Catharian Rill*, a weekly paper published by the Ducallian society, of which the now venerable Dr. O. N. Bradbury was the editor.

It was while here that he resolved to enter upon the career he subse-

quently followed with so much success and distinction—a travelling showman and lecturer—and the way it came about was as follows: During a visit from his brother Cyrus, editorially connected at that time with the *New Bedford* (Mass.) *Standard*, Artemus listened to a glowing description of the accomplishments of a very original character "Cy." had recently met in his own sanctum, an old sailor, whose birthplace and early home, by the way, was Portsmouth, N. H. This old sailor had been a worse boy than any so aptly depicted by Aldrich in his Rivermouth tales; had voyaged to all lands, and had often personated a showman on shipboard to the great delight of the crew. In Artemus's "den," surrounded by disabled old "galleys," ancient "cases" (to say nothing of the *Advertiser's* "hell-box," and the "ribs and trucks" of a defunct hand press), "Cy," with his drawling voice and quaint humor, repeated the old salt's funny speech about "figger" number "369," a rare bird from the wilds of Africa. Artemus was immensely entertained with the recital,—he tipped well back in his crazy office chair with his boots upon the table, oblivious, evidently, of his surroundings, and finally threw himself on his rickety old cord bedstead, while both exploded in a gale of laughter.

For days thereafter he had odd fits of abstraction, and was already catching glimpses of that strange, mental world into which he found an entrance a few years later and which made him so well known as "Artemus Ward," the only and genuine happy-go-lucky, the wonder of his class. His simplicity, innocence,

and sincerity were all delightfully feigned, and won all hearts.

Even at the age of seven years, as I am informed by Mrs. Emerson Wilkins, of Waterford, another of his cousins, and one of his early companions, this genius got up little shows with pins as an admittance fee, and sitting astride of a staid and thoroughly domesticated old cow, would exclaim to the wonder and admiration of a group of his playmates gathered in a corner of the house-barn,—“This, ladies and gentlemen, is the mottled elephant,” touching the mild bovine on the flank with his naked toe, “secured at great expense and after a long and patient hunt in the wilds of India.”

At a still earlier age, during the obsequies of his eldest sister, who died in infancy, he silently stole behind the chair,—a particular piece of furniture regarded by him as his own private property—occupied as a mark of favor by the pet son of a neighbor, about his own age, and who, having never attended a funeral before, was almost overcome by the mystery and solemnity of the occasion. Reaching forward unobserved, the impish Charles gave the frightened youngster a pinch on the arm, and whispered in that inimitable way which ever characterised all his utterances, “That is my chair you ’re sitting in, and this is *our* funeral!”

When as “Artemus Ward” he began his public career, in personal appearance he was tall and slender. His most noticeable feature was a very prominent, slightly aquiline nose. His eyes were small, very bright blue, and rather more close together than the average. His mouth was large, with teeth so even

and white as to be noticeable, and his hair soft, straight, and blond. His voice was soft and clear. He always had a genteel appearance, and later in life his enunciation grew still more gentle, and hesitating. During the lecture, he was always as solemn as the grave. Sometimes he would seem to forget his audience and stand for several seconds gazing intently at his panorama. Then he would start up, and remark apologetically, “I am very fond of looking at my pictures.” He assumed a sad, quaint style, and his manner of delivery was truly comical. The chief effect of his jokes lay in their seeming impromptu character. They were carefully led up to, of course, but were uttered as if they were afterthoughts, of which the speaker was hardly sure.

It is said that he was frail physically, while at school, and was never very strong. Later, on hearing of his foreign trip, many of his friends wondered at the time that he should venture so far from home.

In passing, we must not forget to mention Horace Maxfield, whose surname is a common one in New Hampshire, and whose father,—like the son, a noted stage man—we strongly suspect was a native of the Granite state. The younger Maxfield, recently deceased at Waterford Flat, and whose death has been widely announced by the press, although a man of very modest, unassuming disposition, had wide notoriety by reason of his peculiar relations with the great humorist. Brought up in the same neighborhood together, fellow schoolmates and intimate associates, their warm regard for each other only ended

with death. Mr. Maxfield accompanied his distinguished fellow-townsmen when the latter made his successful lecture tour through the United States in the early sixties as friend and confidant, and was always his inseparable companion and general utility man. On "A. Ward's" comic programme used in New York city, this gentleman is seen on his "Official Bureau," "Secretary of the Treasury, Herr Max Field." On his death-bed in England, 1867, the "grate showman" appointed Mr. Maxfield one of the American executors of his will, and the latter was one of the two faithful friends who waited at the wharf when the steamer that bore his body arrived, looking with moist eyes upon the rough box, which, to help make the secret of its sacred contents more profound, was labelled "Statuary." Sadly and tenderly did these loving old comrades bring the remains to Waterford for burial. And now they sleep only a few paces apart in Elm Vale cemetery, South village.

It was a beautiful October morning, the air bland as the breath of Indian summer, when your correspondent and his better half drove up to a hitching-post near the arched gateway that admits the pilgrims from every land to that hallowed enclosure. The simple tabature overhead bears in gilt letters the name of this beautiful "God's Acre." Passing in, a brief search to the right—for we preferred to go unattended—revealed to us the spot where sleeps, surrounded by the "rude forefathers of his native hamlet," all that is mortal of America's great humorist. At the left end of the lot is a mottled monument of Maine granite, surmounted

with a sculptured urn, and bearing on its pedestal the one word Brown, in large letters. On the third of the plain, white, granite headstones of uniform size and shape (others of which mark the mounds of his father and mother, brother, and two sisters, who died in infancy) was chiselled in handsome letters the following:

Rest, loved one, Rest.
Charles F. Brown,
Known to the world as
"Artemus Ward,"
Died
In Southampton, Eng.,
Ætät 33 years.

His memory will live as a sweet and unfading recollection.

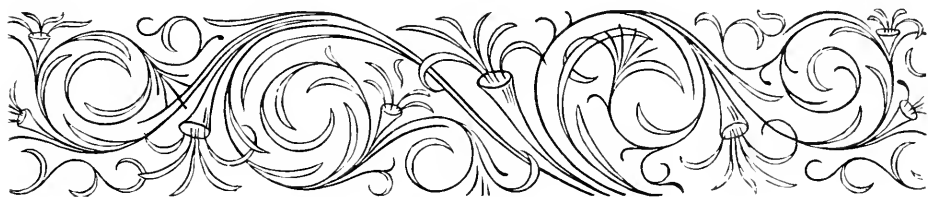
A wide granite curbing surrounds the family resting-place, and a graceful elm, whose foliage was tinted with autumnal glories, stands as Nature's sentinel at one corner of the lot and back of the monument. In the background of the landscape rose Bear mountain with its immense precipice of uncovered gray granite, rifted from top to bottom by some awful convulsion of Nature. Beneath lay wood-fringed, placid Bear pond, reflecting all the colors that beech, and maple, fir and hemlock, pine and birch, now wore aflame, and rivaling the sweetest Highland loch that even the wizard Scott has pictured. Little wonder that when Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin and the poet Longfellow, who had already sung the praises of Waterford's strange and lovely Sougo river, ascended this mountain together, the immortal bard looking down upon that beautiful sheet of water and its surroundings, after mentioning this and that place in Switzerland of which it reminded him, should add, "Indeed this is Switzerland."

As we stood in mutual sympathy and meditation by the grave of this wonderful genius, who had himself more than once trod the same path hither, but had died afar from kith and kin in merry England, we were glad to think there was neither malice in his wit nor in his heart. He was modest in this that he knew what he was, and what he was not. And from the first no one was ever more surprised at his success than himself. Mark Twain, who, perhaps, comes the nearest to Brown in telling a story as it ought to be told, and who, like him, had his first literary experience in newspaper work, an experience which teaches the art of composition, and brings the writer in touch with the public as no other can, speaks of the matter and manner of *humor* as strictly a work of art,—high and delicate art. And he affirms in a recent article of much interest published in the *Youth's Companion*, that the art of telling a humorous story by word of mouth, not printed, was created in America, and has remained at home. It was the destiny of Charles Farrar Brown to lead in the uncertain effort to establish the basis of this Yankee art, and he was greatly helped by his fanciful turns of thought, that seemed to bubble to the surface without effort on his part, while he appeared to enjoy

the whimsical pleasantry himself as well as the listeners.

We might add as a remarkable fact, that Miss Alice French ("Octave Thanet") has been described as "the only *female* writer in America who is a humorist." Yet speaking of the gifted ones of her sex, Mrs. Mary J. Reid forcibly says: "Of wit and delicate fancy there is no lack among our women writers, but the power of loving that kindly spirit, akin to humor of Addison, Lamb, and Irving, which enlivens but holds within itself a sting so slight as to be barely felt, has seemed almost to be denied to women. We find it in some of 'Octave Thanet's' sketches of American types . . . drawn with a few strong, humorous strokes, almost Chaucerian in picturesqueness and simplicity."

Hand in hand we lingered a moment at the headstone of that doting mother who was herself a charming conversationalist, and who never alluded to her famous son boastfully, but as a loving parent and widow might who had lost her last earthly treasure—her boy. Who shall say that Charles Farrar Brown has not found both the sympathy and help of that idolising mother, and of a host of others who knew and loved him here, in that wonderful country, "where the weary are at rest?"



ON A SPRIG OF AUTUMN LEAVES FROM THE SHORES OF
OSSIPEE LAKE.

By Edwin Osgood Grover.

Here in the chill
Of my chamber,
Here with the still
Low sob of the street pleading in vain,
Here I am warmed with the summer again.
Out of this handful of sunshine,
Out of the glow
Of these glories of thine,
Into this winter of mine,
Breathes the shine of the sun,
The warmth thy bosom hath won,
Oh, great-hearted tree,
Hath won from the mother of thee.


Ah, these are the breezes that kissed
And bade thee to list;
These are the breaths of the tree-tops,
The odors of blooms,
The balms of healing from rooms
The wind swept clean
As it loitered through glooms
Into opens of forest that held thee,
Compelled thee,
Till all of thy heart was aglow
With the richness and warmth of the summer.
When lo! a newcomer
Hath loved thee,
Hath plucked thee,
For me.

And I, e'en in thy silence can hear
The ripple of waves on sands that are clear,
Can hark to the heart beat
Of waters that throbbed at thy feet.
Here I can lave
In the crest of the wave
That flaunted its foam
And turned and ran home
To the bosom of water that lies
The reflect of Ossipee's skies.

A gleam of the fervor that lit
 The forest of green till the blaze of it
 Burst into beauty! A note
 From the full-chorused throat
 Of the summer: sweet
 As the summer is sweet,
 Hushed as the music that dwells
 In long-exiled, sea-loving shells!
 A fragment of sun and of breeze,
 Of mountain-clasped seas,
 Of skies that are deep
 As the love in eyes that will weep
 For the joy of another,
 E'en the love of a mother!
 Now can I bless thee,
 Caress thee,
 Or drink to the depths of its bliss
 The rapture of this!
 Oh, offspring of Ossipee's summer and sun,
 Lie close on the love of my breast, little one!

EPHRAIM THE INEFFICIENT.

By Dora L. Burns.

“ EVEN pounds o' board
 nails at three cents a
 pound would come to
 twenty-one cents,
 wouldn't it? And
 two pounds o' sugar comes to four-
 teen cents, do n't it?" asked Mr.
 Packer while he set down the figures
 with careful deliberation. "Half a
 pound o' tea costs you thutty cents,
 and a bag o' salt makes nineteen
 more. Now, nine—aught's a aught
 —nine and four's thutteen and one's
 fourteen."

The dealer in store goods drew a
 long breath and wrote the first part
 of his answer with the stubby pencil.

"Now, one and three's four and

one's five and two's seven and one
 to carry makes eight," he went on,
 with painstaking solemnity. "Eighty-
 four cents it all comes to, Si," he an-
 nounced in a relieved voice. "That's
 right, don't hurry, Si," he added
 after he had counted the money.

"'D you ever see such a hand for
 figgers as Ephe Hopkins is?" Joe
 Hackett inquired of Mr. Packer, as
 that gentleman resumed his seat in
 front of the venerable stove, which
 was filled with glowing, sputtering
 flames.

"I dunno's I ever did," Mr. Packer
 made reply with smiling moderation,
 and Joseph continued reflectively.

"I tell you when you git down to

'rithmetic you git down to somethin' that's got a mighty pile of sense in it. You can't fool much with figgers. Now, I never was much for 'rithmetic, myself; eyes weak," he finished, apologetically.

Mr. Packer and Mr. Saunders exchanged an understanding wink. That "the Hacketts never could reckon more'n a cow," was a common saying among the inhabitants of Lee village, and the alleged visual weakness could scarcely account for Joe's perpetual failure to rise to the demands of four bars of soap at eight cents a bar.

"Ephraim's ciphered clean through 'Grinleaf's' lots o' winters jest for occipation, he's told me," pursued Joseph, "and I 'lowed he knowed consid'r'ble; but when he offered to reckon up the bricks I'd got to buy for my new cistern, I snum I was staggered. It come out jest as he said 't would, too, though I did believe I was buying a big heft to leave over.

"Now, just think of a man like that huskin' corn all the fall at sixty cents a day. Why, if I'd had the learning Ephraim Hopkins' got I might have been the presidential nominy of the Democratic party this summer, jest as well as not," cried Hackett, springing to his feet excitedly, "I might even have been—"

But Joe's imagination failed him at this critical point, and he sat down. It was one of his characteristics that he never considered himself debarred from high positions by any lack of natural ability.

"Believe Ephe did teach school a spell of winters in Suncook, did n't he?" inquired Mr. Packer, more to

be sociable than because Ephraim's exploits were particularly new to him.

"One winter, and he got out of that job the queerest. Ever hear tell about it, Josiah?" Hackett asked.

"I dunno's I ever did," was the encouraging response.

"'T was the winter after old Job Hackett died in the spring. They needed the money bad that year. Job had been sick all along through the spring, and then there was the funeral expenses. Want no great to be sure, for they did n't have nothin' strainin', but the Hopkins's was never forehanded and thutty or forty dollars was a good deal to 'em. Folks said Ephe got on first rate with the school. I dunno how he done it. He never had no great show of snap, and there was some pretty tough fellers in the Centre. Maybe, though, he made up for snap in size. Wal, right in the middle of the term and 't wan't a long one, if I rec'llect—Ephe come home.

"The old lady was skeered enough when he come walkin' in. Thought he must be sick, you know. Flopped 'round like a hen with her head cut off. Had him lay right down on the sofy and got the camfire bottle for him, and put a mess of boneset and wormwood to steepin' before Ephe spunked up and said he wan't sick *then*, but was 'fraid he might be. Had n't slept well for two or three nights back along, and thought he'd better come home before he was took sick away from his folks! Mis' Hopkins, she made him drink the yarb tea, though, for fear. Never was sick in his life neither, but he did n't keep school no more."

"Sheftless, I should say," ventured Mr. Packer.

"Umph, shiftless enough to this day, far's that goes."

"It never looked exactly right to me," said Saunders, "for Ephraim to sit in the sun in the kitchen and read the *Journal* while Har'yit was out picking up chips to burn. I don't want to say he ain't a good man, for I believe he is, only it *looks* queer," said the conscientious William.

"I was up there one day last week—awful windy, cold day—and Har'yit was out in Deacon Davis's lot getting chips. 'Har'yit's a great hand to pick chips,' Ephraim said, as though he was real proud to have her do it. But it kinder riled me, and I spoke up pretty sharp and asked him if he could n't pick chips as well's Har'yit. 'I can't stoop,' he says. 'But you could lug the baskets,' I says. Wal, he didn't know as 't would pay to go over just for that. Chips want heavy and Har'yit could shift the peck and half bushel baskets from one hand to the other, if she got tired out; and he thinks enough of Har'yit, too."

"I guess Har'yit has to scratch around lively to git enough for 'em to live on," reflected Mr. Packer. "Ephe, he means well enough but he do n't seem to have the faculty for earnin' much."

"Har'yit takes just as much pride in Ephraim, though, as she would if he was real capable," said William. "Has him look just so chick always, with his bosom shirts on—even in summer, when she has all she can do, washing and ironing for Mis' Johnson's boarders. And Ephe's never any help to her. If he even

puts up the clothes line it's sure to flop down with the first wind that comes along, and it don't take much to upset the looks of wet clothes."

"The woman was up there one night last week," put in Joe, evidently thinking it was again his turn to sustain the conversation. "Har'yit was makin' sheets for Mis' Fletcher, —gits twenty-five cents a pair for 'em—and Ephe, he was readin' the *Journal*. Bum by Har'yit says, 'Seems to me this room's cold Ephraim'—ain't it queer she never calls him any thin' but Ephraim? Ephe didn't 'pear to sense what she wanted him to do at first, but after she'd told him three or four times he got up, terrible unwillin', too, and shuffled over to the wood-box.

"There ain't anything here but green wood, Har'yit Jane,' he says, 'and I can't start the fire with that.' Jest's helpless as a baby he was. Well, Har'yit she told him to find some chips and use a piece of a paper that was there. He scraped up the chips and then sot down and began to read that ere old paper. He'd found somethin' in it about the Chiny War that seemed to interest him a mighty sight. The woman, she said, she'd a friz if it'd been very cold there, before Ephe got 'round to fixin' the fire again. She did n't see that he had any great call to read about them heathen anyway, seein' the fight was all over with now. Well, the fire didn't burn after all, and Ephe did n't 'pear to think there was anythin' more he could do about it for he went back to readin' his everlastin' *Journal* as comfortable as you c'd think. After a while Har'yit she says, pretty meek like,

“‘Your fire ain’t burned, Ephraim.’ But Ephe said he guessed they’d better save the wood, ’t was most bed time, anyhow.

“My woman thought she’d better be goin’ then, but Har’yit got right up and brought in some shavin’s and one stuff nother and kindled the fire over again. Clarindy thought she’d set a spell longer after that, bein’ as she did n’t want Har’yit to think she’d went off mad, and when the fire had got to burnin’ real well Ephe, he drew his chair up to the stove and says to the woman, as easy’s c’d be, ‘Har’yit’s real smart and quick, now ain’t she, but she never was any hand for books.’”

“There’s one thing I never rightly understood about,” said Saunders. “When Ephe’s old horse died where’d they git the money to buy this one with?”

“Sea of Goshen, Bill, do n’t you know?” inquired Joseph. “Well, ’t was like this, you see, Jane and I was down East a month last summer, jest about the time old Josephus—as Ephraim called him—pegged out, and when we got back they had a new one. I always meant to ask about it, but someway it’s slipped my mind till now,” explained William.

“Wal, I’ll tell you,” proposed Mr. Packer assuming a more dignified position. “If I rec’lect ’t was one day the last o’ last July that Simpkins, that old junk peddler from Attleboro, driv up. ’T was simmerin’ hot, and seein’ ’t was jest about the heat o’ the day, he hitched his hoss and sot a spell. He was a buyin’ old furnitoor, he said, and wanted me to d’rect him where they had some to sell.”

“‘You dunno where they’ve got an old black walnut writin’ desk, do you?’ he asked. I could n’t tell him at first to save me. Old Aunt Nabby Salter had one, I knowed, but ’t was burnt three years ago, when the house caught fire from the chimley. And then it come to me, all on a sudden, that Ephe’s folks had one.

“Wal, Simpkins, he wanted me to go up with him, so I went. Susan, she come in and kep’ store while I was gone. Ephe and Har’yit was both to home, and we all clim’ up attic. I’ll be jigged if that attic wan’t the all firedest, hottest hole I was ever in.” Mr. Packer mopped his face at the recollection.

“But it did n’t seem to be any put out to Simpkins,” he resumed. “I never see a trade driv so slow as he driv that one. He found a sight o’ fault with the desk and I did n’t much blame him for ’t was about as humbly a piece of furnitoor as I ever seed. Howsoever he must have wanted it pooty bad, for, after a while, he offered ’em four dollars for it. I would n’t a give ’em fifty cents. So I s’posed o’ course they’d take him right up.

“But Ephe, he said that ’ere desk was full o’ old docyments and ’count books, and ’t was worth more’n four dollars to git ’em moved and straightened out reg’lar. Nobody could do it but him, he said. Wal, they argyed a while, and Simpkins he riz fin’lly to seven dollars, but Ephe would n’t sell!”

“Well, I snum!” remarked William, sympathetically.

“He would n’t. Said he guessed he’d better not jest then, and have to move the docyments while ’t was so hot. And there was old Josephus

deader 'n a squ'shed out caterpilly, and seven dollars goes a good ways towards buyin' a hoss these times.

"Wal, Simpkins, he went up there twice after that, and got as high on his price as nine dollars and seventy-five cents. But 'twan't no go with Ephe. 'T was consid'r'ble of a job to move them papers, and he reckoned he wouldn't tackle onto it yet a while, seein' as he wan't feelin' very extry either that summer. Wal, o' course his bein' so all fired numb about it made a sight o' talk at the time, and Mis' Tegue, that was boardin' with Mis' Johnson then, said as how she'd like to have a look at the desk. So they went over. And if you'll believe me, Bill, that woman acted as crazy's a bed bug over that old writin' desk. Offered 'em thutty dollars for it on the spot."

"By the great white blazes!" ejaculated Saunders.

"She did," reaffirmed Mr. Packer. "I dunno's Ephe would a took even that though if 't had n't been for old Josephus's dyin' and the fall work comin' on. Squire Holt, he happened to have a hoss he only wanted twenty-five for, and Har'yit she thought there'd be a five dollar bill left towards her gettin' a set o' upper teeth. Said she'd gummed it so long she did n't know of anything she'd rather do than be able to chew things agin. And it did seem's if

she c'd git the rest o' the money someway, if she had the five for a startin' pint.

"But Ephe, he changed his mind to the last minute and didn't buy the Squire's hoss after all. Said t' was jest a mite high-headed for him to manage so he got one of another man that come along. I b'lieve he calls this one Marcus. Ephe always was a hand for names. I cal-c'late if he ever got plumb cheated on a critter he did it then. Talk about the squire's old mare bein' high; she ain't nowhere beside Marcus. Marcus is stiddy as a jedge when he's ploughin' and furrowin', and so on, but hitch him into a wagin and he's apt to be pooty coltish. Ephe's skeered to drive him anywhere alone; always takes Har'yit along."

"Umph! She'd be a heft of good," grunted Joe, with natural distrust of woman's possibilities.

"How much did Ephe lay out for Marcus?" queried William.

"Thutty dollars," responded Mr. Packer grimly.

"Sho' now. So Har'yit don't stand any better chance of gitting her teeth than she ever did."

"Not as I see," was the reply.

"Ephe, he said he guessed 'twas jest 'bout as well, though. Maybe the teeth would n't a fitted if she'd got 'em."



AFTERTHOUGHTS OF CORDOVA, SPAIN.

By S. H. McCollester, D. D.



IT is often a wonder why beautiful things are permitted to grow old and to fade away. Why flowers come in royal procession and soon depart without any requiem. Why exquisitely fashioned shells should lie in the depths of the ocean radiating their beauty away unseen. Still on reflection it becomes easy to be understood; these were made for this world, and so they run their race here, rendering it emphatic that the mortal is subject to incessant change. Were there no death nor decay the old would reign supreme, and when creation should be finished there would be no new. As it is, when the growth is in the wrong way, sadness presses the heart. This was indeed my experience as our train was whirling through the valleys and across the plains approaching the site of the famous city of Cordova, Spain. It was late in the fall and the mantle of death appeared to be thrown over the visible,—even the banks of the Guadalquivir were apparently all sand. As the train halted at the station twenty civil guards with rifles at their shoulders and swords by their sides, were on the platform ready to do battle. This military defence is essential at the stations throughout the land that abounds with brigands and delights in bull-fights. The station was inviting and

a mile from the city. A wide promenade leads thither, traversed to and fro by omnibuses. In the distance were to be seen spires and palm crowns clustered together, indicating the city. Upon entering it the streets were found to be narrow, winding, and protracted. Here and there I saw donkeys with panniers on their backs filled with charcoal, and women tramping along with baskets on their heads, loaded with vegetable products. The houses resemble those among the ruins of Pompeii, the sides towards the streets being strongly walled with but few windows heavily ironed. Riding on, it did seem as though we had got into a dead city; however, occasionally a show window of jewelry would put in its appearance and cases of dirks and firearms. At length halting at an inn, dismounting and passing within. I could but think of an inquisition, still I was soon comfortably quartered where the garçon spoke English. This assured me of civilization and safety.

Certainly the city did not appear much like the representation of the one that was here from the tenth to twelfth century, having a population of a million people with its six hundred mosques, nine hundred public baths, four thousand minarets, its six hundred inns, numerous colleges and universities, splendid villas and gardens, and more than twenty thousand houses. Then the city spread far

beyond its walls, being twenty miles in circuit. Then one might walk through it for the distance of ten miles after sunset by the light of its lamps. For a long time after this there was not so much as a single public lamp in London, nor was there a street solidly paved. Paris then was little more than a rude village with mud ankle deep after a rain. It is true that other cities in Spain were flourishing; Grenada, Seville, and Toledo were rivals with Cordova. The Moslem Moors were then wont to look down upon the French, the Germans, and English with contempt. The Mohammedans had brought with them to this country the luxuries of the East. Here in Cordova were polished marble balconies, and there overhanging orange gardens; here was a fountain of quicksilver, throwing up its dazzling spray, and there were vaulted apartments blazing with gold; here were ambrosial rooms supplied with lounges for repose, and there a chandelier of a thousand burners hung under a lofty dome. The furniture in their houses was of sandal, mahogany, and citron wood, inlaid with pearl, ivory, silver, and gold. The winter rooms were hung with tapestry and the floors were covered with embroidered Persian carpets. The apartments were perfumed with frankincense and thickly set with vases of quartz crystals and Chinese porcelain and tables of exquisite mosaics.

The object now of chiefest attraction in the city is the cathedral, which was a mosque, unique in itself, unlike any other structure in Europe, Egypt, or Asia. It appears to have been made, never to be repeated. It is really a plantation of polished col-

umns of jasper, porphyry, and marble. It covers over acres of ground. Take any position you will near its outside and you look through vast avenues of pillars surmounted by arches overtopped with Moorish roofs. Whence came these hundreds of magnificent columns? They were brought from ruined cities round the Mediterranean sea and distant inland cities. The mosque was entirely the work of the Moors, showing them to be a peculiar people. When it fell into the hands of the Romish monks, they hid its beautiful arabesques deep under whitewash, and tore out the desk on which the Koran was placed, the Ceca, or Holy of Holies, and the Kiblah turned towards the mosque of Mecca, which was the most sacred temple of the Moslems, and this one of Cordova was second to it.

The stone bridge of sixteen arches across the Guadalquivir is still in use, though more than eight hundred years old, yet the former cleanliness and beauty of the surroundings are gone. The baths furnished with pipes conveying hot and cold water, the whispering galleries, the courts of marble and flowers, the grand library of Khalif Alkaham that required forty good sized volumes to catalogue it, have all disappeared. Nowhere could I find reliable relics of the garden and palace of Abderrahman III, which was decorated with twelve hundred Spanish, Italian, and Grecian columns. Sixty-three hundred persons were attached to this establishment, and the body-guard of the sovereign consisted of twelve thousand horsemen whose cimeters and belts were studded with gold. This was the ruler, who, after a

splendid reign of fifty years, declared that he had seen but fourteen days of unalloyed happiness.

The artificial pond into which were daily cast many loaves of bread to feed the fish, the immense menagerie in which were animals from all parts of the world, the aviary filled with rare birds, the extensive gardens, the curvilinear walks, serpentine brooks, cypress groves, and seggy grottoes, have all passed away. It is surprising that so complete desolation should lie in the track of such magnificent display.

In the palmy days of Cordova its schools were the best in the world. The wealthy then of all countries sent their sons to this city to be educated; a diploma from its institutions was indeed an honor; the professors' chairs were filled with the best talent of Arabia, Greece, Palestine, and India. It was then the principal seat of learning of all civilized countries. At present it supports no first-class schools. Education in Spain to-day is of trifling moment; bull-rings and cock-pits are of consequence to the mass of the people. Then the Moors had attached to every mosque a school for the poor children. In their universities, rhetoric, oratory, mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, physics, and other sciences were taught. They held commencements at which poems and prose declamations were publicly delivered. Their scholars made dictionaries and published them in Arabic, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; some wrote on chronology, some on agriculture, some on philosophy, some on botany, some on medicine, some on zoölogy, and some

on archæology. Many of our English words had their origin with the Saracen Moors, as algebra, alchemy, cotton, and hundreds of others. The Spanish Arabs were the first in Europe to build observatories and illustrate geography by the use of globes. They guided their ships by the magnetic needle; they discovered that the height of the atmosphere above the surface of the earth is fifty-eight and a half miles; they recognized gravity as a force, but failed to discover its universality. A grain of barley was their smallest weight, and four of these made a carat. They invented our numerals.

From the time the Arabs were expelled from Spain, they began to decline as well as Spain itself. The potency of their faith depending upon the sword, was not sufficient to hold them up and they have continued to descend with the Turks, their allied race, till they are controlled by the sensual.

But the religion that drove the Moslems from Spain has not preserved the land nor the conquering people, though nature has done enough for it to become an Eden, for it is rich in soil, mines, sunshine and rain, forests and orchards. In spite of all these natural advantages and wealth she has continued to lose ground till she can now scarcely rank as a civilized nation.

To-day she is soldier- and priest-ridden, with no school that ranks as excellent. Cordova *was*, but *is* not. Why does a city or nation have its ups and downs? Because it sows to the flesh, as well as to the spirit.

SOME PASSING THOUGHTS ON LITERATURE.

By Milo Benedict.

I.



IF it did not seem so near useless I should go very far to enter a plain word for literature that shall be powerful, first of all, in its attraction for the spirit, and credit nothing that does not elevate. Winckelmann said of Goethe, "One learns nothing from him, but one becomes something." To be elevated is always to become something. Without spirituality of what value is the most perfect workmanship, the product of the most imposing and ingenious literary skill? It is charred and crumbling already, cannot recreate so much as a pulse of life. What is Byron's prolific imagination, virile force, wit, and satire, by the side of Wordsworth's elevation and passion of soul, or Shelley's etherealized and swift pinioned melody? We may easily reduce all material perfections to their chemical elements and prove them to be dissoluble and mutable.

II.

What stands in our way of the production of really high and well tempered work, is the demand that, whatever quality a thing may have, it must be brilliant. Be thankful when you have grown weary of all brilliancy, save in the sun and stars. I confess I am attracted by brilliancy like all others, but I usually look to

see if there is no deception behind it.

Only the other day an acquaintance of Dr. Hale's, engaged in the elegant and serious art of reviewing books, turned out to be a common house burglar. There are certainly not many with presumptions so daring, or with senses so contradictory as to endure the coupling of professions so utterly incongruous. But I have no doubt the man was brilliant enough as a reviewer. Somehow it is natural to grant brilliancy the privileges of the eagle and the thunderbolt. We allow that it may freely go where it likes and do what it wills. From such laws as bind other men the brilliant man may feel himself quite exempt, so long, at least, as he entertains generously.

I cannot help feeling, unmodern as the feeling may be, that the tribute we are so often paying brilliancy is not without a certain slight to ordinary men. Even the slightest philanthropic act by any brilliant person is made showy. The insignificant man, when he makes no more show than the hibernating marmot, and prefers to reckon himself simply of no account, is often a man of so much worth that it is an impertinence to praise him at all. In the dull man's patience and self-sacrifice we find a nobleness that but rarely goes with showy or remarkable ability. His attraction is something almost ab-

stract, without color, or style, without charm for the imagination. He is simply moral.

III.

If he were dead he would be quite as interesting to the literary class to-day, and would count for quite as much in the studio; for the very word moral has become opprobrious. It has become indeed so heavy that no one employs it without some fear of offence. It makes some laugh, others indignant, and still others weary and sick. If sought at all, it is under a disguise, and for that reason success falls easiest to those who have learned how to adroitly conceal every moral idea in their work. A few are over zealous for the recognition of the moral. Others belonging to a large growing class have apparently taken up for their mission the severing and elimination of all moral weight from the mind. After effecting the detachment, they would substitute a sportful and joyous æsthetic perception, which in itself shall be all-sufficient. Any lingering love of things moral should be expurgated; for the criterion is lightness and our perfection consists in the powers we cast away, not in any positive thing we possess. We are as feathers flung to the idle breeze, sailing gaily over the buildings and church spires, meeting no obstacles, resisting nothing, but ignoring all things; until the astonished world below being struck with our arrogant pleasure begins to question whether life should be in so preponderating a degree moral as Matthew Arnold observed that it is.

Such a way of life certainly equips one with wonderful negative powers. It affords a happy freedom which is

gained by throwing over one's ballast, and by dismissing the things one does not like. But in real, creative work let us ask, What does this culture actually produce and accept? To be sure, it has charmed into its circle many brilliant talents, but it will never keep a Millet or a Wordsworth in its perfumed air. The things it likes best to show are the things it regards awfully clever, and it is always ready to confer distinction upon one who disdains to go so far as to believe in his own work.

In a century which scholars tell us is like the fifteenth in its laxness, only with far grander possibilities in having no lack of forces, while all forces are mingled in infinite confusion, when nearly all the artists and writers are victimized by society, and everyone's experience is bewildering; when culture, in aiming at perfection, misses it by excluding or stepping over the things that count most for character, what may a person who has yet some capacity for seriousness really do?

This is the inexorable problem, and I should shrink from any attempt at making it easy. For one thing, at least, let us go back devoutly to the old masters, let us inform our "sophisticated modern conscience" with something of their faith, sincerity, and religious sentiment. Balance, unity, blitheuess, repose, sincerity,—these are words of profound significance to any who possess the spirit of true culture. These are the things we may learn from those who have firmly believed in a world above the groundlings, who, far more than ourselves, have shown power and faith.

IV.

Few topics are pleasanter or more inviting than that of reading, and few are harder to touch without assumption. It remains appropriately for the elders. After Frederic Harrison, perhaps not even the greatest readers would consider it worth while to attempt anything better on "The Choice of Books." What will Mr. Harrison, who is so anxious for the recognition and popularity of the best in literature, have to say upon the short stories which so large a proportion of the population of the globe is now engaged in writing? It is not remarkable that so many have so speedily acquired what seems to be the necessary prerequisite—a rapid, loose style for rapid, loose readers. A magazine devoted to short stories has even advertised its unwillingness to accept anything written with care, with an attempt at good work. Such a state of things is certainly alarming. One would suppose from this that the magazines of this class are supported entirely by an unlettered constituency, and it is probably true that few of those who do support them have the fortunes of literature in the least at heart.

Perhaps what is most remarkable about readers in general is that they read so little the books they enjoy, or that suit their needs. They ask one question, "What books are in vogue?" Even the bookseller himself sometimes imposes the prevailing taste upon the purchaser, telling him that he ought to read a thing because it is in style.

I remember several years ago calling for a copy of Matthew Arnold's

poems at the Old Corner bookstore in Boston, and was looked upon askance as a person very much off the beaten track. The clerk, a middle-aged, intelligent-looking man, seemed to say almost audibly, "Evidently, my dear sir, you do not know that Arnold's poems are considered failures and have no sale." (This was about the time some of the critics tried to reduce them to ashes.) Then he turned to his assistant or sub-clerk and said, half smiling, "Tom, have we a copy of Matthew Arnold's poems? Here's a customer for them." The assistant looked up with a curious, critical look and a conscious smile, and replied, "Yes, I believe we have," and he went to a high shelf, pulled down a copy, blew the dust from it, and handed it to me. In a recent paper the fact is recorded that 200,000 copies of Matthew Arnold's poems have been sold within six months. Now that the crowd points the way the shade of ignominy in buying them is happily removed.

V.

Perhaps I might as well briefly subjoin in conclusion a handful of paragraphs from my pocket.

Few have an equal care for thought and form. If unequal, it is better if the greater care is for thought. We always go back to those who have spirit and thought, but we never go back to those whose form is "splendidly null, icily regular," it matters not how splendid or regular it is.

It is an absurd notion that the appearance of any new talent or genius dims the radiance of already existing talent or genius. Many distrust, even condemn, anything new until

they become used to it, as may be seen in those who have tried to bury Whitman because he violated existing rules and canons of art. The steady growth of Whitman's fame is a sufficient commentary upon such thinking.

"His [Whitman's] form is not what is called artistic," says Mr. Burroughs, "because it is not brought within the form of the prosodical system, and does not appeal to our sense of the consciously shaped and cultivated. It is essentially the prose form heightened and intensified by a deep, strong, lyric and prophetic note."

This is only a drop from the great volume of convincing praise of Whitman in Mr. Burroughs's new book. It certainly requires patience to try to get accepted a thing refused or misunderstood for no other earthly reason than that it is unlike the things we are accustomed to. Whitman is clear and natural as daylight to many; by "his larger measure of life, his larger hope, his larger love, his larger charity, his saner and wider outlook," he brings, indeed, glad tidings to those who are prepared to receive them. Many, however, of intelligence and open mind remain blind to the inestimable value of his work because of his departure from established manners and forms, because he requires on the part of the reader a totally new attitude of approach.

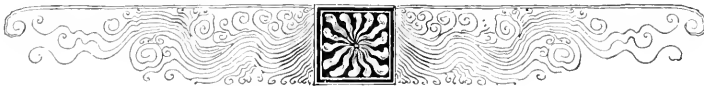
Lord Roseberry recently said that no politician is worth his salt who

allows himself to be hampered by tradition. It appears that artists and writers are happily arriving at the same conclusion in respect to their own class.

VI.

Listen to a fable: A pine tree, tall and green, grew up in a barren field, and one day, looking around at the dull earth and rocks, said to the wind, "Lo, behold I am perfect in form. Henceforth let nothing be considered perfect or beautiful that does not imitate my form, my color, my size, my habits, my individual character." Other pines soon grew up around about until a forest of them covered the field. Now the rocks marvelled at the uniformity of beauty exhibited among the pines, until one rock, greater than any of the others, declared that the pine had acquired too much sway, had become dogmatic and an oppressor of the individuality of others. And the rock whispered these things to the wind which paused to listen. The wind straightway blew itself to a distant land and brought back a seed and dropt it in the earth, from which there immediately sprang up a noble and beautiful elm. The elm was a revelation, and, as all the rocks observed, bore no resemblance whatever to the pine.

This was done in order that the pine might no longer confront with arrogance and conceit the inexhaustibility of nature.



GLEANINGS FROM THE RECORDS OF A STATE.

By Harriet O. Nelson.



THE time was—and it is not very long gone by—when it seemed to be the fashion to regard with a certain mild patronage, not to say contempt,—the study of the history of our own country. Its wonderful birth as a nation, the growth of its institutions, the great men who presided over its rising destinies, were themes left to the mercy of the Fourth of July orator and the political demagogue. The renown of Washington himself was supposed to be fading into insignificance, as if he were a very commonplace personage after all, while the rank and file of the patriots of the Revolution were plebeians from the farm and the plough-share about whom it concerned their descendants to feel no special interest.

A change has passed o'er the spirit of our dreams, now that Colonial Dames, and Sons, and Daughters, and Children of the Revolution are coming to the front in a mighty phalanx with a devotion to the ashes of their sires which surely is a worthy one. Mere sentiment though it be, it is better to be proud of our history than to be indifferent to or be ashamed of it. Let ours no longer be the spirit of the old lady who disapproved of the study of history because she thought it was best to let by-gones be by-gones.

But when a man, and more especially a woman, has become fired with this new flame of interest in the past of her own country and begins to feel in her veins the consuming desire to be enrolled among those Colonial Dames or Daughters of the Revolution, the result is almost sure to be satisfactory if she is a true blue New Englander. Amid the wide and varied ramifications of her ancestry, there is sure to have been some Enoch, or Nathaniel, or Onesiphoras, or Jonathan, who fought at Louisburg or Quebec, or slew some bloody savage with that savage's own tomahawk, or, if he did not actually fall at Bunker Hill or Ticonderoga, missed that crowning boon to his posterity by merely a day or two of delay.

Whether, however, they actually took the field or simply guarded their strip of coast-line or their little settlements, the spirit of these men was always the same, and it is impossible to make any researches among Colonial or Revolutionary records without being filled with a sort of admiring piety for those sturdy old pioneers, who, like Hamlet's friend, were as those in suffering all, who suffered nothing.

In the course of such investigation, it sometimes happens, indeed, that one forgets his original intent, finding a greater interest in the side-glances which he catches of morals,

manners, and ways of living than in the scanty war records of those shadowy grandfathers. Such was the case with two women who, knowing that the red blood of, at least, one Revolutionary hero was coursing in their veins, set out to find traces of him amid the labyrinth of the records and Revolutionary rolls of his native state. Their search for knowledge as to his service was not in vain, but much more than they had anticipated rewarded their toil. From those old records what lights were thrown upon the enterprise, the thrift, the hardships, of those men and women of by-gone days; upon the times when the Indians scared the husbandman from his newly cleared little farm to the shelter of the garrison house, and when for a bushel of salt men were known to have made a journey of eighty miles through a wilderness broken by few roads. With them, the opening of highways was, of course, a work of prime importance, but there is something of a shock when we discover the extent to which those ancestors, in their impoverishment, made use of lotteries for their laudable purpose. Newcastle in 1778 petitioned to be allowed to raise by lottery two thousand dollars to build a bridge, and Hampton in 1791 sought the same permission in order to raise the "causeway and bridge over Hampton river and Salt Meadow sound."

Pembroke petitions for a lottery to build a bridge over the Merrimack and Winchester for one "for a good publick road on the north side of Ashawillot river till it comes opposett to the Farnace."

Hinsdale, in 1795, presents a similar petition which is something of a

curiosity in the way of spelling, and which, like almost all the others, seemed to have been granted. It seeks the privilege of a lottery to raise fifteen hundred dollars for a highway and bridge with "two stone butments, two stone pillors for string peaces to lye on for the Bridge over Ashewillot River. There will be much diging and Bridging to be done on said Road which will make it very Expencesive, although when don will be of grate utility to the Publick as well as Idividdles by shooting a grate Roade leading from the country to the seport towns."

Nor was it for highways alone that lotteries were in demand, George Griffing of Kingston, in 1777, asking for "power to accomplish a Lottery for the sole purpose of assisting him in Endeavours of Increasing the Quantity of salt Sufficient for the Demands of the Publick."

A petition which also was granted was presented in connection with that for the incorporation of Atkinson academy in 1791. Request was made for petition to raise by lottery the sum of one thousand pounds on the plea that "lotteries have been established in the Massachusetts for raising funds to support academies, by means of which considerable sums are daily drawn from the citizens of this state." As the academy was situated near the borders of Massachusetts, it was thought, with an eye to reprisals, that "large sums might be drawn thence and that tickets would met with a ready sale." It was also believed that the obliging people of the Massachusetts would send numbers of their youth to the new institution.

In 1791, Dr. Nathan Smith of Cornish asks for a lottery to pay for a medical library. He pleads his standing as a physician, his "degree of Bachelor of Physic from the University of Cambridge," and his desire that "a number of Young Gentlemen who wish to pursue under his directions a course of studies" should have the advantage of a library of physic and surgery, so that the state may no longer suffer through "the unskilfulness of ignorant Physicians with whom the country has abounded."

If we have made an advance upon our ancestors in our views as to the rightfulness and expediency of lotteries, what a falling off has there been in other respects! Hear what these records teach us of the stern morals of those stanch sires. In 1784, the selectmen of Derryfield (now Manchester) declare that "the breach of the Sabbath is become so frequent that few hours of that day passeth but repeated instances of it is to be seen upon any of our public roads. Not only traveling upon foot and horse but driving loaded teams as if they pursued their secular business upon that day with more alacrity than any other. A practice not only unjustifiable, but the day is not far past that a single instance of it would have been alarming to a whole country. And that it was expressly the command of the Supreme Being that that day should be carefully observed and strictly enjoined upon those who holds the reins of Civil Government to punish the aggressor is well known to your Honors. We look up to you who are our political fathers who has the undoubted right to pass all edicts for the good of the Subject to

pass such a law as will more effectually put a stop to those vicious practises."

Very strict also were their views with regard to theatres. Portsmouth represents to the general assembly in 1773 that times were hard, "that such exhibitions by exciting the Curiosity of the poor draw them off from their necessary Labours and induce them to spend that in gratification of their Curiosity which ought to have purchased Bread for themselves and their Families, thus adding to the burden of the Town; that if encouraged, they will increase the means of Dissipation among us which are already observed with Concern. That they will so engage the attention of our youth as greatly to impede their Progress in the most important parts of Learning both in our schools and among our Handicrafts, and that if one Mr. Morgan and his Fellow Actors, after having attempted to set up there Business in other parts of New England, and being universally refused should settle themselves in this Town in Said Business, we may expect besides the great Expence of maintaining him and them, we shall have others of like character and for the same purpose crowding in upon us to the no small Detriment of the Town and the State." Appended to this appeal is a long list of worthy names, among them those of Samuel Langdon, D. D., and Samuel Haven, D. D.

The severity of military discipline is illustrated by a diary kept during the early part of the Revolutionary War by Capt. Jeremiah Marston. Two men of Colonel Goff's regiment were found guilty by court martial of "leaving their works and playing

cards in the casements," and were sentenced to receive fifty lashes each on their naked Back in front of the Grand Parade. An order recorded July 23, 1762, runs thus: "No soldier to come on the parade without their shoes, as they will be emediately Confined and Punished, and those that have none must be prepared for with shoes, as it is for the good of the service."

Furthermore, "as Complaint has been made that many in the New Hampshire Regiment frequently Curses, Swears, and uses Profane oaths, Taking the Sakered Name of God in vain, which is not only contrary to the Martial Law but highly Displeasing and Provokeing the Great God, whoever is found Guilty of any of the oaths as above will be Dealt with in the severest manner."

This certainly goes even beyond the discipline of the "lovely company" of Cromwell's Ironsides, where "not a man swears but he pays his twelve pence."

There are various documents which show how high party feeling was in those days. Among the statements against Tories is one relative to George March of Stratham, in 1776. "Samuel Calley saith that on Sunday morning last, Capt. George March came and called him up and told him that he had good news to tell him that our army was cut up at Canaday and that the Indians had taken four hundred of our soldiers prisoners and killed twenty, and then made a great shout, and then said Sullivan was surrounded and by this time they have got them all I hope, and further said he would fight for the King till he spilt every drop of his Blood and said that Beetle was

the means of our Defeat and that he was a glorious good fellow."

At Stoddard, in 1776, a certain Oliver Parker, a "reputed Lore" had written the following "Receipt to make a Whig:" "Take of conspiracy and the root of pride three handfulls, two of ambition and vain-glory, pound them in the mortar of faction and discord, boil it in two quarts of dissembling tears, and a little New England rum over the fire of sedition till you find the scum of folly wood to rise on the top, then strain it through the cloths of Rebellion, put it into the bottle of envy, stop it with the cork of malice, make it into the Pills called Conspiracy of which take nine, when going to bed say over your hypocritical prayer and curse your honest neighbor in your bedchamber and then go to sleep if you can, it will have so good an effect that all the next day you will be thinking how to tozzen, cheat, lie, and get drunk, abuse the ministers of the Gospel, cut the throats of all honest men, and plunder the Nation."

For this utterance, Parker was committed to jail in Exeter, November 2, 1778, but seems afterwards to have in some way established his innocence, and to have been released.

Records of slavery as an institution recognized by law are not infrequent. Peter Hanson of Nottingham in 1778, petitions for a divorce on the ground that "your Petitioner was born in that unhappy quarter of the world called Africa, whose inhabitants have been usually stole, transported and sold in the markets of America, like cattle, notwithstanding they have but two legs, and are formed in the same Image as White men."

He states that by his "faithfull and diligent behavior," he had obtained his freedom, and now seeks divorce from one Venus, slave to Mr. Nathaniel Cooper of Dover, whom he had married during his servitude. In his present happy state he has conscientious scruples against raising children to be slaves. This petition seems to have been dismissed. The number of female slaves in London-derry in 1782 is recorded as three.

Here is an interesting glimpse of white slavery. Peter Greeley of Portsmouth, in 1721, states that he "about eight months since Bought an Irish man-servant named Gilbert Ashe for whom I gave thirteen pounds—he was sometime since Imprest, but upon my application to Capt. Samuel Hart, I gott him Released, since which he hath been to the aforesd Capt. Hart and Inlisted himself a Volunteer to go as a soldier to the Eastward, which will be much to my Prejudice if not releaved by your Houors and Incouragement to others to do the Like which will have an Evill Tendency—So asks to have the aforesaid Servant Dismist." This was granted, and the poor fellow doubtless restored to bondage, but one would like to know in which of the unhappy revolts that marked the history of Ireland for so many centuries, he was transported over the seas to a lot from which, with the natural liking of his race for the fray, he sought release by running away to the war.

From those Canadian wars many came not back at all, and petitions for the relief of the families of such are frequent. Quite as frequent are requests for the help of those who did return, bringing back the dread-

ful disease of small-pox. Bills of the expenses incurred in the care of some of the sufferers suggest the method of treatment in vogue in those days. The most frequent items are rum and sugar, but we find also "sider, meat, brad and sass, wine, tea, sope and a Laman." Again we have "Rum and Biscak, Chease for the Nurses, Potatoes, Turnips and Pork." In the parish of Brentwood, where such a list of supplies was thought necessary to carry a family through an attack of small-pox, it seems not singular to learn that two of them died under the treatment.

The use of rum for all purposes and on all occasions reminds us of the custom in the town of Antrim, where all the wood-ashes were carefully saved during the winter term of the school and used at the end to buy rum and ginger-bread for a treat to the minister, the school-committee and other guests, of whom it certainly was true that even in their ashes lived their wonted fires.

Inoculation, the new remedy for small-pox, was so recklessly practised that restrictive measures were judged necessary, as we learn from various documents. The authorities of Portsmouth, in 1776, state that three fourths of the people think it "much less risque of having the small-pox spread the natural way," while in other places a desire is expressed that people be not left to their own sweet will in so important a matter.

That these New Hampshire pioneers, many of whom were of Scotch-Irish origin, and of the straitest sort of Presbyterians, looked upon theological interlopers with stern disfavor appears from some earnest petitions

against Universalists and Baptists, who seem to have been regarded as equally the disseminators of dangerous and pernicious doctrines. On the other hand there is no evidence of special hostility towards Quakers whose requests to be exempted from military service appear to have been readily granted, while a list "of the sons who Listed in his Majesties Service of the people called Quakers in the Canady expeditions" shows the number to have been seventeen. A statement signed by Mr. Cate runs thus: "these may certify that ye People under ya Denomination of quakers in my Company has always ben as Redy to obey orders as ye rest of my company."

The general court, especially after the close of the war, seems to have been looked upon as exercising an almost paternal care and authority over the people of the state. Thus Orford, in 1795, represents that "a certain weed called thistles are very destructive to this part of the state, and seeks that a law might be passed requiring the cutting of them close to the ground in proper season."

In October, 1779, Richmond petitions the "Honorable Council Convened at Exeter" to be granted "the priviledge to Hold our anual meeting on the first Munday of March annually as the last wednesday in march is in the season of the year when wee make shuger." This petition was of course granted. The plaint of John Kathin of Dummerston, Vt., in 1799, seems almost like that of friend to friend. He "humbly shewith that your petitioner was one of the first Familay that settled in the town of Dummerston, then called the aquivilant Lands as early as the year

1752, which was then a howling wilderness and we enjoyed ourselves Very Comfortably for a bout three years without any neighbors within five miles, til the french and Indian war broke out and took Capt. James Johnson and familay from No. 4 and carried them to Canoday, this put us in Grait fear and Distress, we must then leave our farm and all and flee to Garrison and so on for several summers til the war cesed." And now John Kathin prays to be allowed to continue his ferry across the Connecticut without molestation from any.

A still more confidential statement, as to which one wonders how it ever came to be thought worthy of the dignity of a place among the public archives, is that concerning the sad case of Jonathan Leade of Nottingham West, now Hudson. It is dated June ye 9th 1775 and is as follows: "We, the Subscribers being Neighbors to M^r Jon^h Sarles and have been acquainted with him this some time and for his Relief we are Desirous to Let all Generous People know his Conduct and Circumstances &c. He has lived this some Years in the Town of Nottingham West and is (as far as we know), an Honest Principled man and has been honest in his Dealings with mankind as far as he was capable of, to the utmost of his ability,—But fortune has not favored him with the Good things and comforts of this Life by Reasons of Sicknes and other frowns of Providence for he has had Sicknes in his family at certain times for many years Past and more Especially since about five years ago Last April he hath had a Daughter sick and under the care of Physicians the Biggest

part of the time and She is Reduced as it were to a Skeleton and a mear Nothing and is Exceeding Troublesome for she has been confined to her bed this two or three years Past and we Don't know as she is Likely ever to be any better, but may continue so this many years, he has had for her the Advice of many Physicians to no Purpose—he has also two children besides her that will never be capable to maintain and take care of themselves—one of them is twenty-two years of age or near it and has had Convulsion Fitts from a child and is an object of Pitty. The other is about eighteen years of age which is Incapable of Doing much Business for Nature and Providence has not Endowed him with Faculties and Activity Enough to provide for himself and besides all this he is scarcely ever well in health. Mr. Sarles himself is purblind and of late his sight is much Depraved and Impaired being something Advanced in years—he has also another child that is not endowed with Active Lively faculties and foresight sufficient to manage without Directions from time to time, Likewise being not so well Calculated for business as is common by Reason of the Total loss of the sight of one Eye, even from a child Therefore if you that see these Lines think that you can bestow something to such a Needy person and help him a Little in his great Difficulty and trouble, it would be a Deed of Charity."

This is signed by John Mussey, the family physician, and by Dr. Cummings and closes with this poetic appeal: "Let the Chearful heart be open, and Revive The weak and feble while they are yet Alive."

That poverty did not universally prevail and that the men of old enjoyed luxuries as much as their descendants, is indicated by a curious "Inventory of Cloaths &c. Taken by the Indians from Major John Gilman after the Capitulation at Fort William Henry in Aug. 1757." This shows the equipment of an officer in the French and Indian War and is minute in its details. One wonders what the Indians thought the great coat and three other coats, "the 2 worsted capps and 3 Linnen do." the "gold Laced Hatt and the Wigg," the small library consisting of "Bible 2 vols., Sermon-book, Ivory book, book of Military Discipline," the brass ink-pot and paper of ink powder, the dozen "Teacups and Sausers, knives and forks and wine-glasses &c, &c." Of the several jackets, one was of "Fine Duroy lined with the same, one of Scarlet broadcloth fine and new-lined with white Tammy, another of Cutt Velvet figured" and still another "of Green Silk Camblet trimed with Silver Twist on Vellum." The value was estimated at £330, s. 13, "new allowed," and the Council awards him in compensation for his loss the sum of £160.

The unique spelling and punctuation of so many of these documents would indicate that in spite of the love of sound learning which characterized our ancestors, the schoolmaster was not yet much abroad among them. Specimens like this are not uncommon—"Salem in New Hamshir March 6th 1778, Mr. Nick Gilman, Steate treasury Sur plesse to pay to Cap'. Jeremiah Dow my Beletin and rosions and twile A Blige yours to sarve, Benj. Hall."

On the other hand, one is con-

stantly impressed with the good sense and shrewdness of many of these papers. The instructions to representatives given at a legal town-meeting in Portsmouth Nov. 27, 1780, is a model of the best English of the time and a paper of such force and dignity that it compares favorably with the best campaign papers of our own day.

"At a time when our obstinate foes are pluming themselves on their skill in financing, building their fond hopes of conquest upon our want of experience in that art and the failure of our paper Currency, while our agriculture alliances and resources are increasing; with pungent sorrow we behold our medium of trade, the nerves and sinews of our defence

labouring under the loss of public faith; without enquiring into the policy of former administrations or faulting them for not taking other measures to prevent its depreciation which have had a contrary effect; realizing that public and private credit must ever be supported by integrity and honour; we instruct you to revise all the laws now existing respecting our paper-currency and to use your influence for the repeal of any inconsistent with those principles; and for enacting such as shall give credit and permanency to the currency, rescue the widow and orphan from the hand of oppression and injustice, and fix a lasting criterion for commentative justice between the subjects of this state."

HOW AN OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN WAS NAMED.

By H. H. Hanson.



THE history of the manner in which the old New England towns were settled and the circumstances under which they were named oftentimes forms a story as interesting as any novel. Having all the fascination of adventure and romance which belongs to the latter, these histories possess the merit of truth also, which gives a story possessing it a great advantage over any fictitious writings.

The town of Barrington, N. H., although not among the oldest in the state, has a very interesting story of its settlement and the incident which contributed its name, and strangely enough but few people even of the

town itself could tell how it came to be named.

About 1720, at a time when Indian wars were prevalent, and the struggle between France and England was growing hot and fierce, a man-of-war, belonging to King George I, put into Portsmouth harbor for repairs. A contract was made with the authorities to furnish means for the repairs, and after these were completed the clumsy old fighter sailed away, leaving the town with a heavy debt to be paid by taxation. Accordingly, the next year an additional tax was laid on the 277 voters of the town to pay for the work done on the ship. To reward the people of Portsmouth, the king granted them, by proclamation,

a tract of land for a new town, giving to each of the 277 men according to his share of the taxes.

This proclamation, in the name of "George I, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith," was dated May 10, 1722, and signed by Samuel Shute, governor of the province of New Hampshire. It gave and granted this land to "All such of our loving subjects as are at Present Inhabitants of our Town of Portsmouth within our Province of New Hampshire, and have paid rates in said town for four years last past, to be divided among them in proportion to their respective town rates, which they paid the year last past." In addition to this territory granted to the taxpayers, the new town was to include, "Also the 2-mile streak granted to the Hon. John Wentworth Esq., George Jaffrey, Archibald Macphaedris Esq., and Mr. Robert Wilson, Proprietors of the iron-works lately started at Lamprey River, for their encouragement and accomidation."

This two-mile streak extends from Nottingham to Rochester adjoining Madbury and Lee.

The conditions of the grant were "that they build fifty dwelling houses and settle families in each within seven years, and break up three acres of ground for each settlement, and plant or sow ye same within seven years;

"That a meeting house should be built for ye Public worship of God within ye term of seven years.

"That two hundred acres of land be reserved for a Parsonage, two hundred acres for ye first minister of ye gospel, and one hundred acres for ye benefit of a school." In the event

of an Indian war during the seven years, they were to have the seven years following the close of the war in which to fulfil the conditions.

This tract of land was twelve miles long and six and a half broad, and was laid off in ranges of a mile wide, running lengthwise of the tract; these were divided into lots numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, up to 277, beginning at southern end of the east range. The proprietors drew their lots; the man getting No. 1 had the number of acres corresponding to his share of the taxes laid off at the beginning of the first range, the man drawing No. 2 received the next lot, and so on till all were taken up. The two-mile streak was reserved for the benefit of the ironworks. In laying off the lots, when they came to a pond, as Ayers' pond, in the first range, they surveyed it, numbered its acres, and left the lot in course beyond it. A man by the name of Parker drew lot 149, containing six hundred and forty-eight acres, which fell on the top of a mountain, hence the name of Parker's mountain, which is more commonly known as the Blue Hills.

Some of the proprietors settled on their lots, but more threw them into the market, and it is an interesting fact that only one farm now remains in the possession of the direct descendants of the original proprietors. This belongs to the heirs of the late Sanborn Parshley of Strafford.

The first meeting of the proprietors was held in Portsmouth May 28, 1722, with Robert Wibert, as moderator, and Clement Hughes, clerk. At another meeting held June 14, it was voted to give forty-two lots of forty acres each, as near the centre of the tract as the land would admit, to

such persons as would fulfil the conditions of the charter. After some little time men were found who agreed to settle on the conditions, and a committee was chosen to proceed with them to the place. This committee reported June 27, 1727, that after having been upon the land, and having with them certain persons who had agreed to settle, "The land proving to be so extraordinary bad by reason of its being so extremely rocky and strong that none of those present would accept it and they thought it impracticable to settle upon it." At last, after many meetings, by making liberal offers, the required number of settlers was obtained. In 1741, the proprietors asked for and received of the general assembly, power to raise and collect rates upon themselves the same as possessed by towns.

For twelve years the settlers fought the Indians and raised corn, cut down the forests, built homes for their families, and laid the foundation for a thriving town, but as yet the place belonged to Portsmouth.

The first town meeting was called by Capt. William Cate, and held at his house, known as the "Old Garrison." It was called by the authority of the general assembly of the province, authorizing the settlers to organize a town, and was held March 27, 1754. Arthur Daniellson was chosen moderator; Hugh Montgomery, clerk; William Cate, Samson Babb, and Phederece Macutchen,

selectmen. The name of the old man-of-war which sailed into Portsmouth harbor for repairs was the *Barrington*, so this was the name proposed for the new town, since it was through the old ship that it came to be settled.

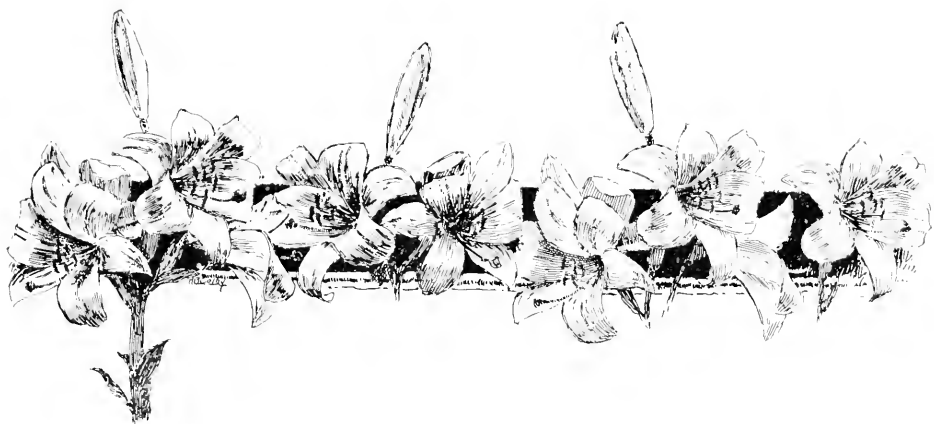
The "Old Garrison" was built by the Cates among the first houses in town. It was constructed of logs, with the upper story projecting over the lower, after the manner of the garrisons of that day, and was well provided with loopholes.

The story runs that one time an Indian came out in sight of the garrison on a knoll, which is still pointed out, and was, perhaps, two hundred yards from the fort; one of the defenders sent a bullet through the Indian, killing him instantly. It was then thought to have been a wonderful shot.

For a century and a half the "Old Garrison" stood, till it was torn down, about 1870. Some of its old timbers still did good service but a short time ago as fence-rails near the place where traces of the old fort are still visible on the farm of Frank Clark near Barrington Depot.

Difficulties arising from the size of the town and other causes, in 1820 it was divided, and the northwestern half incorporated as Strafford. The remaining portion still perpetuates the name of the old man-of-war that sailed into Portsmouth for repairs, one hundred and seventy-five years ago.





MY PRAYER.

Alice Ray Rich.

Dark is the way, dear Father,
The light I cannot see,
O help me now my faith to keep,
To fully trust in Thee.

Along a thorny path,
With bleeding feet I tread,
Unknown what lies before me
Or whither I am led.

But grant me this, my Father—
That I may feel alway
Through every care and trial,
That Thou wilt be my stay.

Wilt Thou draw very near
To listen as I pray ;
And later these veiled eyes
Shall see the perfect day.





THOREAU FALLS.



THE NEW ZEALAND NOTCH.

UNFAMILIAR NOOKS OF WHITE MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

By J. M. Cooper.



LIDDEN away in the heart of the White Mountain region of New Hampshire are many scenic gems whose inaccessibility leaves them free from the intrusion of the summer tourist and gives their less attractive, but more popular, kindred resorts the precedence. Unfortunately the lumber vandal has, in most cases, set foot where the regular visitor has failed to reach, and has despoiled these picturesque spots of most of their natural beauty.

The New Zealand notch is just such a beautiful gift of Nature robbed of its virgin forest-growth and picturesqueness by the ruthless axe of the lumber-king which has given it a wildness and roughness of character that neither the terrific

storms of winter nor the ravages of the lightning-bolt could have accomplished. The huge boulders and masses of granite that repose on the sides of the lofty peaks by which it is inclosed, have been exposed by the disappearance of the thick spruces that formerly held sway over them and now loom up, thousands of feet above the level of the heart of this immense gulch, with awe-inspiring grandeur.

Till within recent years a lumber railroad traversed about fourteen miles through its centre, opening up a vast forest reserve, which soon disappeared under the heavy inroads on it by the woodman's axe, and affording the curious and those willing to stand the roughness of such a trip an opportunity to view some of the



Howe's Pond and Mount Willey.

grand and majestic scenery to be found within its domains. But the hunter, the disciple of Izaak Walton, and the lumber-men have been its only visitors, and since the railroad was torn up after its mission had been accomplished but few ever penetrate its depths.

Taking an early morning train one October morning to Fabyans, that well known centre of White Mountain travel, the writer was notified to leave it at Zealand, a small flag station a mile or two to the south of it, and there found in waiting the diminutive engine, J. E. Henry (so named

from the lumber king who has devastated this section), and a combination baggage and smoking car, containing a party of railroad officials who had assembled at Mr. Henry's invitation for a trip over his unique road. He also learned that it was the first passenger train ever run over the Zealand Valley railroad as Mr. Henry called his road. Steam was up and the party quickly



The Highest Trestle on the Zealand Valley Railroad.

started on its long-to-be-remembered trip. The New Zealand notch lies between the Willey and Rosebrook ranges on one side while the Twin Mountain range is a most effective guard on the opposite side. The narrow inlet through its wild depths is filled by the course of the Zealand river, which roars and tosses with elfish glee as it descends to join forces with the noisy Ammonoosuc miles below, and the narrow roadbed on which the train slowly and silently glided to its destination. Up and up it crawled, until in some places the grade reached 285 feet to the mile; round and round, in a tortuous way it wound through the valley, its passage recalling the trail of a snake; more enchanting and glorious were the scenic vistas opened up to view; still more madly did the angry torrent descry its way, until after seven miles' travel over a well laid roadbed Zealand pond was



Cascade in New Zealand Notch.

reached, a rise of 1,100 feet having been successfully overcome.

During the journey a driving sleet had made its presence uncomfortably felt, and had confined most of the party to the cosy interior of the car in which a substantial fire blazed merrily. At the pond the altitude is considerably over two thousand feet above sea-level, and on a raw October morning the weather in those isolated



Mount Bond.



Near the Top of Jumping Brook.

quarters is apt to be anything but warm. But the host had prepared his guests for the wintry elements that would probably prevail, and all were comfortably clothed.

The river was crossed several times during the trip by huge trunks of trees seemingly carelessly piled on top of each other and supporting a trestle of most solid appearing proportions. Strong cables kept the bridge from being swept away by the spring freshets that rush through the valley with fearful velocity. On all sides were evidences of the terrible devastation that the lumber vandal had accomplished, while the course of the great fire that swept its surface bare a few years ago was

plainly apparent. Ever and anon, more from lack of accessibility than from sentiment, a group of virgin spruces or maples had been spared on the top or near the summit of one of the lofty peaks that surround the notch and stood there, a keen rebuke to the lumber fiend.

As the train stopped at Zealand pond, a small but pretty little sheet of clear water, whose surface mirrored the rocky monarchs towering above it, the source of its supply was plainly visible. Straight from the rugged top, barred by neither rock nor other natural dam, sped the sparkling mountain rill, the crested peaks and boulders echoing its murmur and its silvery trail being occasionally hidden from view by a sudden bend in its path. The picture was fascinating in the extreme, and it was with regret that the party turned their delighted gaze to one of the large lumber camps with which the line of travel is dotted. Here full justice was done to an appetizing array of hot doughnuts, coffee, and other good things to eat and drink, and then the car was boarded again for Thoreau Falls, the scenic wonder of this bare and bleak wilderness.

On the way a brief halt was made for an inspection of one of the most beautiful bits of scenery the expedition had yet afforded. Right in the heart of this bare tract an offshoot of the river had strayed and had encountered in its wanderings a pile of unused timber over which it had fallen into a rocky gulch below, forming a most natural waterfall and giving it the appearance of a big glittering diamond in a rough, dark setting. The camera fiends in the party could not withstand such a picture and it

was quickly transferred to their plates and is here reproduced.

The train pulled up again to give the company a chance to gaze into a small building where over thirty Italians were housed. How they ever lived in such close quarters is inexplicable except to them, but their faces reflected their happiness, and the huge preparation of macaroni that was under way told of the capacity of their appetites. There were comfortable quarters for them in the camps but they preferred to dwell apart from the French Canadians, who, for the most part, compose the crew of woodcutters and teamsters, and enjoy home comforts.

From the pond to the falls, the distance is about four miles, two only of which were then traversed by the railroad. The balance of the way had been cleared and graded, so that the trip to the falls was easy of foot. The car trended southward through a beautiful valley at the base of lofty peaks whose virgin slopes had not then been destroyed,—every yard of the route some fresh sylvan scene calling forth admiration and impressing its beauty on the memory. Finally the end of the road was reached and the roar of the waters told of the proximity of the falls. But a good mile of easy walking had to be accomplished before the party



Near the Mouth of Jumping Brook.

were brought face to face with a scene of surpassing grandeur.

The east branch of the Pemigewasset river descends two hundred feet in less than half a mile and forms a magnificent waterfall. The name of Thoreau was bestowed on this mighty cataract by H. M. Sweetzer, the author of the White Mountain guide which bears his name, in honor of the poet and naturalist Thoreau, whose pen has so graphically described in verse the beauties of the region through which the Pemigewasset flows, and whose name (Thunder-water) is so fittingly applicable.

A well known authority on White Mountain scenery thus writes of this great fountain in the wilderness: "The height of these falls, the volume of plunging waters, and the wildness of the surrounding scenery, present a picture, which, for rough grandeur, is not equalled in the region. The waters in their course present the form of a boomerang. They descend down a series of immense rocky ledges, worn smooth by the friction of ages. First they make a slanting tumble of from fifty to sixty feet, at the left or southern side and foot of which their course is impeded by huge granite walls rising high above the stream, which switch off the entire volume of water at an angle of about twenty-five degrees to the right and pitch it down another incline of nearly eighty feet; and onward it frets and foams down a series of lesser leaps to the valley below. The agitation and fomenting of the

waters is creative of considerable spray, which, at times, is whirled by the wind in a style not very conducive to the dryness of the spectator."

Standing at the top of the falls the view was very impressive. Far away old Lafayette raised his hoary head above a dim outline of ranges of mountains. Several hundred feet below stretched the peaceful valley with its vast array of protecting and desecrated peaks and bare trunks of fast rotting and moss-covered trees. All around were the roaring, foaming, whirling waters, dashing here and there in wild confusion till they found the outlet they desired. No pen can adequately describe that scene. Standing at the base and gazing upward it seemed as if the little company would be engulfed by the avalanche of water that swept over those massive granite ledges.

Thoroughly satiated, yet loth to leave this romantic and fascinating spot, steps were retraced to the car, and within an hour the little band had dispersed to their various abodes with grateful thanks to their host for his enjoyable outing, and the incidents and scenes of the day had become mind photographs to be reproduced with ever pleasant remembrances of that October day in the heart of the White hills.

With its natural attractions intact and its primitive condition unmo-
lest, it is difficult to conceive of a resort that would prove more alluring to the lover of the beautiful in Nature than the New Zealand notch.



THE RIVER OF TEARS.

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE CONNECTICUT.

By G. Waldo Browne.

"Still linger in our northern clime
Some memories of that olden time,
And still around our mountains here
We hold the ancient titles dear."



AT a time long ago when Nature's God looked smilingly on Nature's children; long ere the coming of the Pale-faced brotherhood, ere the wild deer had learned to listen for the cry of fire-rod which was to speak its doom, ere the sons of the forest had read in the signs of the falling leaf their own swift-coming decay, ere the river of many tongues had made its silvery trail from the brow of the snow-bound plains to the bosom of the great sea, that there dwelt on the edge of a beautiful valley of the Coo-ash a goodly band of red men. Game abounded plentifully in the wide-spreading woods and in the waters swam fish of many kinds, so the dusky braves knew no fear of famine, and their hearts were light.

Among all that free-hearted band none was so light of heart as the chief's daughter, Winota, the Princess of the Pines, whose tresses vied with the deep azure of these ancient forests, whose eyes were like twin stars at eventide, and whose songs were as free as the mountain brook. She knew no care, while her brothers in their wisdom watched over the tribe with zealous pride.

It happened that while they were away on their fall hunt one day a strange hunter, coming afar from the land of the setting sun, appeared in the vale of Coo-ash, where the sons of the Pines had raised their tepees. Seeing it was a goodly spot, he raised his wigwam just across the valley, and that night his campfire starred the forest-background.

The Coos, though amazed at the boldness of the unknown, liked the sight of him, and the old men of the tribe offered him the pipe of peace. And, while the fragrant odor of the brotherly offering ascended unto the Great Spirit, a smile from the sinking sun rested on the white-browed mountain, telling that it was well to be friendly. Then the stranger told how he had come far from the land of his fathers to seek for her whose charms had been borne to him so far away. While he spoke his eyes looked on the Princess of the Pines. She, her cheeks bearing the tint of the sumach in autumn, as it was proper, withdrew from the gaze of the bold comer.

When hearts are young, hearts are easily lead. Lewara of the trackless trail was comely of appearance and easy of speech. Those who are wise

in the lore of youthhood can read the rest. Under the pine's beckoning arms, with the sun's gold on the tree-tops, the princess and her lover drew near to each other. Her songs took on unwonted sweetness, while he whispered to her secrets only the children of hearts can understand.

All too swiftly to Winota passed the short autumn days, until she began to look for the return of her brothers. Then for the first time in her life, fear crept into her heart and the brightness of her eyes was dimmed by tears. She knew that her brothers had planned for her to marry an old chief, whom she did not like, and she knew equally as well that their wills were not to be brooked. She feared they would not look with favor on Lewara's wooing.

He listened to her story with a smile, assuring her that he was with his people a mighty chief, and that he could convince her brothers it would be well for him to wed their sister. He was not afraid to make his request.

There were signs of a storm in the sky on the afternoon when the hunters of Coo-ash, led by the brothers, returned from their chase, heavily laden with their spoils. And Lewara, anxious to end Winota's suspense and his, met the brothers to speak the word uppermost in a true lover's heart.

How the proud chiefs of the Coos

met the lone lover has never been told, and what was said, and the stormy scene which followed, only the ear of the Great Father heard, and only the Great Eye saw. Finally, tired of waiting longer for their coming, some of the braves sought their chiefs, to find them lying at the head of the little valley in the mute embrace of death. Near by them, still clutching the knife which had drunk their life blood, lay Lewara, of the trackless trail, as still as they.

Then there was weeping and wailing among the Coos. At first Winota was dumb. Refusing the company of her maids, she sought the lonely spot where her lover had plead with her obdurate brothers, until a quarrel had been awakened. There the fountains of her lustrous eyes poured forth their sacred treasures. Her grief was so great that for a time none durst approach her. She refused to be comforted, the hillsides echoing back her wailings of anguish, while her tears fell faster and faster, bigger and bigger, gathering and swelling, swelling and rolling onward down the valley, finding rest only when they had reached the bosom of the great sea. And thus, through the poor Indian maiden's grief, was born the mighty river which runs from the highland of the north to the big sea of the south, the silver-voiced Connecticut.



UP KEARSARGE IN WINTER.

By William P. Houston.



AM sure the sun never rose over a fairer winter morning than that of Christmas Day, 1897.

It was my good fortune then to be in New London for a few days, having cast aside my business cares and gone forth into the beautiful country where I could once more feel in touch with Nature.

Leaving the train at Potter Place on Wednesday afternoon, I found the fields and hills covered with a light mantle of snow, and Mount Kearsarge, always an object of delight to me, was doubly grand and attractive that day, being covered with hoar frost far down its rugged side, and gleaming with rosy tints from the sunset sky as we journeyed past its base towards New London.

For two days I gave myself up to the enjoyment of my friends and of the quiet beauty of the country, recalling past days spent among those well loved hills and amid those scenes of perennial grandeur. What a different world I had entered! and in contrast with the mighty rush, and roar, and confusion of the great city I had left behind, how grateful to tired ears was the silence of the winter! In the city, the wearying strife and struggle; here, the gentle Mother Earth singing her "mystic lullaby songs," and offering rest and refreshment to the sons of men.

Thursday and Friday the weather

was bitterly cold, and snow squalls innumerable flitted through the sky, driven by a vigorous northwest wind, shutting out by turns the hills from our view, and changing into chaos the wintry landscape.

Christmas day dawned clear and bright, with the mercury at two below zero, and with such a keen and "nipping" air as only the strong man needs to summon him to activity. An early morning message came through the vibrant air, I dare say from the mountain spirits answering to my own, calling me up Kearsarge. A charming Christmas Day, I thought, how could I employ it in a more sincere and worthy action? Five or six times in summer, in years gone by, had I ascended Kearsarge, and as many times been charmed by its magnificent prospect; and I had now left the city fully decided, if the snow and weather conditions permitted, to make the ascent in winter, even going so far before leaving Boston as to make partial arrangements with a friend to join me in this pleasant business,—a friend who has been my companion on several White Mountain excursions, and one of several whom I have come to associate with whatever is grand and beautiful in natural scenery.

For a mountain climb the queen of winter days was now come, and at nine o'clock I received a message from my friend in Boston saying he

would come by train at 11:59 that day for the Kearsarge trip.

At the appointed time I met him with horse and wagon at the station, the snow not yet deep enough for sleighing. In the extreme coldness of the day the snow creaked and moaned under our wheels as we advanced, while our breath exhaled came streaming out like fog in the frosty air. The mountain road had evidently frozen suddenly during deep mud, and so were left extremely rough, the light snow only serving to conceal their real condition. We made fairly good progress, notwithstanding, and in one and a half hours had reached the Winslow House, where, in a warm, sunny corner of the shed, we left our horse now snugly wrapped in blankets till our return.

The snow proved not the slightest hindrance to our progress, and what glare ice we found was easily avoided. In fact, I never made the ascent more easily in summer, nor found more beautiful things to please the eye.

To him who has eyes for that sort of thing, the earth, no less than the heavens, declares the glory of God; and in the crystal snowflakes lying at our feet, or decking with graceful, feathery flowers the branches under which we walked; in the golden sunbeams strewing through the trees; in the delicate tracery of the frost; and in the open vistas through the woods revealing some distant mountain scene, we found rich specimens of God's handiwork.

As showing how mistaken is a prevailing notion, that a high mountain in winter is a place of death and desolation, my friend remarked the countless tracks of mice and rabbits

and foxes; and other signs of life came to our ears in the form of chit-tling squirrels, the gentle chirp of birds, and the sudden whirr of a partridge from almost beneath our feet. Arriving at the summit we put on and buttoned closely about us our thickest overcoats, though the air was as quiet as it had been below, and the temperature was not appreciably colder.

What an array of hills and mountains greeted our vision! It was as if an assemblage of the hills had been called together in review; and, arrayed in holiday attire of purest white, to which were added resplendent colors borrowed from the low-lying southern sun, stood out there for our inspection and delight.

I know not that I can put into adequate words for others the visions of that hour, and only a hint and suggestion is here attempted. Though not so high as many of the peaks of New Hampshire, Kearsarge affords, by its central and comparatively isolated position, one of the most charming prospects of lake and valley, of cultivated lowlands and distant mountains, that I have found anywhere in the state; and if the view in summer is grand and inspiring to the lover of Nature, and calls forth praise in the devout soul to the Creator of heaven and earth, what shall we say of the prospect in winter?

The range of vision, in a clear day like this, covers the distance from Wachusett on the south to the Presidential range on the north, approximately one hundred and twenty-five miles; and its distance from the White Mountains renders Kearsarge an especially fine view-point from which to see those majestic heights.

We recognized and called by name some forty or fifty peaks, and saw also many of the Green mountains of Vermont, with whose names I am not familiar. And then, too, the conditions were so perfect as to lights and shades, clouds and sunshine, that we had the utmost variety of effects.

Nearly all the mountains of the state were visible except the Presidential range, and what lay directly beyond, and even Mount Washington, now densely covered by a bank of cloud, I had clearly seen from Low Plain during the forenoon.

Among the more prominent peaks were several, which, from the unusual appearance presented, will remain forever memorable as revelations of what distant mountains, in a perfect winter day, can be. Moosilauke, forty-two miles away, was at first sombre and gloomy as it lay in the shadow of a cloud, but suddenly the sun burst out in glory upon its broad sides and revealed to us a brilliant, snow-capped summit, and then a moment later a shining halo of cloud stood above the bright peak and rested there a while, suffused with modest hues of color, and suggestive of the pillar of cloud by day that guided the ancient camp of Israel. Once or twice with glass we saw distinctly the house upon its summit. One of the peaks of Tripyramid, forty-five miles distant, showed the dazzling snow upon one of its vast landslides as the sun was reflected full in our faces, like a sparkling diamond in its silver setting. How it gleamed afar over the shoulder of Sandwich Dome! Paugus and Sandwich Dome, and especially Whiteface and Passaconaway, lofty and massive, blending together in outline,

and seeming from this point as one, were dark and sullen in their aspect, and not once smiled in our presence, while Mount Kinsman, of the Franconia group, though at first cold and blue in the distance, warmed up at length and flashed back a message of gladness as we waited.

Perhaps the most kingly of all was Lafayette, the peak that stands sentinel over the upper Penigewasset valley, the deep, clear-cut Franconia Notch, and the Old Man of the Mountain. Towering 5,259 feet above the sea, snow-capped, ribbed, and seamed by winter's frosts and summer's showers and lightning, it was a sight worth a day's hard climb, if necessary, to see. Unspeakably grand it was when, being still in shadow, the sun shot out his shafts of piercing light and changed its summit into a mass of radiant beauty. Chocorua, too, probably the most alpine of all the peaks in view, was now dark and forbidding, and anon brilliant and sparkling in the wintry sunshine, piercing the sky with its pure and unsullied snow. A more inspiring scene I think I never witnessed.

Of course we missed the sparkling water of the lowland lakes and ponds that charm the eye in summer, for now they were covered with ice and snow, and, except for their level surfaces, looked like the surrounding country. Towns and villages, too, were not so clearly visible as in summer, but one who loves the mountains for their own sake can easily forego sights of that kind. The thing that a mountain best reveals is other mountains, and this day the earth fairly bristled with them.

Useful as are the mountains in the economy of the earth, they fulfil a

yet higher purpose in their influence upon the mind and soul of man,—incomparable in their value, like the sunshine that daily floods the earth with warmth and gladness.

I have never tried seriously to analyze my emotions when perched on the top of one of these mighty uplifts, nor inquired what it is especially that causes my sensations of delight. Of course, there is always the thought of greatness in a physical sense, which is in itself impressive, but there is also more than that, as there is more than beauty in the rose.

There are soul and mind effects which escape our attempts to analyze. To define is always to limit, and here before us was the well-nigh illimitable, as good as infinite, which we will rather remember as such. At such a time the sensitive soul is touched, and there enter, among other things, the elements of worship which Carlyle calls "transcendent wonder; wonder of that which has no limit or measure."

Chiefly, I love the mountains for their rugged grandeur and for their quiet reserve of strength, and for the

noble outlooks they afford of vast extents of country, and I love also their solitudes and their silent paths, so conducive to meditation. Silent and serene they stand in their lofty sphere, practically changeless from age to age in a world of change around them. Far above the sins and follies and tragedies of human life, they seem to belong to a realm not altogether earthly, and their message is of eternity and love.

Descending the mountains, with unwilling feet, we reached the base in season to see the glories of the sunset overspread the heavens, and the king of day went down in a blaze of splendor. My friend reached the station in season to take the evening train for Boston, and while with team I wended my way homeward, darkness came stealthily over the face of the earth, and the stars came out, those "street lamps of the city of God." And in my heart was a tranquil peace, which the day's experience had begotten, and I did not wonder that the Creator said as he surveyed the completed work of his hand, "Behold, it is very good!"



DANIEL WEBSTER AT HOME.

A REMINISCENCE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By A. Lovett Stimson.



IN a poetical sense, not absolutely nonsense, Daniel Webster, New Hampshire's mighty son, was to mankind in general, what her Mount Washington is among the rest of the lofty eminences of the Granite state. His majestic mien and entire personality were not lost or one whit minimised even among the grând-looking statesmen of Old England when upon his unofficial visit to "Albion's chalky cliffs" (in 1844 was it not?) he walked in Downing street or visited the house of commons. His personal appearance, combining with a physique almost herculean, a dark, grave face under dome-like forehead, slow walk, natural dignity of carriage, never disturbed from its accustomed poise by the human current on the sidewalks of London, or in any other concourse, arrested the sight of many, even of the most hurried, in the great thoroughfares of banking and commerce. And it was so obvious that he was "not of them though among them," it set them to wondering who in the world (or out of it) he was. Some indeed regarded him as god-like.

Some days after Mr. Webster's return to the United States, and his summer home in Franklin, N. H., he was prevailed on to receive a public

reception by his friend, Professor Stuart, and the people of that agricultural region among the Granite hills. Just then, I happened to be sojourning, together with three or four youngsters from Boston, with a Boscawen youth, Charlie Webster, a nephew of the great man, and in high glee accompanied them in their short ride to the scene of oration. [At that period, I was an intense admirer of the hot-shot, bomb-shells, and other political explosives of *The Boston Daily Atlas*, in those days the Samson Aganistes of the Whig press, with Richard Haughton at the fore; consequently I took notes of the rural entertainment, and Mr. Webster's off-hand speech and my report was duly printed in the *Atlas* next day.]

The *barbecue*—so I think the country-folk called it—was a *fish-chowder*, made by the apt hands of Mr. Webster himself. That was the beauty of it. The big caldron in which the piscatory treat was to be cooked, was first of all paved with slices of salt pork made from the most amiable two-year-old porker in the county. When it had sizzled long enough to become "brown as a crisp," a layer of fish (in chunks) was placed on the pork, then sliced onions and potatoes, then Boston hard crackers. The same order of layers was repeated

several times, and sufficient water added, then boiled; forgot how long it took, or how many times the caldron was replenished in the same order. Indeed, I can't make affidavit to just what share the defender of the Constitution took in making that memorable chowder, but as he was a born fisherman and had often cooked what he caught in Massachusetts bay, making his fire upon the rocky shore, assisted by Peter Harvey, or his favorite boatman, both of whom were capital cooks, I never doubted his ability to satisfy in that line the appetites of the big gathering of farmers, who, with their wives and bouncing daughters, crowded the pleasant piney grove in which the long, rough board tables, covered with white muslin, were set, not a little to the surprise of innumerable chewinks, robins, thrushes, and other feathered vocalists of the forests.

Professor Stuart presided: the idol of the multitude, which flanked the feast-laden tables, sitting in calm majesty at his right hand. I forgot who it was said grace, but it was a commendably short one, and then whew! What a clatter of bowls, and spoons, and knives, and forks! Still, all was done well, including the chowder, but there was great expectation for the coming speech. I had been in hopes that addressing a purely agricultural crowd of his bucolic neighbors, Mr. Webster would give us some gleanings from his recent observation of the condition and peculiarities of the cultivation of the soil, and stock-raising in England and Scotland, but Professor Stuart (I was told so at any rate), induced him to take as his theme "The Political Status

in the United States, and the Supreme Importance of the Constitution."

Fish-chowder is not a powerful stimulant in oratorical effort, and Mr. Webster's address was more solid than animating. However, the festival was enjoyable as a whole, and made folks feel good.

When it was over, we young Bostonians (B. F. Stevens, now the president of the New England Life Insurance Company, Fred Warren, Chas. Betten, and Will. Furness, constituting a quartette "hard to beat") accompanied Charles Webster to his Uncle Daniel's modest home—a two-story frame farmhouse, where the expounder of the Constitution received us in his slippers and dressing-gown, quite informally, and apparently with much personal satisfaction. Only he and the six young men were present until another fellow of the same age, but a shade or two darker than our distinguished host, came in, bearing thoughtfully a salver on which were six wine glasses appropriately filled.

Never having signed a total abstinence pledge (albeit author of a temperance novel) I sipped the wine like the rest of the fellows and glided aptly into a talk with Mr. Webster as to his experiences in England and Scotland, and his opinion as to agricultural methods and conditions there, especially in Scotland. He appeared pleased to find us interested in that subject, and invited us to look at his stock.

Of course, we were only too glad, and donning his farm hat—a broad-brim straw—and still wearing slippers and gown, he led the way, via a short alley, past a pig-sty, to the well-appointed barn. Leaning

against the home of the Berkshire sow was a tall, farmer-like native, whom Mr. Webster saluted with an inquiry as to a stray piggie which was trotting happily across the path.

"Hallo, John," said our host, "how did this fellow get out?"

"He rooted out, sir," was the reply.

"Ugh!" grunted the statesman, "a radical!"

Who says that Webster's brain was too solid to be witty? He shew us a monarch of his herd, a Durham bull, and a few Jersey cows, and shortly after bade us a gracious farewell that was especially kindly to the son of his beloved brother Ezekiel.

SOME STATE SCHOOL STATISTICS FOR 1897.

By Fred Gowing, Ph. D., Superintendent of Public Instruction.

IN the 233 towns, comprising 265 districts, there were maintained 2,196 public schools, of which 602 were graded, and 62 were high schools. More than twenty-five per cent. of the schools, 553, have 12 scholars or fewer; 123 have 6 scholars or fewer. The average school year was 26.91 weeks, a gain over 1896 of nearly 4 days.

In the number of school-houses there is a decrease of 29, making a present total of 1,917—102 were reported unfit for use, 14 fewer than the year before. There were built during the year 18 school-houses. The total number of school-rooms is 2,563. The value, estimated, of buildings and sites is \$3,284,120.61, nearly \$5,000 more than in 1896. The value of apparatus is placed at \$104,667.

The truant officers, or agents appointed by school boards, found 33,184 boys and 32,955 girls between the ages of 5 and 16 years, 10,346 more than the enumeration of 1896

indicated. In attendance 2 weeks or more were 32,488 boys, 311 fewer than in the year preceding, and 31,719 girls, 611 more than in 1896. This variation is possibly due to labor conditions. A decrease of 392 children over 16 years of age in the schools may also indicate a necessity for the older children to aid in the maintenance of families. The number under 6 years of age in school was 6,040, a gain of 177; the number between 6 and 16 in school was 54,375, an increase of 478. The average attendance was 87 per cent., or 47,717, or an increase of 4,620. Schools were larger than in 1896, the average attendance at each school being 21.72 children against 19.66 in 1896. Attending private schools were 1,657 more children than in 1896, or 6,241. This may indicate a material increase over preceding years in the attendance of pupils on parochial schools, or it may mean more care on the part of school boards in determining the exact number in such schools. The latter is probably nearer the actual fact.

The high schools kept on an average 2.11 weeks longer than in 1896, 34.44 weeks; 4,766 pupils were not absent during the year; 2,219 children between 5 and 15 years of age were reported as not attending any school, a startling increase of 591.

Here is clear evidence of neglect of duty by school boards, or parents, or both. Or is it possible that poverty and inability on the part of parents to prepare children properly for school compelled this increasingly large number of children to be deprived of school privileges? Three thousand eight hundred and twenty-four pupils, an increase of 394, were in high schools.

In grades below the high school 202 male teachers were employed as in 1896. The average monthly wage was \$37.10, a decrease of \$1.65. Of female teachers in the same grades there was a diminution of 172, the total number being 2,509. The probable meaning of this is an increased permanency of tenure. It is a highly gratifying condition, if school boards elect better teachers for longer terms. The average wage of these female teachers was \$27.64 per month, a gain of 21 cents. In the high schools were 65 male teachers, whose average monthly compensation was \$11.96 less than in 1896, or \$93.29. In the same schools were 98 female teachers, who received on an average each school month \$46.38, a decrease of \$3.11. The number in all schools teaching for the first time was 375, a gain of 15. The number of teachers not graduates of high schools or academies diminished by 183 to 692. Four hundred and eighty-two teachers had attended normal schools but were not graduates. Of

the whole number of teachers 239 were graduates of training schools, 314 of normal schools, 140 of colleges.

The amount required by law to be raised by schools was \$537,856.09, a sum larger by \$62,158.35 than was required in 1896. There was voted in addition to this sum \$231,953.34, \$149,736.69 less than was voted the year before. The literary fund shrank to \$46,193.56, a loss of \$9,885.75. The dog tax was nearly the same as before, \$27,182.29. The railroad tax appropriated to school uses was \$4,154.51, a gain of \$1,402.73. There was contributed for school purposes somewhat less than in 1896, \$34,450.38.

The sum appropriated for text-books and supplies rose from \$17,337.31 to \$43,167.68. The entire revenue was \$941,893.21, or a shrinkage of \$67,983.84. The new buildings cost \$80,583.47. Interest and debt expenditures increased by \$14,647.66 to \$49,042.95. Free text-books cost \$65,840.53, about \$300 less than in 1896. Miscellaneous expenses were \$131,286.26. Teachers' salaries amounted to \$638,280.14, \$11,838.83 more than during the year preceding. Superintendents received \$13,367.19; school boards received \$20,312.26. The entire expenditures were \$1,040,308.87. The average cost per pupil of the average membership for current expenses was \$12.39 in 1896, \$12.44 in 1897. The average cost on entire amount expended, not including the cost of new buildings, was in 1896, \$14.90 per pupil; in 1897, \$14.91. Text-books and supplies averaged \$1.08 per pupil in 1896, \$1.12 in 1897.

These inferences may be drawn, possibly, from these statements:

The tendency remains to consolidate small schools.

There is a growing appreciation of the value of the public schools as indicated by a constantly increasing school year.

School buildings are improving gradually.

The school census is growing more and more accurate.

More children are attending school for a longer time.

There is a possible laxity in the enforcement of the attendance laws.

The high schools are rapidly growing in favor, if not in number.

The wages of the better paid teachers are diminishing, while the pay of the teachers of the lower grades is increasing.

The schools are enjoying the instruction of better educated teachers.

Changes of teachers are probably

less frequent. The policy of the schools is toward stability.

The per capita cost of schools is not increasing and the towns are maintaining reasonably well their appropriations.

As to needs, it may be suggested that there should be a continuance of care in taking the annual enumeration of children.

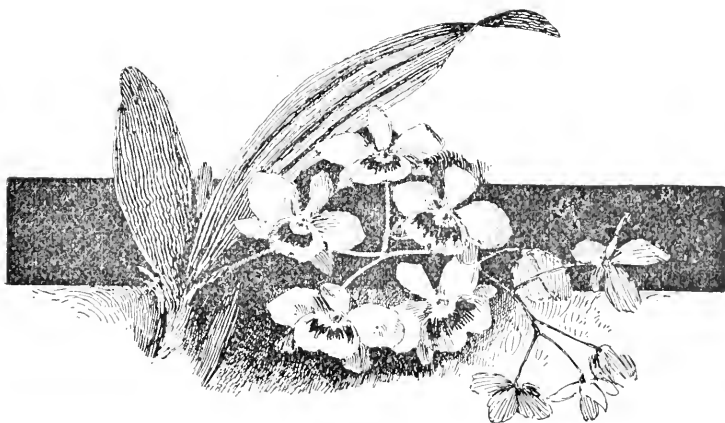
The labor and attendance laws should be more strictly enforced.

The demand for better qualified teachers should grow and their pay should increase.

The sanitary conditions of school-houses and outbuildings should be improved.

Some means of aiding schools in the poorer communities should be devised.

All schools should come under skilled supervision.



NECROLOGY

GEN. HARRIS M. PLAISTED.

Gen. Harris M. Plaisted died at Bangor, Me., January 31. He was born in Jefferson, November 2, 1828. He was one of a family of six sons and three daughters, two of whom, besides himself, made their home in Maine, Hon. William Plaisted, an extensive tanner, senator from Penobscot, and E. Freeman Plaisted, M. D., of Farmington, surgeon of the Twenty-eighth Maine Regiment. General Plaisted was the seventh in descent from Captain Roger. Until the age of seventeen he was at home working on the farm and attending district school. In the next three years he attended academies in the spring and fall, and taught school in the winters. He entered Waterville College, now Colby University, in 1849, graduating in 1853. In his college course he taught the village school, and next was principal of the Waterville Liberal Institute, and superintendent of schools, elected by the town for three years. He was graduated at the law school at Albany in 1855, with highest honors, winning the first prize, a gold medal; he studied one year with Hon. A. W. Paine, of Bangor, where, in 1856, he began his law practice. For three years he was a member of Governor Lot M. Morrill's staff, in 1858-'60. In August, 1861, he enlisted for the war in the Eleventh Maine Regiment. He was commissioned lieutenant-colonel October 30, 1861; colonel, May 12, 1862, and commanded his regiment in the Peninsula campaign of 1862, taking part in the Siege of Yorktown, the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, and the Seven Days' battle. He was a brigadier-general, commanding a brigade in the Siege of Charleston in 1863, and in the campaign of 1864-'65 against Richmond and Petersburg, in which, his, "the iron brigade," had men killed and wounded on fifty-nine different days, losing 1,385 out of 2,698. While in the service his command never moved to the front without him. He was twice promoted by the president for "gallant and meritorious conduct in the field," and was warmly commended by all his commanders. General Plaisted returned to the practice of the law at Bangor, in May, 1865. The general was twice member of the legislature from Bangor, 1867-'68. He was a delegate-at-large to the National Republican convention in 1868; was three times elected attorney-general, 1873-'75. He was elected to the Forty-fourth congress. In 1878, he left the Republican party, having taken a stand for Government currency, as opposed to bank currency, and he was nominated as the fusion candidate for governor in 1880, and was elected for two years. He was Democratic candidate for the United States senate in 1883 and 1889. From July, 1883, he was editor of the *New Age* at Augusta. While in the practice of law in Bangor General Plaisted published several books upon legal subjects, including a digest of the Maine laws.

JOHN MCCLURE.

John McClure, the oldest resident of Revere, Mass., died February of old age. He was probably better known in Revere than any other resident, and for over forty years he was a familiar town character. "Uncle" John, as he was familiarly called, was the son of Col. David McClure of General Stark's staff. He was born in Antrim, February 22, 1804. Until he was eighteen years old he worked on his father's farm. He then made his way to Boston on foot and secured work in a brickyard, later engaging in brickmaking for himself.

GEN. JONATHAN P. BURNHAM.

Gen. Jonathan Perkins Burnham died February 12, at the residence of his son, Samuel P. Burnham, in Laconia. The deceased was born at Rumney, March 9, 1808. His paternal grandfather was Ensign Samuel P. Burnham, the first man in Rumney to be commissioned under King George III, and who, upon the breaking out of hostilities between the colonies and Great Britain, enlisted in the Revolutionary forces. General Burnham enlisted in the New Hampshire militia in 1826, at the age of 18, and received promotion step by step until he received the commission of brigadier-general in 1849. He was one of the last generals of the old state militia. He is survived by three sons.

ALFRED A. CLATUR.

Alfred A. Clatur died at his home in Boston, February 12. He was a retired leather merchant and well known by the business men of Boston. He was born in Keene, in 1835, and after receiving his education went to Boston. In 1864, he started in the leather trade, which he successfully continued until 1890, when, on account of ill health, he retired. He was elected to the common council in 1871 and 1872, and was a member of the state legislature in 1873 and 1874. He was a member of the Park-street Congregational church.

HON. GEORGE H. HARVEY.

The Hon. George H. Harvey of Surrey died February 20. He was sixty-nine years of age, was senator in 1882, and had served three terms as representative to the legislature. He had also held every office in the gift of the town.

CALEB EMERY.

Caleb Emery died in Charlestown, Mass., December 1, 1897. He was a native of Derry, and was graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1842. He chose teaching as his profession, and when the Charlestown High school was established in 1848, he was placed at its head. He performed successfully the important and arduous work of organization, and then at the end of two years resigned to take a position as master in the Boston Latin school. For fourteen years successive classes of Latin school boys, many of whom afterward became men of note, passed through his hands, carrying with them the impress of manliness and sincerity, which he placed upon those who were committed to his care. It was a source of pride to Mr. Emery in after years that Phillips Brooks was one

of his Latin school boys. In 1864, Mr. Emery again became principal of the Charlestown High school, remaining this time more than twenty years, and until the end of his active work.

EDWARD B. KNIGHT.

Edward B. Knight died at his home in Charleston, W. Va., on December 16, 1897. He was born in Hancock, August 22, 1834. Early in life he learned the machinist's trade, but abandoned it at the age of twenty-one, and fitted for college at the New London Scientific and Literary Institute. After hard work, he put himself through Dartmouth College, graduating in 1861. He studied and practised law at New London and Dover, and, in 1865, he removed to Charleston, W. Va., where he practised till 1892. Mr. Knight ranked among the ablest lawyers of his state and retained his position as long as he remained in the profession. Early in life he went actively into politics, and in 1872, was a delegate to the constitutional convention, where he helped to form the state constitution. He was twice married, in 1864, to Miss Hannah E. White, and in 1882, to Miss Mary E. White, who survives him. He leaves two sons: Edward W. Knight, Dartmouth, '87, and Harold W. Knight, Dartmouth, '89.

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APRIL, 1898.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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In the May number of the GRANITE MONTHLY Mr. Moses Gage Shirley
will have a profusely illustrated sketch of Goffstown.

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GRANTHAM MOUNTAIN. See article on Plainfield, Meriden, etc.

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No. 4.

ALONG QUIET SHORES: A SKETCH OF COBBETT'S POND.

By William S. Harris.

"Fair gem, so purely, brightly set
Amid dark groves of fragrant pine,
Life's noisier ways we may forget,
But ne'er the artless charm of thine,
Where bee and bird and flower and tree
Picture a life glad, wild, and free.
Rocked on thy breast, sweet woodland pool,
In dreamful rest what joy to lie,
Content to learn in Nature's school,
And let the careless world go by."



O wrote Eva Katharine Clapp concerning a sheet of water in another state; but we may aptly apply her beautiful lines to the pond which forms the subject of this article.

There is a certain fascination about the water—whether the ocean, with its constant suggestion of boundlessness and unrest, a river, the symbol of regulated activity, or a quiet lake, embosomed by green hills and shaded by cool forests, the very emblem of rest and calm contentment.

There are and always will be multitudes of people to whom no spot is so dear in summer and so conducive to rest and recuperation of body and mind tired with the bustle of city life and the rush and worry of business

cares, as the quiet nook on the shore of some of New Hampshire's numerous lakes and ponds, or the breezy hilltop overlooking these gems of the landscape.

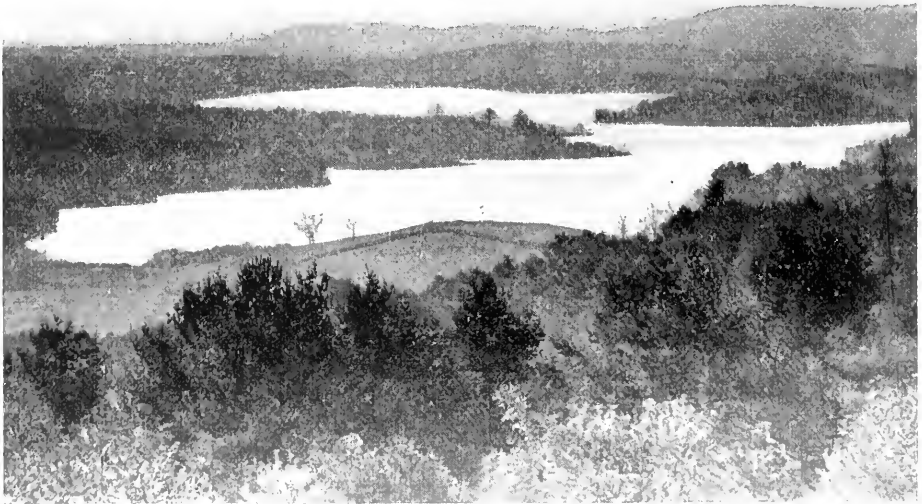
Few of the states are so favored as our own in the number and attractiveness of her bodies of fresh water. We have more than six hundred and fifty natural lakes and ponds of sufficient importance to have names given on the state maps and atlases. These are of every variety and character; in size ranging from the mere pool to the broad lake of seventy square miles. Some have sandy or gravelly banks and bottom, and waters pure and transparent as crystal; others are black mud-pools, whose shores are a quaking mat of moss and sedge, where the water has no beginning and the

land no ending; yet these are of great interest to the botanist and zoölogist as well as to the fisherman.

Some are isolated deep in the primeval forest, far from the harsh shriek of the railway train; others, surrounded by the activity and culture of the farm and the village, are in close communication with the great cities. Strange must be the man, woman, or child who could not

of eastern Massachusetts; and cheapness and quickness of transportation is an advantage that with many city people of moderate means or limited time more than makes up for the deficiency on the score of grandeur of scenery.

Among the humbler bodies of water in our state, which do not aspire to the more pretentious name of "lake,"—let us not be over-



Cobbett's Pond, from Dinsmoor's Hill.

find in some one of New Hampshire's lakes and ponds his ideal for a vacation outing or a permanent summer home.

The ponds in the southern part of the state are destined to grow in importance as summer resorts; because, while they lack the rugged mountain surroundings of the ponds in the northern portions of the state, they are much more accessible to Boston and the other rapidly-growing cities

anxious to discard the good old Saxon word, *pond*,—few have more charms than that which forms the special subject of this article. The earliest known reference to it was in 1662, when it was mentioned as "a long pond called *draw pond*." Its shape is indeed such as fairly to entitle it to a place among the score of *Long ponds* of the state; but what significance could be attached to the name "*draw pond*" is beyond con-

jecture, unless the shrewd Puritans of that early day foresaw that its natural attractions would *draw* lovers of nature and health-seekers to its shores, when the country should have so far progressed that it should be possible to give some thought to beauty and pleasure. But the pond, at least since the settlement of the town of Windham, near the center of which it lies, has been called, and appropriately, as will be seen, Cob-

of thrift and comfort, the blue hills away in the distance beyond the Merrimack,—all combine to form a picture which can rarely be equalled for quiet beauty in southern New Hampshire.

Cobbett's pond is but a few miles from Canobie Lake station and Windham Junction on the Boston & Maine railroad; and can be easily reached from the cities of Nashua, Lowell, Lawrence, and Haverhill by



A Point of the North Shore.

bett's pond, although the orthography of the name, as will also appear below, has strangely varied.

To see the whole pond in its greatest beauty, we must climb Dinsmoor's hill, about a mile from the head of the pond and view it lengthwise. The long, winding valley, the jutting points, and receding coves, the beeches of glittering white sand, the enclosing slopes, in places forest-clad and elsewhere covered with smooth farms and dotted with homes

a drive of less than two hours. More than a quarter of a million of people live within twenty miles of our pond, while Boston is less than twice that distance away.

The pond is just one and seven-eighths miles in length. Nearly midway, two long points approach each other and appear to cut the pond almost in two, leaving it, in fact, but thirty-three rods wide at the Narrows. The part below the Narrows is a mile long and half as

wide; above the Narrows it is not so broad, and the shores are much more irregular and picturesque.

Let us come nearer and take an imaginary row over its surface. The water is crystal clear, the bottom



Sycamore Grove and Pavilion.

sandy or gravelly. The shore is rocky and abrupt, and both water and shore preserve their purity and beauty through the entire year, for the water-level is very constant, varying hardly more than three feet between extreme high and low water. For our pond has escaped the ravages of the god Utility, which has despoiled of their beauty so many of New Hampshire's ponds, and turned them into muddy reservoirs of water for manufacturing purposes.

The shore is overhung in places by thick pines and hemlocks which throw their dense shadows far over the waters: in other places the painted stems of the white birches gleam out; clumps of gnarled tupelo and thickets of maple give no hint now of the glow of their September flames; but when autumn has come, they with the oaks, birches, poplars, and other deciduous trees intermingled with the evergreens, produce a scene of iridescent glory such as no other

land under the sun save New England can show.

Let us row into one of these coves. Here the shore-line is a beach of fine white sand, which slopes very gradually, affording the best facilities for bathing; but out there, off that hill on the south shore, the water is seventy feet deep. We will row into another long cove; this is one of the few places where the bottom is muddy and the shore bordered by a bit of swamp. Here the botanist loves to cruise, for this is a regular botanic garden of water-loving plants. The floating leaves of water-lily, cow-lily, pond-weed, floating-heart, and water-shield cover the surface with a dense mat on which one could seemingly walk in safety; and through the tangle the blue spikes of pickerel-weed and the white flowers of arrow-head thrust themselves and nod welcome to the gorgeous cardinal-flower and fringed-orchis peering out from the shady shore.

Fringing the shores where the water is shallow are colonies of pipe-worts, looking like big pins with their heads just above the surface and their stems from three or four inches to as many feet in length, according to the depth of the water. The water-lobelia also grows here, and on the shores the bright yellow hedge-hyssop gleams among the pebbles. The sundews with their delicate fly-trap leaves, and two kinds of bladderwort (*Utricularia cornuta*, and a rare species, *U. resupinata*), both very queer leafless plants, are sometimes found in the moist sand. But none of the water-loving plants is more deservedly a favorite than that bush which overhangs every rocky bank, and with its rich clusters

of creamy-white flowers literally fills the August air with sweetness,—the sweet-pepper bush or “white spiked clethra flower.”

If we land and explore these bordering woods and the valley of some little brook running into the pond, we shall find many botanical treasures. The weird Indian-pipe, pine-sap, and coral-root will attract our interest; perhaps we shall find a tangle of the golden stems of that most curious plant, the dodder. We shall surely be delighted with the rich and varied growth of ferns, and in some favored localities can gather twelve or fifteen species in a few moments, including the delicate maiden-hair and other rare kinds.

It is now towards night. The sun still lights up the houses on the Range, and fiery gleams shine back from the polished monumental granites of the cemetery on the hill, but the wooded slopes along the northwest shore throw long, dark shadows over the glassy water. We stop rowing and shout. Hark! the sound comes back to us quickly from a near hill, then again from another direction more faintly, then again more faintly still, until we are in doubt when it ceases.

The pond is a favorite resort for fishermen both in summer and in winter. The waters contain a good supply of food-fish, and large numbers of pickerel, perch, black-bass, and horn-pout are caught, and recently the pond has been stocked with land-locked salmon.

The Richardson brothers at the lower end of the pond were the first to entertain parties of fishermen and picnickers at Cobbett's pond. Their place, including a fine sandy beech

and a picnic grove now called Sycamore grove, was purchased about ten years ago by Albert E. Simpson, who has since entertained many picnic parties. A good-sized pavilion gives dining facilities, and boats for fishing or rowing are always in readiness.

There is a private grove at Point Rocks, one of the most picturesque localities on the shore, owned by Miss Clara B. Horne, of Lowell, Mass., whose summer home is not far away. Close by Point Rocks is Fairbank's shore, the finest sandy beach on the pond. The geologist would here notice the extensive plain of stratified drift, reaching back from the shore and showing the extent of the pond at the close of the glacial period.

The first summer cottage on the shore of Cobbett's pond was built on the south side of the Narrows in the spring of 1886 by F. H. Ayer, C. A. Williams, and F. H. Morrill, all of



Hatch's Cottage.

Nashua. It is a comfortable retreat, with a broad outlook across the water to the sunset. Mr. Ayer is now the sole owner. A smaller cottage near this was built later the same year by F. W. Hatch and others of Nashua.

Wishing to replace this by a more commodious cottage, they last year leased a very desirable lot across on Massey's point, where, on a breezy knoll, close by a sandy cove, the white tents of Camp Alcona have been pitched for the past three summers by a party of young men from Lowell, Mass. On this knoll the Nashua men have built a large and convenient cottage. Before leasing this lot they visited several other

Mass., parties added another near it last year.

The north shore is admitted by all to be one of the choicest locations on the pond. Fairview cottage was the first one here, built in 1895 by Professor Harris of Coe's Northwood academy. Located on a curving point of the shore in a fine grove of pines and oaks, it has a combination of breeze, shade, and outlook which can hardly be equalled on the whole

shore. Glenwood, built by W. H. Forbes and others, of Lawrence, Mass., and Oakwood, by W. C. Harris, have since been added. The Misses Osgood of Somerville, Mass., are now erecting a fine cottage on Breezy Point, close by.

At one point in Fairview grove a mass of bold, ragged rocks, rising from the shore and shaded by hemlocks and other trees, makes a spot of rare picturesqueness and gives a grand outlook over the water. Near



Ayer's Cottage.

ponds and lakes in the state, but found none so attractive to them as Corbett's. So it keeps its old friends and gains new ones every year.

Above the Narrows are several summer cottages; the first was Camp Bell, built in 1891 by Messrs. Davis and Miers, of Somerville, Mass., back from the shore in the shade of dense pine woods. Fred Pallister, of Lawrence, Mass., put up his neat little cottage at the head of the pond in the spring of 1894, and Methuen,

Breezy Point is the historic Corbett's rock, a boulder sixteen feet long and eight high, standing off by itself a rod from shore, whose significance will be presently explained.

A boulder on the south shore is of interest from its shape; as, viewed from the water some distance away, it bears a striking resemblance to an enormous turtle with head extended. One can hardly resist the impression that it is one of the Glyptodons or other monsters of the geologic past

that is preserved before us. But going nearer, the illusion vanishes, and on measuring our "turtle" we find it more than twenty feet in length. Another interesting locality is the remains of an old beaver dam at the head of the pond, which doubtless once caused the overflow of the large meadow above it.

Now having noted most of the points of interest around the shores, let us go up and sit in one of these inviting retreats, and as the shadows of night close about us and the moon comes up over those wooded hills opposite, let us chat a little concerning the history of our pond.

It first emerges into the light of history in October, 1662, when a tract of five hundred acres was laid out upon its shores to the Rev. Thomas Cobbet, minister of Ipswich, Mass. It was a grant by the legislature of Massachusetts, New Hampshire being then under the jurisdiction of that colony. The grant was made May 7, 1662, and the survey, made in October, by Joseph Davis, Jeremiah Belcher, and Simon Tuttle, was accepted by the legislature the following May.

This grant was made fifty-seven years before the first settlement of Londonderry, which included Windham. Probably in all those intervening years, the tract forming Cobbet's grant, and the other lands around our pond were only occasionally visited by white men, as hunting or exploring parties from the new towns along the Merrimack penetrated at times so far into the wilderness. The savage aborigines still roamed over these hills, hunted in the forests, and paddled their canoes over the quiet waters of our pond.

One line of the Cobbet farm started "upon the south line from a swamp that joyus upon Haverhill bounds, so ranging by west and by north point, until you come to a great rock upon the north side of a long pond called *draw* pond," this line being "twenty score rods long." The swamp was somewhere in what is now Salem, and the "great rock" was without doubt the one near Breezy Point, already described and shown in our illustration, as this is the only noticeably large rock anywhere upon the north side of the pond.

At the time of the Cobbet grant, the region was included in Methuen. It came within the limits of Londonderry after that township was laid out and settled in 1719, and in 1728 the bounds of the Cobbet farm were renewed. In 1741, when New Hampshire was finally separated from Massachusetts, the grandchildren of Rev. Mr. Cobbet, Nathaniel and Aun, petitioned the legislature of the latter colony for an equivalent, and were allowed fifteen hundred acres near Charlemont.

The Rev. Thomas Cobbet, from whom our pond takes its name, was a man worthy of so beautiful a namesake. He was born in Newbury, England, in 1608, and came to New England in the same vessel with Mr. Davenport, the first minister of New Haven, Conn. He was installed in Lynn, Mass., July, 1637, as colleague with Rev. Samuel Whiting over the First church, where they labored together in love and success for nineteen years, when Mr. Cobbet was dismissed in 1656, to become pastor of the First church in Ipswich, Mass., where he remained until his death in November, 1685. At his funeral, in



Fairview Cottage.

accordance with the customs of those times, there were consumed "by the mourners" one barrel of wine and two barrels of cider, and, as it was cold, there was added "some spice and ginger for the cider." Truly some things have changed in two hundred years.

Mr. Cobbet was a faithful and excellent minister, "a very gifted and godly man, and the most voluminous author of his time in New England." But then as now, ministers were not always appreciated, and it is recorded that Henry Walton, of Lynn, said he had as "leave heare a dogg barke as to heare" Mr. Cobbet preach, for which rudeness he was fined by the court. Another interesting case was that of Henry Bacheior and his wife, of Ipswich, who did not go to meeting. The reason was found to be that they lived too far from the meeting-house, therefore the court authorized the selectmen to sell Bachelor's farm and move him to town, where he could easily go and hear Mr. Cobbet preach.

The first permanent settlement in Windham was made about 1720 by John Waddell on the hill at the south end of the pond, near where in 1753 the first meeting-house of Windham was built and the old cemetery on

the hill was laid out. The farms to the northeast of this, constituting Windham Range, were laid out in 1728, the occasion being the complaint of fourteen of the freeholders of Londonderry who lived in the "Double Range" in what is now Derry, that injustice was done them in the distribution of the land. May 15, 1728, they petitioned the governor and general assembly of New Hampshire for redress, saying:



Outlook from Fairview Rocks.

"Wee complean of wrong don to us and grivoos injustice in laying outt of our land by unjust methods viz. that a part of our proprietors have taken their chois of all our comons and we are nott allowed neither lott nor chois and rendered unsheur of having our hom lotts made Equal with others, one method Dos not prevall hear to do as they wold be done by."

The difficulty was settled by the agreement of the proprietors of Londonderry to grant these fourteen petitioners 594 acres of land on the south side and the east end of Cobbett's pond, "so beginning at the middle of said Pond and runnung out a square line from the Pond Three Hundred and twenty rods if Policy Pond [now Canobie Lake] will allow,

thence extending East not to run past ye east end of Policy Pond southerly, and so running along ye habitable land breaking no form of land until the aforesaid Petitioners' compliment of five hundred and ninety four acres is made up exclusive of any meadow." These farms were soon settled, and have always been among the best farms in the town. One of them, that of James Morison, still remains in the possession of a descendant of the original grantee.

April 17, 1729, Londonderry voted "to lay out 155 acres in full for 60 acres good land, for a ministerial lot for that part of the town called Cobbet's Pond"; and the lot was laid out, bounding on the west side of the pond and upon Golden brook, the outlet of the pond.

Windham was severed from Lon-



Turtle Rock.

donderry and incorporated in 1742. There was no meeting-house until 1753, when one was built on the high hill at the south end of the Range, overlooking the whole extent of Cobbett's pond with its long winding shores and surrounding hills. Following the custom of the mother country, the lot adjoining the "kirk" was used for a burying-ground. The oldest grave-stone now to be seen here bears date 1755.

A large corner of Windham having been annexed to Salem, the question of a new meeting-house nearer the centre of the town was for many years agitated, and warmly, too. Some declared that the new meeting-house should be in the centre of the town, even if that should be found to be in the middle of Cobbett's pond! The question was settled at last, and in 1798 was erected the second meeting-house, still standing, remodelled in 1868 into a town hall of convenient arrangement.

"Cemetery Hill" long since ceased to be the place of worship, but the cemetery is still a beautiful spot of holy ground. Here stand the gray slate slabs that mark the resting places of many of the fathers and mothers of the town, and the more elegant marble and granite memorials erected in recent years. Here is the brick tomb of the Rev. Simon Williams, famous in the last century as an educator as well as a preacher; here lies Lieut. Samuel Morison, a leading man in the town in colonial times, and many others of the pioneers; here is the grave of Robert Dinsmoor, the "Rustic Bard" (1757-1836), whose home was at the opposite end of the pond which he loved so well.



Oakwood Cottage.

Whittier inscribed a poem to the genial old Scotch rhymers, and wrote an appreciative sketch of his life, closing with these words: "Peace to him! A score of modern dandies and sentimentalists could ill supply the place of this one honest man. In the ancient burial-ground of Windham, by the side of his 'beloved Molly', and in view of the old meeting-house, there is a mound of earth, where, every spring, green grasses tremble in the wind, and the warm sunshine calls out the flowers. There, gathered like one of his own ripe

evidently dropped the final letters, the other the initial.

In "New Hampshire As It Is," published in Claremont in 1857, the name is spelled "Cabot's," and on the map of Rockingham county, published the same year in Philadelphia, the spelling is "Corbett's," the first introduction of an *r* into the word. The "Rustic Bard," who was good authority, spelled the name, "Cobbet's," in his volume of poems published in 1828, and "Cobbet" is undoubtedly what the reverend gentleman from whom the pond was named



Point Rocks.

sheaves, the farmer-poet sleeps with his fathers."

Many and curious have been the variations in the spelling of the name of our pond. In the old Londonderry records it is called "Cabbage's pond" in 1723, and again "Cabage's pond" in 1738. In 1755, in the Windham town records, it appears as "Cobat's pond," and in the early church records as "Cabbot's." On the state map of Dr. Philip Carrigain, published in 1816, it is marked, "Cabbo P.," and on a state map, published in Portsmouth by Nathaniel March, between 1830 and 1840 it curiously becomes "Abott P." One map-maker

called himself; but in present usage the final *t* is doubled. The spelling "Cobbett's pond" is first found in print in the state geological report and atlas published in 1878, and has since been followed in the History of Windham (1883) and other publications as the approved method of spelling.

Although in summer there is much rowing, fishing, and bathing in the pond, and in winter much fishing through the ice and skating, only one fatal accident has occurred on the pond in the whole history of the town. On Sunday, November 2, 1834, the Rev. Jacob Abbott and John Dins-

moor, with two sons of each, left their homes in the Range and crossed the pond in a boat, to attend church as usual at the Centre. On returning in the afternoon, instead of making two loads, as in the morning, all six attempted to cross at once. The boat, which was an old and leaky one, filled with water, and, before they could reach the shore, was capsized. The young men could swim and escaped, but Mr. Abbott and Mr. Dinsmoor were drowned. Ebenezer Abbott, one of the young men, barely escaped; he was sinking for the third time when his finger caught in the chain of the boat; he grasped this and saved himself. This chain he kept as a sacred relic as long as he lived.

We can not close this account of Cobbett's pond better than by a quotation from one of the poems of the "Rustic Bard," written in 1811, in which he describes the view from Jenny's hill, a lofty eminence near his home at the head of the pond.

"Andover's steeples there were seen,
While o'er the vast expanse between,
I did with wonder gaze;
There, as it were beneath my feet,
I viewed my father's pleasant seat—
My joy in younger days.
There Windham Range, in flowery vest,
Was seen in robes of green,
While Cobbet's Pond, from east to west,
Spread her bright waves between,
Cows lowing, cocks crowing,
While frogs on Cobbet's shore,
Lay croaking and mocking
The bull's tremendous roar.

THE WRECK.

By Adelbert Clark.

Out of a night of dense blackness
Clove by the lightning in twain,
Burst the loud rolling of thunder,
The dashing and pouring of rain,
And the boom of a cannon surged over
The merciless breast of the main.

The sea with the fangs of a panther
Gnawed on the black rocks o'er and o'er,
And a ship with its treasures was driven
On the reefs near the rock-girdled shore
And struck, and above her the billows
Rolled on in their might as before.

When the morning arose in its splendor
As bright as a morning could be,
The form of a beautiful woman
Was cast on the sands, in the lee
Of the rocks, like a storm beaten lily,
And we buried here there by the sea.

TWO HOURS IN RIVERPORT.

By Elizabeth Field.



THE meeting of the Pomona County club had been rather long, there's no use denying it, too long even for the patience of Deacon Jonas Brown, who was seldom known to tire of anything of the sort. He had on this occasion yawned twice, openly and unblushingly. (The double appropriateness of that first advent is accidental.) At last he gave his undivided attention to a juvenile ball game, which was in progress under the window.

Miss Jane Babbit was in deeper disgrace even than the deacon, for her sleepy little head, with its round, rosy cheeks, bobbed to and fro in a most startling manner.

Elsie Dearborn, as she watched it, was reminded of an apple she had seen not many weeks before, dancing in a tree near her favorite hammock. The green bows on Miss Jane's bonnet bore a surprising resemblance to the foliage which was so thick all around the apple, and at each motion, Elsie half expected to see head and bonnet follow the example of the aforesaid fruit, and fall to the ground.

It must be confessed that Elsie was herself as restless as anyone in the room. The deacon's yawns and the wildest antics of Miss Jane's head at last lost their power to amuse her. Even the ball game, which had for a time been so interesting, now only

made her the more anxious to get out of doors.

Elsie's delight when she heard the rather feeble applause which was Dr. Simpson's reward as he finished his address was of short duration, for it was speedily followed by this announcement,—“If the meeting will please come to order, we will now attend to the election of officers for the ensuing year, and to other important business.”

Poor Elsie looked discouraged. She had really enjoyed the first two papers; by the time the third was finished, she was decidedly tired, and now, after all this, to have a long business meeting, it was too much!

She looked around the room with an imploring expression which was calculated to work upon the sympathies of any but the most hard-hearted of persons. Her nearest neighbor, Dr. Cromwell, of New Oxford, received the full benefit of it, and came bravely to the rescue. Elsie had an idea, and he did not deny the accusation, that the doctor himself was somewhat bored. At any rate, he appeared quite as glad as she was to get out into the crisp, fresh air.

Elsie's home was in Oshkosh, and she was making her first visit to New England, at the home of her cousin, Mrs. Humphreys, of New Oxford. Since her arrival from the West, she had developed a very severe case of

the "antique" craze. Her mania for collecting relics was growing, and her cousin was in despair as she saw the rapidly increasing array of brass and china which was spread around in her best bed-room.

On the occasion of our story a party of about twenty of the New Oxford neighbors had come over to Riverport for the regular monthly meeting of the Pomona County Historical club. Truly, no better place could have been chosen for such a meeting, for Riverport is one of New England's most charming old towns, and is full of interest as well as beauty.

Our friend from the wild and woolly West insisted that she felt as if she were living in a story-book, and no wonder, for she saw many things which never could exist in her native Oshkosh.

As Elsie and the doctor left the club-room, a few steps brought them to the town "square," which was not a square at all, but a triangle of somewhat irregular shape. Bordered by rows of tall, graceful elms, whose arched branches almost met over the grassy enclosure, and seemed to be trying to clasp hands, it was truly an attractive spot.

The peculiar hitching-posts which were set at intervals along the edge of the sidewalk had a strange fascination for Elsie—that is, after she learned that they were not, as she had at first supposed, hydrants of an original and locally popular design.

"Truly, is it a real cannon?" she cried. An old white horse was quietly eating his oats from the depths of a canvas bag, and occasionally rubbing his nose against the innocent-looking post, to which he

was tied, little dreaming of its long unused powers.

Elsie wondered if this were one of the veterans which had been used not many years before, to startle the sleeping population of Riverport, while certain youths of the town snored as they never had done before, notwithstanding the fact that their sides were shaking with laughter.

After some discussion, Dr. Cromwell as guide, and Elsie as sight-seer and traveler, decided that the most interesting spot in which to spend the two hours remaining before train-time, was the old St. John's church. The doctor had already seen it, during a former visit to Riverport, and felt competent to act as guide.

They set out at a brisk walk, but this pace was not kept up long. Elsie did not intend to miss any of the sights, and at every corner the doctor was stopped by some question. The narrow streets were a never-failing source of amusement for her, and she insisted that if she had an ordinary cane in each hand, she could easily stand in the street and knock on the doors on both sides without changing her position. Perhaps it was just as well for her that the implements necessary for this experiment were not at hand.

After a time Elsie noticed that as they neared each crossing the doctor looked rather anxiously, first in one direction and then in another, as if in search of something. "I wonder," she thought, "if he is perfectly sure about the geography of this town, and the location of the church." But she said nothing of the sort, and they kept on in their walk through the labyrinth of crooked streets.

"There, that's just the place I've been looking for," screamed Elsie, "Come along,"—grasping Dr. Cromwell by the coat sleeve, and dragging him across the street.

Poor man! imagine his feelings when he discovered that he was being forced to take part in a shopping expedition. A woman on bargains bent is a hopeless case, and the doctor knew that there was naught for him but to yield.

As they entered the shop, a little bell over the door tinkled cheerfully, as if glad of a chance to use its tongue once more. The low, smoky room was full of all sorts of curious objects, all more or less antique in appearance. There were heavy oaken chests, queer spindle-legged tables, and chairs with claw feet, brass andirons, a long-handled warming-pan or two, a varied assortment of candle-sticks, and an endless and dusty array of china. This last was too much for Miss Oshkosh, and she wanted to carry home the whole collection from the big punch-bowl down.

That being impossible, she walked back and forth in front of the shelves upon which the china was displayed, trying to make a choice. With the shop-keeper, who looked sleepy, but evidently had "an eye to business," she discussed the merits of each individual piece,—or, perhaps it would be more nearly true to say that Elsie discussed pro and con, and he agreed to everything she said.

At last she decided upon a blue and white tea-pot, with all sorts of outlandish people scattered over its fat sides, some of them in very unseaworthy looking boats, sailing on an impossible lake. She liked it, she

said, "because it was so squally, and had such a dear, crooked handle."

With this treasure under her arm—for she would trust no one else to carry it—Miss Elsie was at last persuaded to tear herself away from the charms of the funny little shop.

Dr. Cromwell, laden with an enormous, griffin-head, brass knocker, which Elsie had insisted was just what she needed, led the way. Elsie followed, stepping in a gingerly way over the icy spots which Jack Frost had left on the brick-walks.

"What a fine old house that is!" said Dr. Cromwell, as they came in sight of one of the large, square, Colonial mansions, which are to be seen in so many old New England towns.

"Yes, but what is the funny little house by the gate? Isn't it just too dear for anything!"

"Hm," thought the doctor, "I suppose she'd like that for her collection."

"That was the porter's lodge," came the answer to Elsie's question in a squeaky voice over her shoulder, before her companion had time to reply.

Turning to behold her informer, Elsie wondered if it might not be the ghost of the original mistress of the mansion.

"That was the porter's lodge," she said, "this is Longwood Place, and was the home of old General Longwood. He was my progenitor."

This last bit of valuable information was given with an air of pride, and a queer little courtesy, and then the funny little lady trotted off up the street.

As they watched her vanishing figure, with hoop-skirt flapping at

every step. Elsie remarked that she would almost be willing to trade her precious tea-pot for that costume. From the tips of her toes, which were encased in "congress" gaiters, to the crown of her old-fashioned bonnet, which, though voluminous, failed to hide the bobbing gray curls, this figure bore the appearance of a relic of the past.

"Well," said Elsie, after the old lady had disappeared, "it's beginning to get dark, and if we're going to see that church to-day, I think we'd better hurry up and find it."

"Ye-yes, that's so, but—well, to tell the truth, d—" Just here the speaker came to a stand-still, with his eyes apparently fixed upon some object in the heavens.

"Oh! there it is now," he said, and following the direction of his gaze, Elsie saw what she knew must be the steeple of old St. John's church.

"We'll have to walk back a square," said the doctor, "the last street we crossed leads directly up the hill to the church."

They turned and retraced their steps, and in their relief at finding the object of their search, they forgot everything else—no, not quite everything; Elsie was ever mindful of the tea-pot, which she hugged affectionately.

"Be careful, doctor," cried Elsie suddenly, "there is fresh paint."

"Where?" said he, after he had performed a most astonishing acrobatic feat, which almost earned the right to be designated "tumbling," and finally ended in upsetting nothing more than the gravity of his companion. "Where? I don't see anything that looks like fresh paint."

"Why, right here, on this house. Don't you see the sign? Maybe, though"—as she looked more carefully at the house—"maybe the paint is dry."

The doctor stepped to the edge of the sidewalk, and took a critical survey of the building under discussion. "Yes," said he, "I think it is dry. The last coat of paint was put on about the time of the Revolution."

Elsie gave the young man a withering look and marched on, her head erect, without deigning to reply.

This sudden assumption of dignity was destined to be of short duration. As they began the ascent of the hill, which led up to the church, Elsie discovered, but too late, that the walks here were in a condition not to be trusted. Just after crossing the street, she began to slip, slowly at first, but finally with a motion which was too quick for Dr. Cromwell as he came to her rescue.

"Oh! save the tea-pot," she screamed, heroically, "save the tea-pot."

The doctor deposited the brass knocker carefully on the walk and made a desperate attempt to overtake Elsie in her wild and somewhat erratic career toward the foot of the hill. First a slide, then, when he came to a safe spot on the walk, two or three steps, brought him to her side. But alas! he was just in time to see the precious bit of china, which Elsie was bravely holding aloft, come into very sudden contact with a lamp-post.

"Oh, my!" said Elsie.

"Tea-pot," remarked the doctor, completing her sentence.

This was all that was said, and as Elsie rose cautiously to her feet, her

blue eyes looked suspiciously shiny.

The doctor did not weep, and—he it said to his credit,—neither did he laugh, as he devoted himself religiously to collecting the fragments.

It was not until just before our friends reached the church that the doctor said, "Why, what has happened to your sleeve, Miss Dearborn? It's all white."

"Oh, nothing special," was Elsie's answer, "only I found the paint that belonged with the sign. It was on the high fence by that horrid lamp-post. They'll be driven to the necessity of repainting the whole length of it, about a foot up from the ground. I got all the paint there was. You'd better get on the other side of me, or you'll be decorated, too."

The doctor did not know just how to reply to this, which was delivered in a most lofty manner, and was glad to be able to say, "Well, here we are at the church at last. We will have just about time to see it all thoroughly before going to the train."

St. John's church is a high-walled, brick building, standing close to the street. There are three front entrances, large doors set in frames of white, painted wood. The high belfry holds an ancient bell, whose voice has been heard for many years, and whose history would, in itself, make a long story.

"What a quaint old building!" said Elsie, after gazing at it in silence for a few minutes.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "and I think it is so nice that it is always open to visitors," and putting his hand upon the latch of the middle and largest door, he gave a push, which, followed by others more vigorous, was entirely unavailing.

"That's queer," said Dr. Cromwell, "I thought the door was always open during the day."

"Oh, dear," said Elsie, "aren't we going to be able to get in after all? I shall be dreadfully disappointed."

"Well, I'll see what can be done. Maybe the sexton lives near. I'll ask at this house."

He turned to a tall, white house just across the street—rather a forbidding-looking place, with the blinds all tightly closed.

The highly polished brass bell-knob answered easily to his touch, and left its socket, followed by a surprising length of wire. The bell could be distinctly heard from the steps, but it did not bring a speedy response. Finally there was a suspicious rattling of a window and blinds above, after which Elsie caught a glimpse of a pair of green eyes between the shutters. Then they heard steps from within. In a minute the door opened and the eyes were visible again, this time accompanied by a long, sharp nose and a straight mouth.

"Yas," drawled the owner of the eyes through the crack, in reply to the doctor's inquiry about the sexton; "yaas, he lives in the yaller haouse daown ter the foot o' the hill. Ye kin jest see it from here."

"Well," said the doctor, after thanking his informer, "there'll be plenty of time to run down there and see if he will let us into the church."

"All right," said Elsie, "I'll stay here. I've had enough skating for one day."

Dr. Cromwell was not sorry to surrender the griffin for a time to the care of its owner, and he hurried down the hill to interview the sexton.

The yellow house was easily found, but the doctor gave it only one look before he was convinced that he had been misinformed.

He hailed a small boy and asked if he knew the abiding place of the sexton. "Yeup, he lives in there, 'n his ter hum, too; I seen 'im jest go in."

Two or three passers-by confirmed the statement of the boy, and after a moment of hesitation, Dr. Cromwell walked bravely up the stone steps, which led to the door of the aristocratic-looking house.

His ring was promptly answered by a neat waitress, and after making known his errand he was ushered into a long, stately parlor. He heard the steps of the maid as she went to the door of a room just at the head of the stairs. The conversation which followed the maid's announcement was distinctly audible to him, though he really did n't want to hear it.

First Voice—"Oh, I s'pose one of us had better go, but it's funny the church is n't open. I thought John would be there until six o'clock."

Second Voice—"I think you might go this time, Bess; I've been twice since you went."

First Voice—"I know that; but I went that stormy day last month when you were buried in 'Lés Misérables.' This book is just as interesting as that was, and I hate to leave it."

Second Voice—"Oh, well, I s'pose I can go. Where is my cape? I wish I had asked Jennie if he is a young man; I'm sure I hope he is good looking and entertaining."

Here the conversation ceased, and some one ran lightly down stairs and entered the parlor. The doctor was

glad the room was not very light, for his face had not regained its usual color. His anxiety to be "good looking and entertaining" was quite lost in admiration for the good looks of the young lady who introduced herself as Miss Sweet.

"This is the rectory," she said. "My father is the rector, and he likes to have us show the church to people who are interested. I shall be glad to go up and let you in."

The doctor made some remark about disliking to give her so much trouble, but remembering the determined young woman whom he had left nursing her wrath, and the fragments of a precious broken tea-pot, he thought it the part of wisdom to cut any remarks of that nature rather short.

So he once more set out for the church, this time not acting as guide, but very willing to surrender that duty to some one else.

* * * * *

"My, but I'm tired!" groaned Elsie as soon as she was left alone; and she dropped upon the step just where she happened to be standing. The sun was very low, and with the long shadows came a cold wind which reminded Elsie that this was not the season for spending the evening hours on the door steps. So she shouldered the griffin, and with the blue china handle in her hand, began her solitary march. This sort of pastime is not at all to Miss Elsie's taste, but she felt sure that she would not have minded it so very much this time, had she not been conscious every minute of that pair of eyes behind the blinds.

"I did feel cheap," she said after-

wards. "walking back and forth there alone all that time."

Just as she was beginning her fifth trip down the square, the door of the old house opened again. This time the crack was a little wider.

"Ye 'd better come in an' set till he comes back. It's gettin' kinder cold aout, 'n mebbe he's had to go off somewhar-else ter git what he wanted." This last was a cheering suggestion.

"Oh, no, I thank you," said Elsie, in a most indifferent manner, "I shan't have to wait much longer now." Then she began to calculate the distance to the station, and to wonder how long it would take her to get there alone, and in which direction she should look for it anyway.

A dozen times she saw Dr. Cromwell turn the corner and come toward her from the foot of the hill and just as many times, as the figure drew near, it was transformed.

Once, just as she was about to speak to him, he loomed up before her in the form of a burly teamster with a whip over his shoulder. Next he was one of a company of straggling coal-heavers, going home all dust and grim, and each carrying his tin dinner-pail.

The griffin increased in weight as the minutes passed, and finally was carefully laid on the bottom step of the spinster's house.

"Almost five o'clock," said Elsie with a scowl, "train leaves at 6:03. If that man isn't here inside of five minutes I shall start out to hunt up that depot,—and I shan't ask that spinster in there anything about it either. It will take an hour to find the way and slide there with these

things to carry, and cousin Fan will be scared to death if I get left."

As the town clock struck five, Elsie gave a last, long look down the hill, but saw only a young couple laughing gaily, and coming toward her at a moderate gait. Elsie thought they were probably just returning from a day's shopping in Boston. The young woman carried a black bag on her arm.

"Well, I may as well start. I'm sure I hope that if Dr. Cromwell has lost himself, he won't lose the pieces of my teapot."

"Well, are you tired of waiting?" said Dr. Cromwell right at her elbow. Elsie gave a surprised exclamation as she recognized him in the companion of the young woman with the bag. She collected herself, however, and replied in a tone rather unnecessarily sweet, "Oh, not in the least, I assure you. Haven't you found this a delightful evening for a walk? I've been walking, too, ever since you left."

Miss Sweet was just at this moment drawing from her bag a long chain to which was attached an immense key. The doctor presented Miss Dearborn and Elsie noticed what pretty brown eyes Miss Sweet's were, and how very curly and soft her yellow hair.

The three walked up to the door on the right, and just as Miss Sweet was about to put the key into the hole, the door was opened from the inside.

"Why, John! I thought you had gone. Have you been here all the afternoon?"

"Yes, miss," said the sexton, touching his cap, "I've b'en here sence one o'clock."

Dr. Cromwell looked at Elsie, and

Elsie looked at him, each wondering why the other had not thought to try the three doors, instead of only one.

Miss Sweet very considerably suppressed even the semblance of a smile, and began at once to point out the objects of interest.

As the little party entered the church, they were met by the delightful odor of Christmas greens. The sexton had been hanging long ropes of them, and the fragments were scattered all over the floor. Brightened by an occasional bit of holly, this made a beautiful carpet. Miss Sweet asked the good-natured John to light the gas, and by its flickering light, our friends were enabled to read a few words from the old "Vinegar Bible," of which they had heard. Here it is kept carefully guarded in a mahogany and glass case, and open at the page where one may read "The parable of the vinegar," instead of "The parable of the vineyard."

The old prayer-book, the marble font, more aged than the other relics, and the chair in which George Washington once sat, were gazed upon and exclaimed over. The last named article rather lost its value as a relic in the opinion of Dr. Cromwell, when he discovered that of the two chairs precisely alike, no one could be quite sure which one had really been occupied for a few minutes by the paternal ancestor of our native land.

The little group stood near the chancel rail looking at some of the quaint mural tablets, with their old style lettering and the fat, round-faced cherubs at the top. After studying these for a time, and deciding that she did not approve of the

long letter "s" which made "sun" look like "fun," and turned "sight" into "fight," Elsie discovered the organ in the rear of the gallery. Of course she wanted to inspect it.

"The door is behind the organ," said Miss Sweet, "but the gallery is never used now. On one side the old box pews have never even been removed."

"Box pews!" exclaimed Elsie, "I never dreamed of seeing them. How do you get up there? I would n't miss it for anything."

Dr. Cromwell looked at his watch, but time was now of small consequence to Miss Oshkosh, and she started off up the stairs, through the dark, narrow passage behind the organ, and around to the right gallery. There the others found her in a few minutes, all dust, and trying to look comfortable as she sat upright in one of the high, straight-backed pews.

"What bliss to find these old square pews. I didn't suppose there were any to be found, even in this part of the country now. I'm half tempted to go to sleep, just to see if the tithing man will come along and waken me with his long stick."

Just at this point came a suppressed giggle from a dark corner of the gallery. Elsie could see no one there, but in an instant Miss Sweet's laughing eyes turned black, and snapped in a way which must terrify any guilty, small boy.

"Boys!" she exclaimed, "you shouldn't laugh here. Don't you know you are in church?"

The boys immediately subsided, and in a minute their retreating steps were heard as they scampered down the stairs.

"Those are the boys who moved that paint sign," said Elsie. "I *know* they are. I'd just like to catch them!" and she looked ruefully at the sleeve of her new jacket.

"Perhaps you might if you tried," said the doctor, "but don't you think it would be more to the point to try to catch that 6:03 train?"

"Goodness! yes," exclaimed Elsie. "Why, here it is half past five o'clock! I forgot all about the train."

They hurried down stairs, leaving John, I am afraid, with a very brief "thank you." In spite of Miss Sweet's assertion that she was not in the least afraid to go home alone, our friends insisted upon walking down with her. But they didn't walk, they ran; and of course she had to run to keep up with them. If Miss Sweet remembers nothing else about that day, she surely will not forget that race against time. Let us hope that she has forgiven our friends for it.

The conversation for a few minutes was something after this order.

"This has been a (puff, puff) great treat (puff, puff). We are very grateful to you Miss (puff) Sweet. It has given you a great deal of (puff, puff) trouble."

Elsie wanted to tell Miss Sweet that she would like to show her Oshkosh if she ever visited that part of the country, but lack of breath cut her speech very short. She only said

"Thank you very much. I'm so glad to have seen what you have shown me." And she really meant it—after she had caught the train.

We will not describe the last few minutes of our friends' day in Riverport. Words fail us to do justice to motion so rapid.

As they disappeared down the street, a fat old lady, with a florid countenance, turned and gazed at them over her gold-bowed spectacles in mild astonishment. A venerable individual clad in blue jeans, stood holding his axe aloft over a hard knot of wood, and looked over the fence wondering "What in time them folks was runnin' fur."

"In time"—yes, they were just in time to hear, "All aboard," and to see the anxious expression on Cousin Fan's face change to one of relief as the brakeman pushed Elsie up the car steps.

* * * * *

Dr. Cromwell is still looking for some one to explain to him the mistaken idea which he found so common in Riverport, concerning the identity of the rector and the sexton.

Elsie has mended her teapot, and given it a place of honor among the ornaments of her western home. It is still a thing of beauty, but its owner has a grave suspicion that, if put to the test, it would not hold water.






RANSOM CLARKE TAYLOR.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN OF MARK.

I

RANSOM CLARKE TAYLOR.

 HE heart of the commonwealth of Massachusetts," as the city of Worcester is popularly styled, includes among its population of one hundred thousand people, some seven hundred men and women, who are sons and daughters of the state of New Hampshire. These people of New Hampshire birth are prominent in the ecclesiastical, educational, commercial, industrial, and political life of Worcester, and they have contributed in great degree to the city's conspicuous position in all these respective and distinct features.

To the growth and extension of Worcester's commercial and industrial interests no single individual has contributed more largely during the past twenty-five years than Ransom Clarke Taylor, who was born in the town of Winchester, N. H., February 24, 1829. Beginning a business career at the age of eighteen, not only without financial means, but under an obligation to the extent of three hundred dollars to his father for three years' time of his minority age, his success is succinctly summarized in the statement that he is, in 1898, as he has been for some years, the largest individual tax-payer in the city of Worcester. Yet even this statement is incomplete as

indicative of Mr. Taylor's success in his business career for he is a large tax-payer in the cities of Newton and Taunton, in Massachusetts, and Pawtucket and Providence, in Rhode Island. All told, the aggregate sum he pays annually in taxes in Worcester and elsewhere is fifty thousand dollars, a goodly fortune in itself, and such as is given to but comparatively few men to accumulate in a life time.

Mr. Taylor's parents were Charles and Susan (Butler) Taylor, and his ancestors for several generations were residents of Winchester. The homestead and ancestral farm were located in the easterly portion of the town.

When a mere boy, Mr. Taylor moved with his parents, to the town of Northbridge in Worcester county, Mass. In Northbridge, his father engaged in the retail meat business, and when only twelve years of age young Taylor was wont to assist in his father's business by driving the delivery team about the town.

In this picture of the boy of twelve years delivering the orders of his father's customers, are seen those traits of character, which, dominating the boy, and thoughtfully cultivated and shrewdly directed by him, developed that boy into the man of great business affairs, which affairs, considering that they are of his own

creation, have few equals for their magnitude in the New England of to-day. Self reliant, fertile in resources, an ability to grasp and to correctly consider every detail and aspect of a given situation, a wise discretion and judgment, and a courage absolutely without hesitation, he has by these traits, aided by a constant industry, gained his notable success.

At seventeen Mr. Taylor went to Worcester and assumed charge for his father, of a factory and business for the manufacture and sale of the various products incident to the meat trade. Entire success attended this effort of young Taylor. At eighteen he bought his time of his father and embarked in business for himself in the town of Sutton, also in Worcester county. His start in business was with two men and two horses. After four years in Sutton he removed to Worcester, which city has ever since been his home. Continuing the business of manufacturing meat products, it was not long before he had branches in New York city, Albany, and Troy, N. Y.; Hartford and New Haven, Conn.; Springfield, Taunton, and other points in Massachusetts. His business ventures rapidly expanded and eventually gave employment to one hundred men and a like number of horses. When not long past his majority he was counted one of the most prominent among the business men of Worcester city and county.

At a comparatively early date in his business career, Mr. Taylor began to buy real estate in Worcester, a practice he has maintained, with an ever increasing magnitude, to this day. His first purchase was a prop-

erty valued at \$9,000, and for this he made a cash payment of just one half the stipulated price. His Worcester realty holdings increasing and requiring his undivided attention, he disposed of his manufacturing property and has since dealt wholly in real estate as a business. His specialty in Worcester real estate has been the development of commercial and industrial buildings. His operations in these classes of property have been largely confined to Main and Front streets, the two principal business thoroughfares of Worcester. Of the second named street, Mr. Taylor owns above one half of its entire length of quite one half mile. Mr. Taylor built the first five-story, the first six-story, and the first seven-story business structures in Worcester. From the first he has always kept in advance of the growth of the city. Worcester has not given Mr. Taylor the opportunity to expand his business and increase his wealth to near the extent that he has given the city its opportunity to grow and develop along the many lines that afford Worcester its peculiar strength and stable, never fluctuating prosperity.

Mr. Taylor is not one of those men who owe success in business to a train of fortuitous circumstances, but on the contrary he has made opportunities and favorable conditions arise from the wisdom of his own acts. As the business growth of Worcester has felt the need of more room and better facilities it has found Mr. Taylor awaiting its coming into new territory with new buildings, new streets, and improved facilities. He sees, and has ever seen, unlike some real estate owners common to

all communities, that the acceptance of measures which tend to improve a town or city, tend also to increase and accelerate the growth of such city or town thereby, as a matter of course increasing the value of individual property. Hence it is that Mr. Taylor is always a warm advocate of all improvements in Worcester of a public nature, although his share of the expense, in the matter of taxes, is greater than that of any other individual.

Mentally and physically, Mr. Taylor is a well balanced man; well proportioned and finely developed in every respect, and having the body and mind to perform a great amount of work without worry or fatigue.

He is a financier whose judgment and discretion are widely recognized. For many years he has been prominent in the affairs of the First National bank of Worcester, and other moneyed institutions of that city. He is an ardent lover of horses and it is an especial pleasure for him to test his favorites on the speedways of the city, and in friendly contests of speed with the horses of his acquaintances.

Mr. Taylor is the most democratic of men and no person, however humble his condition may be, ever fails to receive from him the fairest consideration.

Politically he has no strong party ties. He has served a term of two years in the Worcester board of aldermen, and has been the candi-

date of the Democratic party for the executive council.

Mr. Taylor has been twice married. His first wife was Mary Louise Chase, of Sutton, Mass., and to her memory is named the largest of Mr. Taylor's buildings in Worcester, and it is also the largest commercial building, with a single exception, in the city.

The present Mrs. Taylor was Mary S. Stevens, of Newton, Mass. The children of both marriages are three sons and three daughters. Of the sons, Ransom Frederick and Forrest W. are associated with their father in business, while the youngest son, Willard S., is a pupil in one of the Worcester High schools. The daughters are Emma Sophia, Agnes Louise, the wife of Harry P. Davis, an electrical engineer with the Westinghouse company. Pittsburgh, Penn., and Florence Clarke. The first and third named daughters live in Worcester.

Various religious and charitable associations, and many individuals, have reason to remember Mr. Taylor's generosity, but his deeds of charity are ever as free from ostentation as is his daily life.

Mr. Taylor lives in the fashionable South End of Worcester, and in a Colonial mansion of the purest type of that style of architecture. It is spacious in its dimensions, stately, yet full of repose, and pleasing in its details.



SOME NEW HAMPSHIRE MUSHROOMS.

By Lec F. English.



DURING August and half of September, 1897, the writer had the good fortune to be in Lisbon, N. H. One day soon after my coming, happening to read an article on mushrooms in a Boston magazine devoted to cookery, I became interested at once, and felt that the time had come for me to satisfy the wish I had often felt to learn to distinguish mushrooms from toadstools. The words are used in this sentence in their popular sense, the former signifying an edible, and the latter a poisonous, fungus, although I have noticed that learned writers on the subject use the words as synonyms. I knew that the hills and valleys of the vicinity abounded in fungous growths, which, since childhood, I had observed only to avoid, obeying the warning that they were all toadstools and poisonous. Other summers had been devoted by me to the birds and flowers of the same delightful region, and the summer of 1897 was to take its place in the calendar of the seasons as my mushroom summer.

In seeking for a guide for my studies, I learned that a new book on toadstools had lately been added to the village library. The library would not be open until the following Saturday, and in the meantime I set out, basket in hand, to make my

first explorations in the wide realm of mycology.

Amid the sweet fern of the pastures, through the woods, along abandoned highways, and old logging roads I carried on my search. I always brought home a basket full of all sorts of mushrooms, ranging, as I have since learned, from the deadly *Amanita* to the dainty Fairy Ring mushroom, and embracing fungi that I have not yet found out how to identify. At night I examined my specimens, writing out short descriptions of them. For several days this continued, and so the time passed until Saturday came.

Promptly at three o'clock, the opening hour, I was at the library door, lest some one should be before me and deprive me of the book I sought. Never was my eagerness greater when twenty years ago I went to the same library for books dear to the boy's heart, perhaps Trowbridge's "Cudjo's Cave," or Kellogg's "Lion Ben." Before I had time to inquire for it I espied the book among its fellows, known by the conventional figures of mushrooms which decorate the covers. My anxiety turned out to be uncalled for, as the librarian told me that I was probably the only person in the town who wanted the book. It had never been drawn out since it was received, and I inferred, perhaps upon insufficient grounds,

that it was bought against the better judgment of a majority of the book committee, at the instance of an eccentric and literary lady, who shocked the neighborhood by camping out with her friends and eating mushrooms.

But I delay too long in naming the book and its author. "Our Edible Mushrooms and Toadstools," by W. Hamilton Gibson, was the book which introduced me to a charming study, not to mention the many delicious meals I have enjoyed through my acquaintance with it.

This book gave me exactly the information needed, and from this time my work became more effective. A few days later the first edible mushrooms were recognized. I had previously learned to know the deadly *Amanita*, thanks to the clearness and emphasis with which Mr. Gibson warns his readers against the deceptive and fatal beauty of this toadstool. Having read that the Green *Russula* is often found in open spots among beech trees, I had gone to search the beech woods on the old road to Mink pond on the land of Ira Jesseman. No *Russula* were discovered, but on my way home I came through the pasture of the Atwood Brothers, and there found in broken rings a few specimens of the Fairy Ring mushroom, *Marasmius oreades*. I recognized them from Mr. Gibson's description and particularly by their "sweet nutlike taste." There were not enough for a meal, and it was some days before I knew this delicacy cooked and served on toast. During the rest of my stay in Lisbon I found the Fairy Ring mushroom plenty in smooth, rich pastures, where the grass was

short, particularly on the old Emery farm, the farm of S. H. Brigham near by, and above all in the pasture of Stephen Symonds, near the summit of "Oak Tree Hill." The most pleasing way to cook this fungus was to stew first in water for twenty minutes, when the water had evaporated fry in butter for perhaps five minutes, then thicken a flour gravy and allow it to boil for ten minutes, near the close of that time seasoning with pepper and salt. This mushroom was usually served on well buttered toast, and found to be my most successful dish. I regret that I did not try the Fairy Ring broiled over the coals, a manner of cooking which I have since learned is highly recommended.

Another fungus whose fitness for food surprised me was the puff-ball. I found specimens from a fraction of an inch to four or five inches in diameter often on knolls in pastures, notably on land of Henry Aldrich and William Paige. The larger balls were better to eat. I used to slice them and fry in butter, sprinkling with salt, pepper, and a little sage. Most of the puff-balls that were found had grown too ripe for food, having become dry and brown inside. Such I always took care to tread upon, thus freeing a cloud of brown spores to float away on the breeze. I hope that in this way the seeds were sown for an abundant harvest of puff-balls for next summer.

The only mess of the orange-colored *Cantharellus cibarius* that I gathered was found in the "Old Gold Mine" pasture among the spruce, pine, and fir trees a few rods from the mouths of the deserted shafts of the mine. This mushroom

was easily recognized by its cup-like shape, orange color, vein-like gills and its odor, described as being like ripe apricots. I cooked my mess by stewing for a long time, and found it pleasant to the taste, but not as fine as some other fungi, notably the *Lepiota*, otherwise named *Agaricus procerus*.

One damp morning I went to visit the home of several *Boleti*, hoping to be ahead of the parasites in securing the new crop which I expected had just sprung up. I failed to find the *Boleti*, but came across a mature *Procerus*, for some days the only one I could find. I was able to identify it by making a comparison with Gibson's excellent plate and description. In my specimen, the odor liberated by cutting the bulbous base was strong and almost sickening.

A week or two later, probably about September 1, returning almost empty-handed from a long walk, I passed through a corner of the pasture of the Henry Aldrich farm, near the abandoned copper mine, surrounded like an amphitheatre by maple and birch trees, and there my eye was greeted by the sight of several full grown umbrellas of the *Procerus*, growing under the trees on the edge of the open space. On looking more closely I noticed many only partly grown. In a few minutes I picked enough for several meals, and left some growing for another day. I followed Gibson's advice and cooked this mushroom by broiling it over the coals, putting butter, salt, and pepper on the gill surface. A few scattered specimens of the *Lepiota* were found in other places than the Aldrich pasture, but nowhere abundantly.

Several varieties of the coral-like *Clavaria* were discovered in the woods of Harry Hastings and L. F. Ash. My largest specimen was one secured one day in the woods of the latter as I was returning from picking blackberries. It was six or eight inches in height, of a light yellow color, and weighed perhaps half a pound. I remember that I brought home the same day a beautiful *Russula emetica*, which, with its bright red cap, adorned the dining-room table for several days. I did not cook the large *Clavaria*, and in fact tasted this species only once, then fried in butter. It was like lean meat, but it ranked as the least appetizing of my experiments.

I am not sure that I gathered or saw any specimens of the *Agaricus campestris*, the common mushroom of cultivation and commerce. All mushrooms at all resembling this in appearance answered more closely to the description of the Horse mushroom, *Agaricus arvensis*. I found this very sparingly. One could always count on a few being under the pine trees in Joseph Parker's pasture, just where the old, disused Lyman road leading from the village reaches the top of the hill. I also recall finding half a dozen fine buttons on the highest part of Josiah Bishop's pasture among the sapling pines. These were successfully cooked by broiling, as in the case of the *Lepiota*.

Other fungi were identified and eaten in their raw state, including *Russula*, *Boleti*, and the Hedgehog, *Hydnum repandum*. Late in the season I got a copy of Prof. Charles H. Peck's "Boleti of the United States," but I made little progress in studying this family, partly because material was becoming scarce, but

mostly, I fear, because of lack of application.

This beginning of the study of mushrooms led me to take many a walk, far pleasanter for having an object. If I had not had as a goal the Fairy Ring mushrooms growing in the Symonds pasture near the old oak tree, I would hardly have gone for a walk the last day I was in Lisbon, a cool, fall day, with a north wind and a cloudy sky; I should have brought back to Chicago visions enough of fair skies, and shady glens, and sunny fields, but I should have lacked that last scene more truly

characteristic of our stern north-land. The grey sky, the bleak autumn hillside, more faded still in contrast with the green of the little pines that dotted it, the clustered houses of the village in the valley below with the scattered farms about it, the cold gleam of the winding river, the distant hills that shut in the valley of the Connecticut, and just about my feet the fairy rings, where the oreads danced last night—a scanty but delicious harvest, such as our New Hampshire mother loves to give—all these are parts of a precious picture on the wall of memory.

THE GENIUS OF POETRY.

By C. C. Lord.



QHAT is poetry? This question is an old one. The answers to it are diverse. Yet all agree that poetry is not prose.

Rhythm and rhyme are often incorporated features of poetry. Yet much poetry never contained an expression of either. In fact rhythm and rhyme often contain only prose. It is also true that what is ordinarily called prose is sometimes excellent poetry.

What then is the difference between poetry and prose? We will try to give an answer. Poetry is the language of the emotions. Prose is the speech of the intellect. Figuratively, poetry is of the heart, while prose is of the head. Poetry is designed to stir our feelings; prose, to stimulate our thoughts. With this definition in mind, one can easily decide whether a piece of literary composition is poetry or prose.

Rhythm and rhyme are and will be popularly recognized as distinguishing features of poetry. Why is this? The question is a hard one. There are many things that we know better than we can explain. We know that there is beauty everywhere. We know that it is in every feature of the landscape. Yet we call a flower beautiful, and in its contemplation often forget the beauty of all other things. Though other things are beautiful, a flower often represents to us the consummate symmetry of beauty. So there may be poetry in any form of literary composition, but rhythm and rhyme often represent the crowning accomplishment of poetry. But why beauty will persist in triumphing in a rose, and poetry will insist upon the culminating grace of a song, is an inquisitive subject we do not care to discuss at present.

We appreciate poetry best when it makes us feel just as its author felt in composing it. In the contemplation of poetry, the poet's abstract thought is a matter of comparative unimportance. We should never forget that a true poet seeks to acquaint us with his heart and not with his head. He gives us his ideals and not his facts. He presents us his dreams and not his logical deductions. This is why informed minds ascribe to the poet a peculiar license. No intelligent reader ever judges a poet simply by what he says. Poetry often contains legitimate expressions that were absolute falsehoods in prose. When we read poetry we should do so in the spirit and not in the letter.

Poetry is as old as history. Ages ago, when the prosy intellects of men were trying to solve the logical and scientific problems of the universe, the poets were at work in another mental field. The poets indulged their hearts, loosed their ideals, and elaborated their dreams. They turned earth, air, and sky into fanciful realms, and peopled them with creatures of their own imagination. In their fantastic conceptions, they invented gods, goddesses, demons, spirits, nymphs, dryads, and their attendant innumerable host of genii. Their poems dwelt upon the lives, loves, hates, labors, conflicts, triumphs, and failures of the personal entities of their inventive zeal. There was good in all this. The poets have adorned the precincts of the soul. In the realm of literature, the poet is like the sculptor to the marble and the painter to the canvas. In their way, the poets have taught the world some of its wisest lessons.

A good poet does no hurt unless some one mistakes his poetry for prose. It is a pitiable sight when men of erring judgment attempt to turn poetic excellence into prosaic trash.

Poetry exists at all times. We find it everywhere. We have had, and still have, it in New Hampshire. Within the limits of the Granite state, poets of unmistakable merit have been, and are still, found. Their detection is sure when the criterion of true excellence is applied. There have been, and are, men and women of New Hampshire whose hearts have blossomed into poetic utterances that entitle their native or adopted state to justifiable renown. It is for the illustration of this truth that this article is written. We in New Hampshire err, supposing we must either retreat far into the historic past, or wander far from home, to find poets and poetry that are worthy of the admiration of skilled critics. We demonstrate what we mean by the assistance of a few quotations from a wealth of poetic expression that we must in a large measure ignore.

Robert Dinsmore (or Densmore), born in Windham in 1757, was a poet. His gifts obtained for him the sobriquet of the "Rustic Bard." A plain farmer, he evinced the unmistakable genius of poetry. In his old age, when the powers of nature were experiencing decline, he wrote "The Poet's Farewell to the Muses." Advanced age affords a special avenue to reflection. In the reflections of accumulated years, emotion aptly and easily participates. The very old man has outlived his earthly intellectual plans and can have nothing but a humble trust in the purposes of

the Wisdom that guides futurity. In his last poem Mr. Dinsmore gave expression to his feelings in view of his age and approaching dissolution. In the midst of the irresistible throbbings of his heart, he sang :

" No more I'll tune the poet's lyre,
No more I'll ask the muse's fire,
 To warm my chilling breast ;
No more I'll feel the genial flame,
Nor seek a poet's deathless fame,
 But silent sink to rest.
Farewell, the mount called Jenny's Hill—
 Ye stately oaks and pines !
Farewell, yon pretty, purling rill,
Which from its brow declines,
Meandering and wandering
The woodbines sweet among,
Where pleasure could measure
The bobbylinkorn's song."

The informed reader will readily detect the influence of Burns in the foregoing quotation. In his " Farewell," Mr. Dinsmore made the rural commonplace serve the highest ideal uses. Dealing with facts of the rustic everyday, he used them to inspire filial devotion, civil patriotism, religious trust,—in a word, the best feelings—in his readers. In this instance we observe that, though the mission of the poet is not essentially the enunciation of facts, yet he may employ actual things in promoting the ideals he seeks to propagate.

The practice of combining ideals and facts in literary expression is a frequent one with poets. The ordinary mind cannot always abstract itself from the consciousness of the prosy things of life. Yet sometimes a poet can express facts so delicately as to make them enforce their own ideals. A simple picture of an actual fact often stirs our emotions to their profoundest depths. Who has not felt this truth while strolling through

a gallery of art? There are poems that are pictures in words. They are triumphs of poetic skill. We have an instance in a poem by Laura Garland Carr, a native of Barnstead, now a resident of Concord. Mrs. Carr simply gives us in words a picture of two young lovers that " stand beside the garden gate." The following climax of her description is exquisite :

" The shadows rise—'tis getting late—
And meet, half way, the falling light
The stars let down to cheer the night ;
All things have donned a dusky hue ;
The air is chilled with falling dew ;
Still they talk on. It must be true ;
They're blind—those people at the gate ! "

Mrs. Carr calls her poem " What a Pity." It is a misnomer. Pity the people who have never felt the ecstasy of reciprocated, innocent, youthful love! It were better to have simply said " Blind." What is so blind as true love, be it ever so pure? What adequate picture of love needs an involved explanation? No one. In the poem under discussion, Mrs. Carr, in omitting everything that savors of explanation, reaches the acme of descriptive poetry.

Endowed with a specially emotional mission, the poet is the personification of feeling. He experiences emotionality in its intensity. No one can be an effective poet unless he can enjoy, suffer, smile, weep, long, loathe, and do all with a sensitiveness of feeling that others scarcely allow within the sphere of possibility. The poet is subject to more accidental and incidental pleasures and pains than are most other people in the world. In the utterances of his genius he reveals joys and sor-

rows that are inexpressible by others who only conceive of them through his aid. The poet is human. He may lead us to the heights, but he must also guide us to the depths. In illustration of the sorrowful deeps to which the poet invites our sympathy, we produce an instance. Ira Harris Couch, born in Salisbury in 1821, was a suffering poet. His death occurring in 1883, we infer that he was an invalid of years. In his "Sonnet to a Cricket" he expresses what may be termed an ecstasy of affliction, sorrow, and despair. Who that has suffered the pains of insomnia does not understand this?

"O pity me

Who long upon my restless couch in vain
Have wooed oblivion to these weary eyes!
I listen to thy sad, unvaried note
Till forms unearthly in the moonlight float
On wizard wing, and strangest melodies
Startle dull silence on her midnight throne,
And fright sweet slumber from my pillow lone."

In this portion of his sonnet, Mr. Couch admits a phenomenon that is the special experience of some peculiarly refined natures. In certain psychologic temperaments, in the exercise of great abstraction of mind, the very thoughts and feelings assume objective phenomena of excited imagination. How poignant must be that sleepless, midnight sorrow, which a refined soul not only feels but observes as a dread depiction of despair cast upon a background of gloom! With what relief do we turn from this contemplation to another more happy! Mr. Couch affords us an inexpressible pleasure when he asks us to turn from his sonnet to his peaceful ode to "Twilight," thus:

"Grateful twilight! Season bland!
By soft breathing zephyrs fanned,
As thy red light fades away,
Round me whispering spirits say,
'Cleave with us the easy air,
Haste away to worlds more fair.'

"Father, may my end of life,
When I go from earth away,
Be as peaceful, free from strife,
As this dying breath of day!
Glad I'll lay me down to sleep
Till the morning light shall peep."

As a citizen of the world, the poet experiences all the ordinary mutations of life. As an exception to the general rule, he feels them more than others. Yet we admire the fortitude that rises above affliction and induces a corresponding exultation in others. What state of life induces more cares than maternity? How many anxieties, fears, perils, pains, and agonies are involved in the consciousness of a dutiful mother! How many thoughtful mothers have longed for the joys of maternity exempt from its sorrows? How sweetly upon the ears of such mothers must fall the words of Edward Augustus Jenks, a native of Newport, in his song of "The Children"! Let us quote only briefly:

"The children! O the children!
How dark the world, and gloomy,
How wide, and cold, and roomy,
To the mother's loving heart,
Did not the breezes waft her
The songs and merry laughter
Of the blessed, blessed children!"

A prominent feature of poetic experience implies an imagined sympathy with nature. This experience, is not peculiar, but the poet makes a conspicuous use of it. A glad heart often finds the whole world happy, and a sad one as frequently contemplates the universe in woe.

Such is the common lot of man. Yet the poet employs all his moods in the appreciated adornment of his literary subject. The ideal intensification of the poet's afflatus is a theme of the ages. In olden time Orpheus was fabled to draw beasts, trees, and rocks after him by the strains of his entrancing music. Yet in all times the transport of the poet's mind seems to make nature's inferior forms participate in his own fancies. Even unconscious nature is endowed with feeling and thought by the inspiration of his genius. Delightful allegories are thus evolved for the edification of the poet's admirers. These productions may be grave or gay, important or trifling, but they always please a cultivated reader. Just now our eye falls upon a pretty ditty, called "The Bachelor's Proposal," by Carrie White Osgood, a native of Easton, Mass., but for years a resident of New Hampshire. The delicacy and beauty of this literary gem is amply illustrated in the following quotation :

" Bachelor Button stood by the wall,
Under an apple tree shady ;
He nodded across the garden bed
To pretty Miss Ragged Lady.

" ' Fair lady,' said he, ' for many a day
I've studied your numerous graces,
With so much zeal that I've come to feel
That yours is the sweetest of faces.' "

In this way is continued the fanciful love-making of a flower to a flower, recited with such artistic elegance as to well nigh make one forget for the time that the scene is not really an actual one.

Space forbids that we should multiply evidences of the existence of the genius of poetry in the past or present history of New Hampshire.

Yet we present one more illustration. We have already mentioned the ancient poets as peopling the universe with creatures of their own imagination. The ancient poets constructed ideal schemes that are valuable as myths but worthless as history. But the poets of antiquity are dead, and we are even tempted to think of their creations as effete. Still the modern poet who reproduces a phase of far distant antique imagery, and makes us feel as if the dead myth were a living reality, is a significant literary friend. Such a part has been performed by William A. Bartlett, a native of Chicago, Ill., but a graduate of Dartmouth college in 1882. Mr. Bartlett, in his poem on "Ædipus," takes from the shadowy mythological past the physical and moral deformity called Ædipus and shows him not only still alive but destined to exist forever. Let the climax of Mr. Bartlett's expression serve for sufficient illustration :

" Ædipus, pray thou most humbly
For complete annihilation,
Or for sleep profound, eternal,
And a sleep from dreams set free ;
Lest these unrelenting phantoms,
Lest these endless mad'ning visions
Haunt thy shade like horrid spirits
Frenzied in their vengeful glee,
Giving neither sleep nor madness,
Giving memory no oblivion
To remove the recollection
Through a dread eternity ! "

We have quoted enough. Our illustrations are sufficient. We might produce much more evidence in proof of the immanence of poetry in the history of New Hampshire. Let us revert to an original proposition. Poetry is the language of the emotions. There may be room for an elucidation of the absolute moral use of poetry. The demonstration is easy

and clear. Feeling is an essential element of human life. Men must attend to their hearts as well as their heads. Who has not listened to the devout prayers of a truly pious minister and felt better for the experience? Yet the prayer gave no fresh instruction and imparted no new idea. It only sanctified the feelings. So long as the poets correct, refine, elevate, and adorn the emotions of the human mind, they are friends of the race. Their mission is the while necessary and indispensable.

We now indulge an advisory mood. Who should attempt poetry? The poet. No one else should approach the seat of the muses except as a listener. Poets are born, not made.

He who aspires to be a poet should first convince himself of the adequate natural fervor of his genius and then secure for himself the highest and fullest practical cultivation. Poets are born with potential gifts which become actual by labor and suffering. The heaven of the poets, like that of saints, is entered only through much tribulation. The same may be essentially said of all truly honorable human accomplishments. But there is an especial point of consideration in this connection. There is a dynamic difference of operation of the emotions and of the intellect. The heart is not the head, neither can it be. The poet's afflatus is an honored guest of the soul, coming and going at will: the mere thinker's proposition is a servant of the mind, being subject to command. The poet

is nothing unless inspired. There was never sublimer poetry than that uttered before Balak by Balaam, who could speak nothing except what the Lord put into his mouth. The poet should never try to force his genius. The muse may condescend to visit a soul, but she will come and go only as she pleases. The evidence of this fact is amply illustrated in the lives of the best poets. Alfred Tennyson, in some respects the greatest of modern poets, broke down in insufferable doggerel at times when he attempted to write at the beck of conventionalism.

There have always been poets in history. They will always be in the world. We have shown that they are in New Hampshire. We doubt if the world can exhibit better products of poetic genius than some of those evolved by residents of the Granite State. This is a strong statement, but we make it deliberately. The greatness of a poet does not consist in his recognition by popular favor. Rare poets, like rare flowers, sometimes exist to "waste their sweetness on the desert air." The divine Cause that produces the humblest poet will doubtless justify the life ordained for a mission perhaps as high as the loftiest battlements of heaven itself.

The quotations of this article can be found in "The Poets of New Hampshire," by Bela Chapin, where can be read more poetry than can possibly be mentioned in detail in an effort like this one.



GRETCHEN'S VISION.

By Adelbert Clark.

In the church on Easter morning,
Fragrant lilies nod between
Drooping vines of trailing smilax
And a bank of emerald green.
And a shaft of yellow sunlight
Lay across the altar's rail,
From the gold and crimson window,
Like a fair bride's wedding-veil.

Sweet and low the music quivered
From the organ's gilded pipes,
And the good priest knelt in prayer
In the morning's golden light.
"Father, from thy throne of mercy,
Cast our every sin away;
Give us more thy holy spirit,
On this glorious Easter day.

"Lift, oh, lift the veil for sinners;
Let them now thy beauty see,
As thou did that stormy morning,
On the waves of Galilee.
Let the tide of living waters
Like a fountain bubble up
In their hearts, this Easter morning,
From thy own life-giving cup.

"And from out this holy Sabbath,
May they learn thy blessed truth,
May they know thy love, O Saviour,
While within the spring of youth.
Let thy love, O Lord, forever
Be our light and guiding star,
Crowning life's weary pathway,
With its radiance from afar."

Like the whispering winds at twilight
Sighing in the golden-rod,
Was the good priest's tender pleadings,
Where the lilies gently nod.
And his prayer rose to heaven,
On bright wings the angel's wear,
And it paused before God's altar
Midst the glory, more than fair.

Gretchen with her psalm and psalter
Bound in black with tints of gold.
And a little cross of scarlet,
Watched the beauty; and behold!
From the cup came one fair lily,
Rose a misty pearly cloud
Like a vision—'twas the Saviour
In his spotless snowy shroud.

Then she saw the cross on Calvary,
Heavy clouds obscured the sky,
And she heard the groans of women,
And the Saviour's parting sigh.
Then from out the clouds, the lightning
Flashed across the dome of heav'n,
And she heard the voice of Jesus—
"Child, thy sins are all forgiven."

Then the organ's rolling thunder,
Quivered low an anthem sweet,
And she bent to reach the psalter
That had fallen at her feet.
From her lips there came a murmur:
"Teach me, Jesus, how to pray;
With thy blood, oh, my redeemer,
Thou hast washed my sins away."



View toward the Southwest from Meriden Hill, Ascutney in the Distance.

PLAINFIELD, MERIDEN, AND KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY.

By Kate J. Colby.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew."



As we glance back one hundred and thirty-five years, to the days of the first settlement of the town of Plainfield, N. H., it is like a beautiful landscape with its lights and shades, and far away mountains are enveloped in a golden haze. The closing years of the nineteenth century are upon us, and I have gathered out of the mists of the past a few recollections and facts, regarding this town and its academy.

The first settlers came from Plainfield, Conn., hence its name. Two men, S. Nash and Capt. Josiah Russel, came up the Connecticut river in a canoe, landing where Mrs. William Ward now lives. They built a hut on the top of the hill and then went to Charlestown and bought provisions for the winter, making the journey by marked trees. The town was then a wilderness. Indians, bears, and wolves roamed unmolested through its solitudes. Soon after, William Smith and two brothers coming from Connecticut, chanced to stop here over night, and were pleased with the country. They took up a tract, along the river, of six hundred acres, including the farms now owned by Mr. Francis Smith, Mrs. William Ward, and Mr.

Lewis Jordan. William Smith built the first framed house in that part of the town, and was the first man to settle with a family in town. His eldest daughter, Nancy, was the first white child born in town, and she was given one hundred acres of land, as a grant from the king. The house is in ruins, but the old well still remains. There still stand two large apple trees near the old Smith well, set there by the first William Smith, which bear large quantities of apples even now. He also gave the cemetery on the river known as the "Smiths' burying ground," and all of the Smiths who have died, from the first William down to the present time, are buried there, including Nancy. There is an old Indian burial place, where a good many Indian weapons have been unearthed, on the Woodman farm.

The Coles, also, were among the first settlers. Daniel Cole served in the battles of Saratoga and Trenton, periling his life thirteen times in the interests of his country. There were beside these the Stevens, the Westgates, the Chapmans, the Gallups, Dr. Oliver Baker, and others.

The town was originally six miles square, bordering upon the Connecticut. It is now six by ten miles, and

reaches from the river on the west to the ridge of Grantham mountain on the east, a distance of ten miles. It lies 303 feet above sea level on the river road, rising to the height of 2,800 feet, on Grantham mountain.



Hannah Duncan True.

In 1769, Benjamin Kimball, following the tide of emigration up the river, came to Plainfield, penetrated the wilderness, and purchased seven hundred and fifty acres of land, including what is now Meriden village and the adjoining farms. He built a log house on the hill, where Mr. John Bryant now lives, and on Blood's brook he built a saw- and grist-mill, receiving a grant of one hundred acres of land. He was accompanied by his wife, Hannah Richard, and son, Daniel, a lad of fifteen. His brother, Joseph Kimball, came a few months later, and bought three hundred acres, one mile west of Meriden hill.

In 1776, Lieutenant Gleason came with his wife, on horseback, from Connecticut, on their wedding trip, and settled on what is now the Hersey place, one mile east of the village upon the mountains. Other pioneers soon came, Judge



Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wells.

James T. Smith, the Beans, the Sleepers, the Moultons, and the

Fifields, and bought farms on the mountain side. Thomas Chellis came from Salisbury, N. H., and settled upon the hill, north of the village.

The Chellis ancestors came from England, settled in Ipswich, Mass.; a son, Philip, was one of the founders of Amesbury, Mass. In the True neighborhood, there was Deacon True, who married Eunice Kimball, and their son, Reuben, who married Eunice Cutler, and had six children. His second wife was Hannah Duncan, who had eight children. They came from Massachusetts and settled near Batchelor hill. Then there was Captain Morgan, whose family numbered eight. Next came Merrill Colby, who came up from New Town, N. H., on horseback, following marked trees. His wife was Elisabeth Colby of Maine.



William C. True.

The Colby ancestors came from Sheffield, England, and settled in Amesbury, Mass., in 1640. As he was a carpenter, he cleared the land and sawed lumber at the mill on Blood's brook, and built the first framed house in the neighborhood. He raised nine children, one of whom, Charles, is living at the age of eighty-four. Elder Jonathan Crane came from Massachusetts. Jabez Carey settled on the brook that bears his name. One of the early comers was John Frederick Tone, a Hessian from Germany, a soldier in the Revolution. Thomas Watson, a Revolutionary soldier,

came to East Plainfield and married Anna Chellis. His only surviving daughter, Sophia Watson, is still living, at the age of eighty-two, and is the only daughter of the Revolution in town. Deacon Blass settled near Carey brook. The Pennimans



Robert R. Penniman.

came from Uxbridge, Mass., and bought land south of Meriden hill, three miles away, near the Rulaf Spalding place. Their ancestors came from England and served in the Revolution. Amos Farnam and wife also came from Uxbridge, Mass. Hezekiah French came to Plainfield from Connecticut on horseback, following the bridle-path. He settled by the ledges, since called French's Ledges or Cliffs. His daughter Jane was the wife of Mr. Silloway, and Mrs. Ruby Moore, now ninety-two years of age, is their daughter.

The fathers and mothers were very busy in those days; there were no roads, only bridle-paths, and from the north part of the town the settlers carried their bags of grain to the mills on their shoulders. They tried to build a road, but it was nothing but a crooked track winding among the stumps. Nev-



Edward D. Baker.

ertheless, the scattered inhabitants were holding town meetings and pro-

prietors' meetings, drawing for their hundred and fifty acre lots, building mills on Blood's brook and "Blow-me-Down" brook, collecting taxes, centering the town, signing the non-intercourse covenant in hostility to the British,—all signed but ten, expressing their loyalty in other ways—distributing ammunition at the rate of "one pound of powder, four flints, and a sufficient portion of lead to every man who owned a gun." Some time in the summer of 1780, "Diel Leawis, found horses, or provision in an alarm to Royalton and Newbury," and raised volunteers for the Continental army. They settled values on a depreciated and variable currency. They were also trying to card and spin the wool and flax, weave the cloth, and make garments, and make butter and cheese.



Lieut. Edwin Farnam.

The machinery of those days was very simple. The spinning wheel, loom, cheese-press, scythe, and flail were the common implements. Cooking was done by the large fireplace and brick oven. The children learned their lessons in the midst of this busy round of labor, until the advent of the "little red school-house."

The pioneers were anxious to find out where they lived. In the first town meeting held March 11, 1766, it was dated "Plainfield, N. H." At that time Amos Stafford, Lieut. Thomas Gallop, and Francis Smith were appointed a committee to "lay out a meeting-house lot and burying-

ground." In 1778, town meetings were dated, "Plainfield, Province of N. H."; in 1779, "N. H. Grants, Plainfield." May 3, 1780, the town voted "that they did not consider themselves under the jurisdiction of New Hampshire." In 1781, they dated their meetings "State of Ver-

chimney in the centre. Several of these remain with only slight changes after ninety to one hundred and four years of use, with a full complement of the old-fashioned furniture, pewter plates, "grandfather's clock," and other interesting ancient relics.



Buffalo in Blue Mountain Forest Park, near Meriden.

mont," Plainfield having accepted the articles of union between Vermont and certain towns east of the Connecticut. In 1784, our own constitution was adopted and accepted, and the inhabitants knew where they lived.

The first settlers were religious, God-fearing people, who made the world better for their self-sacrificing lives and good example, ready to assist in every good word and work. Their forms, once so familiar at the fireside, or in the old church, are resting in the village church-yard; pioneers, veterans of the Revolution of 1812, as well as of our late Civil War, sleep 'neath the maples' shade. They built large, substantial houses of pine lumber with heavy timbers, and wooden pins, to support the massive frame-work, and a huge

The history of the town, as well as of the village of Meriden, has been one of growth, not so much in wealth or population as in a rugged, earnest, intellectual development. Farming is the principal occupation of the people; the climate is bracing, and invigorating; the village is situated on a high elevation and surrounded by hills and valleys. The long line of Blue Mountain Forest park lies along the eastern horizon. The Ledges, Colby hill, Ascutney mountain, and the far away Green mountains of Vermont in the west are grand and inspiring, from the gorgeous sunrise, as the sun slowly creeps up the mountain heights, flooding forest and plain with its crimson glory, till the peaceful golden sunset breathes a benison upon tired Nature and her children. Nearly all the old farms

on Grantham mountain are now included in Corbin's park, one mile away.

" Still the sun is on them, and the dew,
Shining far down and glittering through,
The wide, white fields of mountain air,
High o'er the valleys everywhere.
I'd rather love one blade of grass
That grows on one New England hill,
Than over all the wide world pass,
Unmastered, uninspired still."

Meriden parish was incorporated in 1780, and the name was given it by Dr. Samuel Wood of Boscawen, who was the first preacher, and to whom the naming of the parish was intrusted. About this time the people began to consider the school system,—there must be school-houses and teachers for their children, so the town was divided into sixteen districts. Every boy and girl desired an education, and the attendance

In the days of our grandparents there were few papers, magazines, or books ; but what they had were well read. Mention is made of a circulating library that was kept at the house of Mr. Daniel Kimball. During the long winter evenings there were the spelling and singing schools, huskings, apple parings, and quiltings. There have been small libraries at the Plain and Meriden, for the people, by the payment of fees. In 1892 a free town library was started. One half the books are at the Plain, the other at Meriden town hall. Mrs. Hannah Bridgman and Mrs. William Ward are librarians.

Memorial Day services and town meetings are held alternately at the Plain and at Meriden. Two grange societies are well sustained.

There are many excellent well



Samuel Sanborn.



Rev. Maurice J. Duncklee.



Rev. Jason G. Miller.

was large. But within thirty years numbers have lessened, and under the present board of education there are but nine districts. Many modern improvements have been introduced,—new systems, new teachers,—yet pleasant memories will always gather around the "red school-house." There was developed the bone and sinew of the nation.

The population of the town is now 1,173 ; of Meriden, 800, nearly.

tilled farms in town, composed of meadows, uplands, and pasturage. Dairying and sheep raising are the industries. Edward Daniels, a descendant of Leonard Daniels, who settled on Black hill, is the largest sheep owner in town, having 210 sheep and 180 lambs. The Black Hill Fish and Game club protects this region. Telephone lines connect with the adjoining towns from the post-offices at Meriden and the Plain.



Residence of Col. Charles Colby. Built in 1794.

Two stage routes connect Meriden with Windsor, Vt., and Claremont via Cornish, Meriden, and Lebanon, each day.

Plainfield is still destitute of a railroad; the nearest depot is Lebanon, eight miles away.

A new town hall was built at Meriden in 1895, at the expense of \$2,000. At the Plain there is one store, and the post-office. There are two thriving stores at Meriden. A creamery is situated on the road leading around the "mile square" near Mr. Samuel Davis's house.

The largest land holder in town is Mr. C. C. Beaman, son-in-law of ex-Senator and ex-Secretary of State William M. Evarts, who married Miss Wardner of Plainfield. Henry

C. Farnum has a large estate and is a good farmer. The best wheat farm in town is on Colby hill, at the Robert Kimball place, now occupied by Col. Charles Colby. The Frank Dow farm on the opposite side of the street was owned by Jesse Colby, son of Morrill Colby, and father of three sons who went West.

In the early days, a leading man in town was Mr. Benjamin Kimball. He built the mill at Mill Village, and there he lost his life in August, 1796, by falling from the dam. A few years later, two sons of Parker Cole were drowned on Sunday near the same spot. On Blood's brook other mills were built; the largest now is Mr. Hilliard's. On Blow-me-Down, Charles Read has an extensive lumber yard. There are no manufacturing factories.

The oldest persons in town are Mr. Califf, of East Plainfield, aged ninety-two; Mrs. Hiram Moore, ninety-two; Earl Westgate, eighty-nine; Mrs. George Morgan, eighty-four, and Charles Colby, eighty-four. The two last are descendants of Gov. Anthony Colby.

The medical history of this town is of special interest. The first physician of whom there is any record was



Lydia B. (Scott) Colby.



Jesse Colby.



James E. Colby.

Dr. Oliver Baker. He was born in Tolland, Conn., October 5, 1755, and married Dorcas Dimic, March 23, 1780. She was born in Tolland, Conn., September 23, 1760. The date of their moving to Plainfield is not known, but probably about 1781-82, making it certain that he was physician of this town about thirty years, until his death, October 3, 1811. Their fourth child was Oliver,

1808, from Uxbridge, Mass. He practised thirty-six years in Meriden, and died in 1863, at the age of eighty. Dr. John Blanchard succeeded Dr. John W. H. Baker. Dr. C. W. Manchester was the son of Dr. John Manchester. He came here from Cornish, and was in practice here twenty years. He rebuilt the Dr. Frost mansion, where he lived until he moved to Lebanon in 1875. He died



Dr. Hubert Sleeper.



Mrs. F. Von Tobel.



Dr. F. Von Tobel.

Jr., born in Plainfield, August 16, 1788. He practised medicine in Chesterfield, from 1810-40; in West Hartford, Vt., 1840-42; removed to Plainfield in 1842, where he practised medicine till 1852, removing to Windsor, Vt., where he remained in practice until the infirmities of age rendered it necessary for him to abandon his profession. His son, Dr. John W. H. Baker, was born in Chesterfield, August 25, 1821. Receiving his academic education at Kimball Union academy, he graduated at Dartmouth medical college in the class of 1843, and commenced practice in Plainfield (Meriden), in June, 1844, continuing until August, 1853. He went to California in 1853, but returned in 1855, and located in Davenport, Ia., where he is still residing and practising his profession. Dr. Elias Frost came to Meriden in

in 1893. He was a graduate of Burlington medical school. Dr. Hubert Sleeper, son of Hiram Sleeper of Meriden, graduated at Kimball Union academy and Dartmouth college. He was surgeon in the Sixteenth New Hampshire regiment. He is still located here though not in active practice, on account of ill health. He was succeeded by Drs. Sawyer, Edwards, and F. Von Tobel. Dr. I. N. Fowler is the only physician in town, with the exception of Dr. E. G. Beers, a veteran of the Civil War. Gratefully we recall the kindness and devotion and self-sacrificing lives of the family doctor. "For I was sick and ye visited me."

In 1773 the Rev. Abraham Carpenter was settled at the centre of the town, preaching in private houses, or in the open air. After four years of faithful work he was accepted as

the minister of the *town*, and secured the land set apart for the first settled minister. He labored fifteen years. As there was no preaching after he went to Rutland, Vt., his church became extinct, until 1804, when the Rev. Micah Porter organized a new church, composed of various denominations. He was the father of Dr. Jabez Porter, whose son John still lives at the homestead on Black hill. He was succeeded by Rev. Jacob Scales.

On October 8, 1779, a meeting was called in the "east part of Plainfield and New Grantham," now Meriden, for the purpose of forming a church. There were many enterprising and prominent men here, the best lands were in this vicinity, and the mills were near; therefore the population

wife, Joseph Kimball, Abel Stevens, John Stevens, Micah Adams. One year later they decided to build.

In April, 1780, under the preaching of Mr. Samuel Wood, there was a religious revival, which resulted in the organization of a Congregational church at the house of Benjamin Kimball; after his death the headquarters of the church and society was at the "grand house," the home of Daniel Kimball and wife. The meetings and "conferences" were held in their long kitchen—three ordination dinners were served there. The meeting house was begun in 1781, but never finished. In 1796 they voted to build a new one, and in 1767 voted to sell the old meeting house. This was the first church built in Plainfield; and "stood



Alvah B. Chellis



Pettengill Chellis.



Edwin Chellis.

increased more rapidly in this part of the town. About forty-one gathered at the house of Benj. Kimball, formed a society, signed a covenant that they would "do their proportion toward building a house for Public Worship, on ye hill by Mr. Ben Kimballs barn, as nigh where ye Barn now Stands as the convientcy of the land will admit of." Some of those prominent in the church and society were Abram Roberts, Benjamin Kimball, Daniel Kimball and

toward the southeast corner of the common in front of where the academy now stands." The first pastor was the Rev. Experience Estabrook, installed, June 6, 1787; dismissed, May 7, 1796. For four years there was little or no preaching. November 7, 1799, the second pastor, the Rev. Silvan Short, was ordained and installed. He died, suddenly, of scarlet fever, in September, 1803.

In 1796, an effort was made to build a new church and have pub-

lie worship. With Daniel Kimball, chorister, Eliphalet Adams and William Huntington, the work went on with great interest and enthusiasm.



Abbie S. Chellis.

M. Bell Chellis.

The house cost \$4,400, was fifty feet by sixty feet, with a steeple at the west end, and porch at the east; doors at the south side and both ends. The pulpit, opposite the south door, had a huge sounding-board suspended above it. There were fifty square box pews, on the floor, and twenty-one in the gallery, on three sides. In 1798, a bell was bought and placed in the church tower. This was a wonderful event as it was the first bell in town, or the surrounding towns. It was rung twice every week day and on Sunday. There was a committee of three appointed to procure the bell rung through the year. It is told that the young people and children gathered about the doors of their homes, delighted to catch every peal as the sound echoed over the hills and vales. For ninety-two years its melody cheered—until the fire that burned the old Meriden House on March 20, 1890, when a spark set fire to the top of the church tower, and it burned down to the roof, melting the old bell. The tower was rebuilt in 1891. A new

bell was given by Alvah and Mary Chellis, but alas! in June, 1894, the church was twice struck by lightning, within forty-eight hours, and entirely consumed.

In 1804, the third pastor was installed, the Rev. Daniel Dickinson. He owned and lived on the land known as the Dr. Frost place, on the east side of the hill. Deacon Eliphalet Adams gave the funds for the present parsonage, not long after the dismissal of Mr. Dickinson in 1819. July 4, 1821, Mr. David Claves of Andover Theological seminary was ordained and installed its fourth pastor. His charge of sixteen years resulted in an upbuilding of faith and character, in the church and society; one hundred new members united with the church, many of them efficient helpers, whose memory is regarded with esteem and affection. He closed his labors here in 1837 to accept a call to Wakefield, Mass., and was succeeded by the Rev. Amos Blanchard, in 1840, who preached twenty-six years, during which time one hundred and sixty-six names were added to the church roll, a large part of whom were students from the academy. He was practical as well as earnest in his pastoral work. He resigned October 4, 1865.

The Rev. Frank P. Woodbury was ordained and installed April 18, 1866, preaching with great acceptance one year, reviving spiritual life in the church, school, and residents. His resignation,



Rev. Frank P. Woodbury.

July 16, 1867, was regretfully received. Thirty-seven new members were received during his pastorate. He married Abbie L. Richards, youngest daughter of Prof. Cyrus S. Richards.

The following year the Rev. E. E. P. Abbot was ordained and installed,



Rev. George H. French.

Mrs. George H. French.

May 6, 1868. After four years of most successful work he expressed a desire to visit Europe for further study, and was dismissed. He received fifty-six members to the church, mostly residents; there were also improvements made in the church building, the old belfry was replaced by a taller and more graceful spire, stained glass windows, a new stairway, chandeliers, and an organ added to the cheerfulness of church service. The earnest, devoted leader in this enterprise was Mrs. Cyrus S. Richards, now living, a widow, in Washington, D. C. Mr. Abbot resigned March 27, 1873, and the same council installed the Rev. Charles M. Palmer, a faithful friend and pastor. His successor was the Rev. Mr. Dean from the frontier of Nebraska, a student of unusual ability. The Rev. Mr. Mel- len and wife, who had just returned from twenty-five years' missionary work among the Zulus in Africa,

supplied for three years, acceptably; and then came the Rev. Mr. Holmes from Ayer, Mass. Under his guidance many were led to more consecrated living. He was succeeded by the Rev. George H. French, whose interest in church and school never faltered,—the poor and sick found a friend indeed in this pastor and wife. He resigned in 1892. The Rev. Charles F. Robinson was called in 1893, from Andover seminary. He is a graduate of Dartmouth and a native of Meredith. Although laboring under unusual discouragements, by the loss of the church building, the services held in the chapel have been helpful and encouraging.

During the past fifty years, as early as the fourth and fifth pastorates, vivid impressions were made upon the youthful minds of the community, as well as the older, by supplies from Dartmouth college. The influence of those sermons and men still lives. President Lord, with his flowing, white locks, the majestic form and features of President Asa D. Smith, the noble, dignified Professor Sanborn, the cultured and spiritual Prof. Henry E. Parker, an alumnus of Kimball Union Academy, and Professor Campbell have delivered soul stirring messages from the old pulpit; while lectures by Dr. J. G. Holland, Professor Patterson, and Mrs. Livermore have been incentives to noble living and noble deeds.

The centennial celebration of this church occurred Sunday, May 2, 1880. Rev. C. M. Palmer was pastor at that time. The Rev. C. H. Richards and Mrs. M. U. Palmer contributed, each, a hymn written for the occasion. The Rev. A. Heald of the Baptist church read the Scrip-

tures and offered prayer. The Rev. L. A. Austin, a teacher in the academy, delivered an interesting historical address, and letters of reminiscences from Cyrus S. Richards, LL. D., then of Howard university, who, for forty years, was connected with this church, and the Rev. F. P. Woodbury, of Rockford, Ill., and the Rev. E. E. P. Abbot, of Newport, were listened to by a large and deeply interested audience, who gave welcome to a new century bright with hope, and the promise that "On this rock will I build my church." After which, gathering around the Lord's Table, they were cheered and refreshed.

Who can forget Daniel Kimball, son of Benjamin and Hannah Kimball? He was born in Preston, Conn., enlisted in the Revolutionary War in 1776, went to Quebec, attained the rank of sergeant, thence to Ticonderoga, West Point, and Fishkill; was made adjutant in 1780; and went to the relief of the massacred at Royalton, Vt. From the school of war he learned patriotism, lessons of wisdom, took larger and more liberal views of life, and was the first citizen of the town, an active business man, merchant, representative, town clerk, selectman, and justice of the peace before he was thirty. He is described by one who knew him as "tall, very erect, fine looking, resembling Henry Clay in features." He became a Christian at twenty-eight, and was ever after earnestly devoted to the cause of Christ, and the church. His wife belonged to a scholarly family which had given eminent names to our country. She was a teacher in early life. As the Lord had prospered them with abun-

dant means, they were often seeking how they could best dispose of their wealth, or do the most good with it. At that time, October 21, 1812, a council of New England churches convened at Windsor, Vt., with Professor Dwight of Yale, Professors Adams and Shurtleff of Dartmouth, and Professors Porter and Wood of Andover seminary "to consider ways and means for the education of poor and pious young men, and others by tuition." Daniel Kimball was in the council and pledged \$6,000 for immediate use, and the bulk of his property at his decease. This determined the location of a school at Meriden, and its name, though it did not assume the name of Kimball Union Academy until after Mr. Kimball's death in 1817. It is said that his ancestors came from Scotland, where they were known by the name of Campbell, related to Thomas Campbell, the poet, whose remains rest in Westminster Abbey. On ac-



Frank L. French.

Rev. Charles F. Robinson.

count of difficulties with the existing government, they left their native land and came to America, changing their name to Kimball. In Scotland "the kirk and school" have been one since John Knox's day, and was it not this influence vibrating down the ages, that gave the strength and power to

this church and school, through the spirit of its founder? This academy was incorporated in 1813; organized, and the building dedicated in 1815, with seven pupils in attendance. Mrs. Kimball survived her husband thirty years. Seeing that a female department was desirable she gave \$10,000, which, with the \$40,000 from Mr. Kimball's estate, made a permanent fund which gave new life to the school. Mr. Kimball had also made provision in his will that one hundred and fifty dollars be paid annually to support Congregational preaching in this place, also a bene-

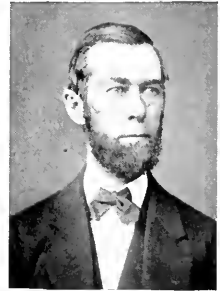
of Hartford, Vt., was appointed the fourth principal. This honor was conferred upon him on his graduating day at Dartmouth College. He was a graduate of Kimball Union Academy in the class of 1831. He here commenced a most remarkable work for education, extending over a period of thirty-six years. The standard of scholarship was raised until the academy was one of the best fitting classical scholars in the country. The average number of students at this period was two hundred, though often exceeding three hundred. They came mostly from



Robert Kimball.



Betsey Kimball.



R. Byron Kimball.

ficiary fund for students preparing for the ministry.

The first building was destroyed by fire in 1824 and was rebuilt in 1825. This was the wing of the one recently burned. The main building was erected in 1839-'40. At this time the female department was established and united with the seminary. A great deal of its prosperity prior to this time was due to the skillful management of Professor Israel Newel and his associate, that superior scholar, teacher, and Christian worker, the Rev. Charles Shedd.

The number of students and popularity of the school increased rapidly. In August, 1835, Cyrus S. Richards

the industrial classes and were used to hard work. They were faithful students, and have gone forth into the world moulded to all that is noble and true, by consecrated, earnest teachers. The first object was to help and encourage poor, but promising, young men for the ministry; their influence must be felt among their fellow students, and accounted for the many revivals of religion during all its history. The prayers and labors of a band of Christian young men and women cannot be estimated. Eternity alone will reveal the treasure. A long line of valued assistants were instrumental in carrying on this grand and hopeful work,—Prof.

Alpheus Wood, Abel Wood, Elihu T. Rowe, Cyrus S. Baldwin, Lewis A. Austin, George J. Cummings, and Marshall K. Gaines. Professor Richards resigned at the close of the summer term, 1871, on account of ill health. The following year he accepted the professorship of Greek and Latin in Howard university, Washington, D. C., where he taught sixteen years, making in all fifty golden years in the service of education. He died at the age of seventy-seven, at the home of his son Charles, in Madison, Wis. His remains rest in our village cemetery, by the side of his wife, whose early death was mourned by all who knew her. Four children survive them: Helen, wife of the Rev. George H. Herrick, missionary in Turkey; Charles, now pastor of the Central Congregational church in Philadelphia; Abbie, wife of the Rev. F. P. Woodbury, field secretary of the American Missionary association; and Willie, in business in New Jersey. His second wife survives him.

The opening term of Dr. Richards's work at Kimball Union Academy was saddened by the unfortunate death of his brother, who brought him over from Hartland, Vt. On returning at dusk he found the road to West Lebanon overflowed by recent heavy rains, and by an accident he was drowned.

The first lady preceptress was Miss Martha Green; her successor was Miss S. Helen Richards, afterwards Mrs. E. W. Clark, missionary to the Sandwich Islands. Then followed Miss Mary Nudd Robinson; Miss Prentice; Miss Bates; Miss Esta Baldwin, daughter of Prof. Cyrus and Hannah Shattuck Baldwin; Miss Myra Everest; Miss Georgia

Wilcox; Martha Day; Miss Louise Bugbee, with a host of others, who left a deep impress upon this institution of learning.

About 1870 there came a time of depression, owing to the Civil War, emigration to the West, and the presence of other schools. Improvements to keep up with the times were sadly needed. A large number of the senior classes of 1861 and 1862 enlisted in the Ninth, Eleventh, Fourteenth and Sixteenth N. H. Regiments. Several returned to graduate at Dartmouth College, and others died from



The Old Academy.

exposure. One was in Libby prison for months, another, George W. Barber, lost an arm at the Battle of Fredricksburg, and is now chaplain in the Soldiers' Home in Wisconsin.

The graduating classes numbered from forty to sixty each year. The day was observed as the event of the year, when old and young gathered from near and far, in the old historic church, hallowed by so many sacred memories.

In 1877 an alumni association was formed to meet once in three years at Meriden. The first reunion was held June 16, 1880, when a large number of the older teachers, students, and

friends were present. A reunion song was written for the occasion by Mrs. M. W. Palmer with music by W. O. Perkins, a well-known composer. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. F. A. Noble of Chicago, Dr. Arthur Little, and many other noted men. Much enthusiasm was shown and new interest manifested in Kimball Union Academy and her work. A circular was issued in 1890 at its seventy-fifth anniversary, containing the valuable facts, that "beside a large number of non-graduates

representatives in Kimball Union Academy at some time since 1815. Every state in the Union, Canada, England, and to-day even Armenia has her representatives here.

That prudent and scholarly teacher, David P. Miller, was principal six years. He was succeeded, in 1890, by W. H. Cummings, the present principal, who assumed his position under discouraging circumstances. However, new plans and suggestions were carried out, and hope and courage revived; with him the school began a new era.

March 20, 1890, the old Meriden house, belonging to the institution, took fire at noon, and was burned to the ground. It had been in use seventy-five years, as hotel and students' dormitory. Plans for a new hall were made, when, February 21, 1891, there came another alarm of fire, at four o'clock in the morning. In a few hours the academy was in ruins,



The New Kimball Union Academy

1,730 have graduated, 540 of these at Dartmouth College, 250 at other colleges, 451 from professional schools; 333 became pastors, 26 foreign missionaries, 211 doctors, 313 lawyers, 36 editors, 431 teachers, 7 college presidents, 34 professors in college, 4 members of congress, 3 judges of the supreme court."

There is also the Boston Alumni association, whose members are graduates living in Boston and its vicinity. This meets yearly.

There are very few families in town who have not had one or more repre-

sentatives in Kimball Union Academy at some time since 1815. Every state in the Union, Canada, England, and to-day even Armenia has her representatives here. That prudent and scholarly teacher, David P. Miller, was principal six years. He was succeeded, in 1890, by W. H. Cummings, the present principal, who assumed his position under discouraging circumstances. However, new plans and suggestions were carried out, and hope and courage revived; with him the school began a new era. March 20, 1890, the old Meriden house, belonging to the institution, took fire at noon, and was burned to the ground. It had been in use seventy-five years, as hotel and students' dormitory. Plans for a new hall were made, when, February 21, 1891, there came another alarm of fire, at four o'clock in the morning. In a few hours the academy was in ruins, and the sweet-voiced bell was hushed forever. Most of the furniture, library, and cabinets were saved. The alumni and friends immediately responded to her aid, generously. E. K. Baxter, M. D., of Sharon, Vt., took a loyal interest, and the corner stone of the new academy was laid June 18, 1891, with appropriate exercises, conducted by the Rev. F. E. Clarke, D. D., president of the board of trustees. The academy was finished in the spring of 1892, and the formal dedication took place June 16, 1892, in connection with the graduat-

ing exercises. Mr. A. B. Cook of Chicago gave a beautiful flag, which was raised at the close of these exercises. A new bell was given by Samuel Bean, Jr., a former resident of this town. A new piano was placed in the chapel by Hon. Dexter Richards of Newport. Others gave pictures of Cyrus S. Richards, Byron Kimball, E. K. Baxter; and

published twice each term. There are prizes offered in oratory, mathematics, and composition.

The present teachers are principal, W. H. Cummings; preceptress, Etta Morse; Miss Young, Miss Ella Hazen, Miss Chloe Miller, Miss Stearns, Mr. Johnson, and Mrs. W. H. Cummings, music teacher.

The one hundred dollar plan gives



Prof. W. H. Cummings.



Mrs. W. H. Cummings.



Etta Morse.



Mary N. Young.



Ella M. Hazen.



Chloe S. Miller.



Miss Stearns.



Mr. Johnson.

others, copies of famous paintings; chandeliers, books, and chemical apparatus are gifts of various classes.

The library now contains 1,200 volumes, the Philadelphian society have 1,000, and the Minervians have 800. The recent gift of Charles P. Wilder of Olcott, Vt., of \$5,000, found grateful hearts ready to receive it, opening up a brighter prospect for the future. The *Kimball Union* is edited by the students, and

a limited number of worthy young men and women rooms and board for one year, and proves a success. The present number of students is 180. There is a special teacher for elocution and physical culture.

The outlook for this academy was never brighter, and looking forward may the closing years of the century bring blessings richer and fairer, glowing with a radiance yet unknown. "Kept by Thy Hand this

school shall stand with richest blessings fraught."

Plans were made for building a new hall, but it was not finished until 1893. A large debt of gratitude is due Hon. Dexter Richards of Newport for his generosity in erecting this house, which is fittingly called Dexter Richards Hall. It is fitted and furnished with all modern improvements and comforts for students. It is cheerful and sunny, graceful and beautiful in outline. It is also the only hotel in town, and



Dexter Richards Hall.

is under the management of the trustees. During the summer vacation the house is occupied by city boarders. Rowe Hall and Bryant's Hall are devoted wholly to the use of young ladies.

Saturday, October 2, 1897, was a day of peculiar interest to the people of Meriden, and especially to the Congregational church, society, and the academy, by reason of the laying of the corner stone of the new church. The main structure is to be of stone, with ample proportions, with a stone tower sixty feet high. The audience room will be forty-two by fifty-four feet. The stone is all of Meriden granite from the hills nearby.

September 6, 1792, the First Baptist church of Plainfield (Meriden) was organized in the True neighborhood. The council consisted of Elder Hebbard, John Drue, with brethren from Hartford, Vt. For a number of years the church held their meetings at private dwellings or school-houses and later, at East Plainfield. Elder Jonathan Cram was the first ordained Baptist minister. Elder Kendrick of Cornish was a frequent preacher. In 1829, at a meeting held at East Plainfield, plans were made for the building of a church to be fifty by forty feet, one story high, with steeple and belfry. It was completed and dedicated in 1832. Services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Hough.

The congregation greatly increased under "protracted meetings." Services were held occasionally at the Plain to accommodate the people in that part of the town, who

were mostly Methodists, Baptists, and Universalists. They called themselves the Union church. At a special meeting, convened at the house of E. T. Harris, March 26, 1836, a change of location was decided upon. The church edifice was sold and a more central site was purchased of Dr. Elias Frost, at Meriden. The house was built of brick, forty by fifty feet, with steeple. It was finished and dedicated January 1, 1839. Elder Williams was the first pastor. The prominent men in this work were Deacon True, his sons, Osgood and Reuben, Mr. Hough, Capt. Moses Eaton, and Samuel Winkley, whose activity, liberality,

and devotion, were the life of the church. The True family presented to the society a parsonage, with sixteen acres of land.

In 1891, the membership was one hundred and nineteen. At this time the Rev. Samuel W. Niles of Newport, South Wales, became its pastor. He married the widow of Converse Smith, Sr., and preached the faith twenty years, dying at the parsonage in 1861.



M. E. Trowe.

In 1842, about thirty members living in the vicinity of the Plains, asked for letters of dismission that they might form a church of their own at that place. The request was granted, and a new church was built in the west part of the town, which was supplied by the Rev. S. W. Miles until they called F. R. Morse, a Dartmouth student.

In 1861, Daniel F. Richardson of Hanover entered upon a pastorate of five years at Meriden and the Plain. He was succeeded in 1866 by the Rev. Charles H. Green, who died one year later with these words of immortal hope upon his lips, "He whom I have recommended as the sinner's friend is now mine." He left a grief-stricken church and community. In two years the Rev. Stephen Abbott was called. He awakened new life and hope in the church. Under his ministry a new vestry was built and a pipe organ placed in the gallery in 1868. In 1870, the Rev. Horace G. Hubbard was installed, the sixth pastor. Many will remember the great re-

vival in the church and community during the visit of Evangelist Whittier, when large numbers were added to the churches. He resigned in April, 1876, and was succeeded by Rev. Albert Heald, a faithful minister;—and he, in turn, gave way to the Rev. B. F. Lawrence, who, with his wife, was highly esteemed for his "work's sake." In 1889, the Rev. O. W. Kimball from Cottage City, Mass., entered upon a most successful pastorate. Receiving the heritage of the fathers, he has been true to the trust for nine years, which is the longest pastorate connected with the church, excepting that of S. W. Miles, of twenty years. Both societies are laboring harmoniously for the same end, realizing that life is more than creed.

The one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Baptist church occurred September 6, 1892, and it was deemed fitting to review the joys and sorrows of a century, with appropriate exercises. Many old friends and members were present to welcome the opening century and give thanks for the faithful ones of old,



Rev. O. W. Kimball.



Rev. Dana Clayes.

who bore their cross so courageously, and now wear the crown.

The church at the Plain has grown steadily. Rev. G. C. Trow, who

came in 1887, is its present pastor. It has a membership of seventy-five. The pastorate of Daniel F. Richardson continued five years, until 1865, sustaining the Sunday services at Meriden and the Plain. Upon his resignation he was succeeded at the latter place by Samuel Bell, a Dartmouth student. The next pastor was James Baskwell, who stayed but five months. He was followed by the Rev. D. P. Deming, a respected and worthy minister, who closed his



Residence of James S. Wood.

labors in 1872. The Rev. E. H. Smith preached until 1875, and then went to Hanover, N. H. His successor was G. C. Pay. The Rev. G. B. Smith was there four years and three months. In 1882, Rev. J. D. Graham was called, and through his earnest and effective preaching the church was strengthened, and many were converted and baptised. He resigned in 1887, after five years of pleasant associations as church and pastor. His successor, the Rev. Mr. Trow, has been with them ten years, the longest pastor on record. The members of the "Artists' Colony," who spend the summer in that neighborhood, have generously remembered this church by gifts.

The summer residents who have

homes at Meriden, and return year by year, are men of prominence and influence. John D. Bryant, Esq., of Boston, comes up to the homestead early in the season with his wife and the Misses Clayes, daughters of Rev. Dana Clayes. Their residence is situated on the west side of the common or campus, and the views looking toward the southwest, with the hills and valleys and Ascutney in the distance, cannot be surpassed.

Mr. Bryant is a son of John Bryant, lawyer, who was brother of the late George and Levi Bryant of this place. They are descendants of Sir Guy Bryant of England, whose ancestors came to Massachusetts about the time of the Revolution. They were valued and loyal soldiers in that war. They have always taken a personal interest in the church and school at Meriden.

The home of the late J. J. Barrows of Martha's Vineyard has been occupied during the summer by the members of his family who return from their city homes in May and remain until November, making a delightful family reunion. The residence occupies a commanding situation somewhat back from the village street, a quiet, restful place with spacious yards. Mr. Barrows came here an invalid. Here he regained his health and lived thirty years. Mr. and Mrs. Pettingil of Philadelphia have purchased the Dr. C. W. Manchester estate for a summer residence, and they spent most of the summer here for ten years.

Another beautiful and elegant home is owned by Mr. and Mrs. James S. Wood, prominent and respected townspeople, and lineal descendants of the old Kimball family.

This place is picturesque with its fine maples and elm trees, for which Meriden is particularly famous; the old elm in front of the Richards mansion with its long, waving branches, reaching ever upward and outward, the "class trees" on the campus, are an ever-present reminder of those who once lived with us.

For the past five or six years a large number of city people have spent their summers here, and are charmed with the quiet, the shady walks and drives.

It is fitting to note the recent death, November 4, 1897, of Miss Elisabeth Day, a graduate of Kimball Union Academy, class of '67. She was a devout Christian and scholar of unusual attainments. About twenty-five years ago she became a Catholic, and later entered the Order of Mercy at Mount St. Mary's, Manchester, and was known as "Sister Mary Casimir." She was at her best as teacher of literature; a charming conversationalist, and has well earned the fame of being one of the most brilliant and learned women of New Hampshire.

We speak with pride of Col. Converse J. Smith, a native of Plainfield, born August 13, 1848; educated at Kimball Union Academy, graduating in the class of 1866. He was the grandson of James S. Smith, son of Converse Smith, all of Meriden. Mercantile business was selected as an avocation, and in 1868, after a year's service in the store of Converse Cole, a clerkship was obtained with Messrs. Warde, Humphrey & Co., leading hardware merchants of

Concord. Upon the death of the senior member, a new partnership was formed, under the name of Humphrey, Dodge & Smith, which continued until 1889, when Mr. Smith retired. For two years he was a member of Gov. Samuel W. Hale's staff, with rank of colonel; was a member of the legislature in 1889-'90. He has also given considerable attention to journalism; for two years he was the regular correspondent of the Boston *Daily Traveler* for New Hampshire. In the fall



James S. Wood.



Col. Converse J. Smith.

of 1890, Colonel Smith was appointed special agent of the United States treasury department, and is in charge of the New England special agency district, with official station in Boston.

The history of this town and academy should instil into our minds a greater love for it, for, has it not been the birthplace or the home of some man or woman, whose memory the whole country or the world delights to honor?

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."



DANGERS THREE; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF SALT LAKE CITY.¹

(Some facts, sugared with fiction.)

By H. W. Brown, M. Sc.

I.



ALTHOUGH Sethanias Bumpus was a bachelor, it does not follow that he was an old bachelor, nor yet a confirmed old bachelor. Neither does the fact imply that he was such by choice, nor entirely such by necessity. He was such because of that strange and seemingly fortuitous combination of circumstances which, in so many lives, subserves the purpose of destiny. But he was a bachelor, and he had good reason to know it, often to rue it. Perhaps had he been reared in more remote proximity to that modern Athens, wherein so many worthy maidens languish, like withered blooms upon a parent stem, he might not have been forced to know the somewhat doubtful joys of single blessedness. But New England was his home, and the austere maidens of that catarrhal clime had thus far utterly failed to arouse an inherent lethargy to the activities of a marriage proposal. Doubtless they had not tried. The New England damsel, like Tennyson's brook, too often contents herself to sing,—and with no sighs,—“Men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever.”

Not so, however, the maidens of

Salt Lake City. If Boston may be regarded as the negative terrestrial pole of conjugal influence, Salt Lake City may certainly be regarded as the positive.

Now Mr. Bumpus, charged as he was with the negative energy of the former pole, found himself rapidly approaching within the magnetic circuit of the latter.

Here were to be found maidens who waited not for lovers to woo, but who willingly attended to so simple a matter themselves. Here were not the modest, sighing, and retreating maidens of his own good fatherland, but aggressive, twentieth century damsels, in bloomers, bluishless, bold, but beautiful.

Is it not a familiar principle that unlike poles attract? Be that as it may, when Bumpus found himself approaching this intensely magnetic centre,—this positive pole of subtle psychological attraction, this city of conjugal exuberance, of marital excess, this Mecca of the devotees to Hymen,—I say that when the lofty towers of Salt Lake City sprang into view, a certain sense of uneasiness, or rather of intuitive apprehension, came over his otherwise calm and self-sufficient soul.

He would almost have jumped the train, save that deep down beneath

¹ This sketch was read before the members of the New Hampshire Delegation of Christian Endeavor Excur-
sionists (California, '97), at their reunion in Concord, February 22, 1898.

the ashes of some former experiences, whether in the body or out of it I cannot say, there were yet a few smouldering embers of a pleasant hope—yea of desire. These buried embers seemed strangely warming into an untoward, an inexplicable glow—albeit the glow that precedes extinction—and he kept his seat resolved to bide whatever should come.

Marriage is a disease of the heart become chronic. Germs of *vinculum matrimonii* may long remain in one's

was formed, entered this city of polygamous rapine with a stanch heart. He entered it with all the world-conquering assurance of a bridegroom just coming out of his chamber. But alas! there was danger that, like another strong man, he, too, might be called upon to run a race.

The limit assigned for an introduction to this article has been already over passed, else your chronicler would proceed to tell, how, as



Mormon Temple Block, Salt Lake City.

blood, only awaiting a proper environment to spring into activity, a rapidly multiplying and wasting infection (not to say affection!) and woe is the man if it come to him late in life, or if it be his first attack. In this unique city, Mr. Bumpus was to experience many an assault upon the citadel of his heart, yet he did not quail, he faltered not.

Profound heroism not always has for its field scenes of material carnage and blood.

Mr. Bumpus, once his resolution

the great train of eager excursionists rolled into the spacious depot of Salt Lake City, almost ere it had come to a stand-still, the alert eye of Sethanias Bumpus had fallen like the flash of a meteor upon the sylph-like form—it was that of a maiden—of such an one as he might never again expect to see. Faultless she was to look upon; yet with a figure too perfect for natural human mold; a face too fair for beauty unadorned; a grace too faultless to be guiltless of art; a smile too sweet to be naïve.

Here was joy. Here was delectation. Here was danger. She was the human embodiment of all those charms which have rendered bold polygamy attractive to many a shrewder man than Bumpus. Under



"The great train of eager excursionists."

the thralldom of the law of "Survival of the Fittest," she must certainly have survived.

If Salt Lake City were the pole of the magnet, here certainly was its centre, and like a bit of magnetized steel he slid that way. *Bumpus was speechless.*

II.

It was a delightful Sunday morning in early July when the members of the New Hampshire delegation of Christian Endeavor excursionists found themselves stranded far from home, and dependent upon themselves for entertainment, in that world-mooted centre of modern polygamy, that city of abominations, the Mormon stronghold of Salt Lake, Utah. A few forgot their New Eng-

land prejudices in favor of the Puritan Sabbath, and visited for pleasure, that wonderful lake, the Dead Sea of America, to bathe, perhaps, in its dense and saline waters.

Others loitered about wide and cleanly streets, to marvel at a beauty both of architecture and of landscape gardening, far surpassing that of many a New England city.

But a larger proportion sought the semi-sacred grounds of the Mormon church, and gazed in amazement rather than surprise upon the wonderful temple, or visited that huge and low-domed tabernacle wherein for so many years the voice of Brigham Young and other notable Mormons had proclaimed with an authority second only to that of Sinai itself, rules for the government of conduct, conscience, thought, and life of a deluded yet obedient people.

Antagonistic to nearly every principle of enlightened civil government, this temple and this tabernacle have stood for rank treason, suppression of speech and press, for ecclesiastical control, involving robbery and murder, authorized vice in every form, and supremacy of Mormon over every other law whether of state or God. No wonder Utah has been so aptly called a plague spot upon our otherwise fair country.

I need not describe the scene, the magnificent buildings, the statue in bronze of Young, the high and surrounding walls, the carefully attended lawns and the suggestions of wealth, of secrecy and power, everywhere to be seen. It is familiar to you all.

I wish rather to recount for your entertainment, a simple incident in connection with some conversation

which I had with several Mormon elders upon the grounds of the temple itself.

I drop the playful tone of chapter one (*yet leaving Bumpus speechless*), and say, I believe the situation involved for me real personal danger.

In my note book of the trip, I preserve the autographs of three Mormon dignitaries as follows: James Bishop, Henry Whittaker, Frederick Scholes. Standing in the midst of these men and other Mormon sympathizers, I was indiscreet enough to oppose the Mormon doctrines and to emphatically deny all Mormon virtue. I had soon aroused such a furore of animosity and indignation, especially upon the part of one, a middle aged man, that we must certainly have come to blows had not a cooler headed Mormon wisely intervened. Later, I was frankly told by a communicant, that a well-known tenet of his cherished faith permitted the quiet "removal" of any person or persons known to be thus actively antagonistic to the principles of the Holy Church of Latter-Day Saints. History of Mormonism more than once has shown such crimes. I certainly wish not often to see more hatred than filled the eyes of this Mormon saint, as with clenched fists and glistening teeth he hurled anathemas at the opposers of his sect.

Chiefly, the trouble came about in this wise. Said I, "Utah is now a state, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And polygamy is no longer allowed among you?"

"I suppose not."

"Is there any special provision in your state constitution against it?"

"There may be."

"Will your church consummate any more polygamous marriages?"

"Not as legal marriages."

"What becomes of those families already organized upon a polygamous basis?"

"Oh, we have our wives still, but we only live with the first one; we support the others."

"Pardon me, but have you more than one wife?"

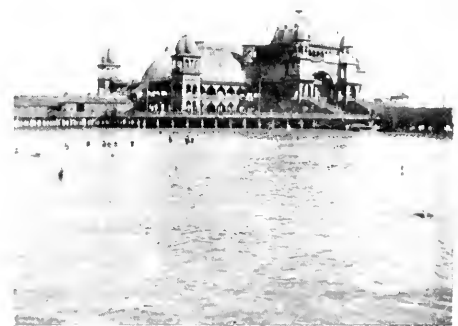
"I had three, one died. I now have two."

"But are you keeping the spirit of the law?"

(With a sneer.) "I am keeping the letter of it."

"Supposing a citizen to object to your way of living, might he not have you indicted for bigamy?"

This question proved to be an exceedingly unwise one. It was like a spark to a powder magazine. His face flushed, then turned pale. He became more than righteously indig-



Saltair Pavilion, Great Salt Lake.

nant. Said he, with waving arms and loud voice, "I will have you understand, sir, that I am not a bigamist; the bigamists are all of your folks from the East. Your men claim to have but one wife and live

with as many as they please. We do not claim monogamy, and we deceive no one. I am not a bigamist! I am a polygamist in principle and in fact, and I am not ashamed of it. No, sir, I am not ashamed of it."

There was a great sensation in the group, and no small flutter in my own heart. For once, however, I was not confused. Said I, "Hold on, sir," as I took him by the arm, "you are too quick. Do you not know, sir, that should an indictment be made out in due form against you, or any man having more than one

wife, no matter how many, indeed, it must always bring the definite charge, not of polygamy, but of bigamy, and that in each case?" This checked him.

"The young man is right" said a quiet old man, in a decisive voice, "you should apologize for your anger, Brother S——." And he did so, although somewhat reluctantly.

Later, from these men, I received much interesting and valuable information concerning Mormonism which I would gladly give here did space permit. *Bumpus is still speechless.*

[To be concluded.]



GEORGE D. CRAGIN.

George D. Cragin, ex-president of the Produce Exchange of New York, and one of the founders of the packing business of that city and Chicago, died in New York early in March. Mr. Cragin was born in Temple, in 1816. He came to New York in 1835, and engaged in the provision business. Later he opened branch houses in Chicago, and extended his field of operation after the war to Texas, building three packing-houses there, and one at Shreveport, La. At the outbreak of the Civil War, when the government asked for subscriptions to a loan, the firm of Cragin & Co. subscribed for \$250,000 of the bonds. On being told that the bonds were likely to be worth only forty cents on the dollar, Mr. Cragin replied: "If the bonds of my country are only worth that price nothing else I may have will be worth any more." When one of the militia regiments was about to leave for the front for three months' service in 1861, its officers found that it needed \$12,000 to pay the expenses of its organization and equipment. An officer called on Mr. Cragin and stated the situation to him. He at once drew his check for the sum needed, so that the regiment would not be delayed. The Union Defence committee repaid him six months afterward. In 1862, Mr. Cragin removed to Rye, N. Y., where he made his home for thirty years. Mr.

Cragin was a Republican in politics. He was an elder in the Presbyterian church for fifty years, contributing largely to its various societies. The erection of the beautiful stone church at Rye was due in a great measure to his efforts. He retired from business in 1874. Mr. Cragin was a life member of the New York Bible society and the New England society. At one time he was a member of the Union League club.

REV. JOSIAH L. ARMES.

Rev. Josiah L. Armes, who died in Nashua on the 16th inst., was born in New Salem, Mass., January 22, 1811. He fitted for college at Leicester Academy, and entered Amherst College in 1836, but was unable to complete his course. Afterward, while engaged as principal of the academy at Mansfield, Mass., he studied theology with the late Rev. Mortimer Blake, D. D., then pastor of the Congregational church in that place, and was licensed to preach by the Mendon association in 1845. The following year he was ordained and installed pastor of the Second Congregational church, Plymouth, Mass., June 25. He was dismissed at his own request, July, 1850, and installed the same year at Mason, where he remained until 1859. He was afterward installed at Wilmot, remaining there during the Civil War. He subsequently supplied the churches of Canterbury, Barrington, and Auburn. At the latter place, his voice and health failing, he removed with his family to Woodstock, Conn. In 1880, he went to Nashua, where he and his family had since resided.

JOHN PRENTISS.

Mr. John Prentiss, one of the most promising of the younger members of the Massachusetts bar, died in March. Mr. Prentiss was born in Keene, September 25, 1861, and was the son of John W. and Elinor (May) Prentiss. His early education was received in the schools of his native place, and his preparation for college at the school of his cousin, Mr. John P. Hopkinson. He entered Harvard with high honors in the class of '84, and throughout his college course maintained his high standing. Upon graduating, he entered the law school, where he received the degree of LL. B., in 1887. He began the practice of the law in Boston, being associated successively with Messrs. Morse & Stone, Richard Stone, and as a partner with the late George R. Fowler. So marked were his abilities as an advocate, that he speedily took a high place among the younger trial lawyers. His accomplishments were many and varied. He took a deep interest in general literature, was thoroughly well read, an art critic of ability, and a close student not only of law but of many of the sciences.

JUDGE WHEELOCK G. VEAZEY.

Judge Wheelock G. Veazey of Vermont, formerly a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, died in Washington, March 22. Colonel Veazey was a native of Brentwood, where he was born sixty-three years ago. He fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1859 and the Albany Law school in 1860, locating at Springfield, Vt., for the practice of his profession. Enlisting as a private on the outbreak of the war, he was chosen

captain of Company A. Third Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, and served with McClellan throughout the Peninsular campaign before Richmond. Returning to Vermont in the latter part of 1862, Colonel Veazey brought out the Sixteenth Vermont Regiment, of which he was made commander, and the services of this regiment at Gettysburg were famous. Having been stationed for picket duty on the night of the second day's battle along the line where Pickett's charging columns were to strike on the following day, the Sixteenth Regiment was able to move into position for attacking the rebels on the flank, and its blows went far to decide the fortunes of the day. For his services in this fight congress conferred upon Colonel Veazey a medal of honor. Broken health compelled him to quit the service after the Gettysburg battle, and he returned to Rutland to resume the practice of law. He was state supreme court reporter for ten years from 1864, served a term in the state senate, and was one of the commissioners under appointment of Governor Proctor in 1878 to revise the laws of Vermont. The next year he was made a judge of the state supreme court, and served on the bench until 1889, when President Harrison appointed him to the Interstate Commerce commission. In 1890, he was elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army, with which organization he had always maintained an active interest. Dartmouth College gave him the degree of LL. D. in 1887. For several years he was a trustee of the college. He resigned from the Interstate Commerce commission about a year ago.

MARK F. BURNS.

Mark F. Burns died at Somerville, Mass., late in February. He was born at Milford, May 24, 1841, and was the son of Charles A. and Elizabeth (Hutchinson) Burns. He attended the district school and Appleton Academy at Mt. Vernon, and worked on the farm until he was eighteen. He then taught two terms in the district schools in New Hampshire, and three years in New Jersey. He settled in Charlestown in 1866, and engaged in the retail milk business. In 1871 he became a milk contractor with the firm of P. S. Whitcomb & Co., in 1882 the firm was consolidated with Tower, Whitcomb & Co., and in August, 1891, the Boston Dairy Company was organized, and Mr. Burns became its treasurer. He removed to Somerville in 1873, and served the city in the common council in 1880 and 1881, being president of the council the latter year. He was a member of the board of aldermen in 1882 and 1883, and was a trustee of the public library in 1884. He was mayor in 1885, '86, '87, and '88. During his term as mayor he conceived the idea of the Mayors' club, which was formed, and of which he was for several years secretary and president. He was a director in the Monument National bank, and a trustee of the Five Cents Savings bank of Charlestown; a director in the Charlestown Gas & Electric Light Company, and held the offices for several years of president and secretary of the Milk Contractors' association of Boston. In March, 1895, Mr. Burns was elected treasurer of the Charlestown Five Cents Savings Bank, and at the annual meeting in the following June he was promoted to the presidency, which position he held at the time of his death. The Burns school on Cherry street, Somerville, erected in 1886, was named after the deceased in recognition of his services to the city.

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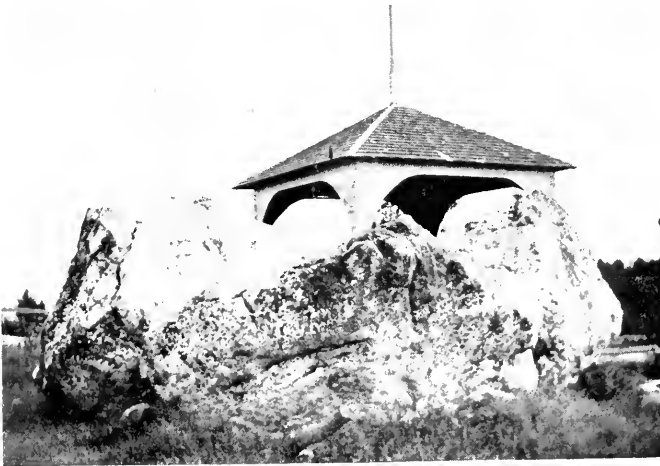
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MAY, 1898.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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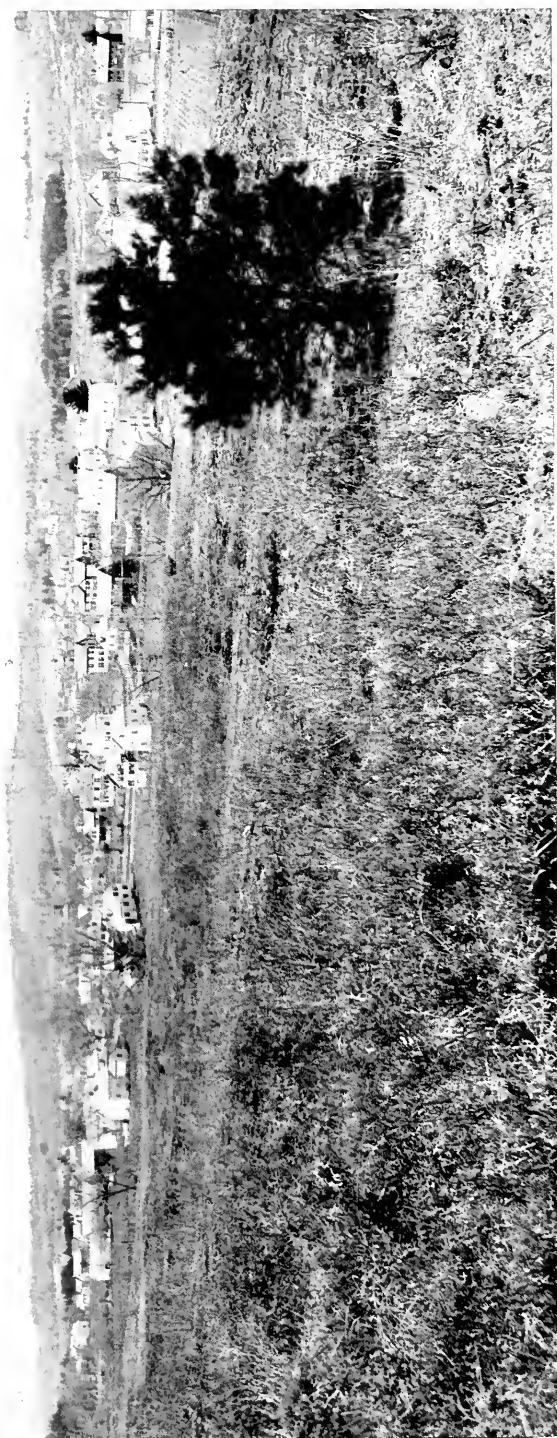


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A PART OF GOFFSTOWN.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXIV.

MAY, 1898.

No. 5.

THE TOWN OF GOFFSTOWN.

By Moses Gage Shirley.



The Old Maple.

GOFFSTOWN, one of the brightest gems of Hillsborough county, lies in the north-eastern part, and is bounded as follows: North by Merrimack county, east by Manchester, south by

Bedford, and west by New Boston and Weare.

The town was first settled in 1741 or 1742 by Scotch-Irish and English emigrants, some following in the wake of the Pilgrim fathers to Massachusetts, some coming from the blood-stained walls of Londonderry to that other Londonderry across the sea, all eventually to settle here. Thus on one side we can trace our ancestry back to the Puritans, on the other to the Cavaliers.

"What sought they thus afar
Bright jewels of the mine,
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war,
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

"Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstained what they have found,
Freedom to worship God."

Before the town was chartered by Governor Wentworth, in 1761, it was known as Narragansett No. 4, being one of the various divisions numbered from one to seven, and given by Massachusetts to the surviving soldiers of King Phillip's War. But it seems Massachusetts was not the rightful owner of these grants, for sometime previous to this the whole of the territory of New Hampshire was given to an English naval officer by the name of John Mason, by the king. After considerable controversy on both sides, the heirs of the original proprietor won, and the ownership of these different divisions passed into other hands, which, as soon as they were settled, applied for charters and became towns with authority to govern themselves.

Goffstown was named for Col. John Goff, who first settled at Goff's Falls, but subsequently moved to Bedford. We do not think he ever had a permanent residence here. He was a man of rare ability, and one of the most renowned Indian fighters of his day, taking an active part in both the French and Indian Wars, and



Congregational Church.

afterwards winning new laurels in the Revolution.

Colonel Goff combined the profession of a minister of the gospel with that of the soldier, and quite frequently preached here and in other places around, proving that he was no less a man of peace than of war. We believe he is buried at Bedford, but wherever his last resting place may be it should be marked by a substantial monument, for John Goff was a man worthy of remembrance.

The first meeting house was erected

in 1768, at the Centre, now Grasmere, on the site of the new school-house, and was used as a town house as well, until the one at the West village was built. The first settled minister was Rev. Joseph Currier, who was ordained October 30, 1771, and the Congregational church was also organized at that time. Mr. Currier completed his labors in



Methodist Church.

August, 1774. At the time he left war was brewing. In a year it came. Goffstown was intensely patriotic. It gave of its men and means freely to the cause of liberty and independence. Preaching and schooling were held secondary in importance. In 1775, the committee on preaching and schools were requested to desist from disposing of any more money till further orders, and money was appropriated to purchase gunpowder, lead, and flints. Our men fought bravely under the leadership of General Stark and Colonel Goff at Bunker Hill and Bennington, and distinguished themselves in many ways throughout the trying ordeal of the seven years war. And our women were no less patriotic,



Town Hall.

running bullets to carry death and destruction to the enemy, spinning, and tending their looms to provide clothing and equipments for those at the front.

This town was once noted for its fine woods and lumber, many noble trees being cut and hauled down the Mast road to Portsmouth to be used as masts in the king's navy. This was prior to the Revolution. Of course after that ended, the royal surveyor's and the king's mark became a thing of the past.

The town was also celebrated as a hunting and fishing ground; the woods around the Piscataquog abounded with deer, while the river itself was literally alive with fish, the salmon, shad, and alewives predominating—but none of these finny tribes



St. Matthew's Episcopal Church.

1859, lying in a brook in the middle of the Andrew McDougall farm, so says Dr. Carr in his sketch of the town in the "History of Hillsborough County." Supposing them numbered with the things that were, and lamenting this fact we wrote to Edwin Flanders of Grasmere, and were agreeably surprised to receive this information :

GRASMERE, March 7, 1898.

MR. MOSES GAGE SHIRLEY,

DEAR SIR : The mill stones of the first grist-mill are still in existence, Will Roberts having what appears to be the oldest, and the McDougalls having what appears to be a little later set. It seems a pity that these and some other relics of olden times cannot be kept. Perhaps they may be. Please excuse delay in replying.

Very truly yours,

EDWIN FLANDERS.



Methodist Church at Grasmere.

can be found in its waters to-day, showing the changes time and civilization have wrought. This was a favorite resort of the Indians, the Piscataquog being named by them, "the great deer place."

Among the first settlers in town were the Kennedys, who located on Kennedy hill, coming daily from the garrison at Bedford and returning at night to ensure safety from the Indians. They built the first grist-mill and the stones could still be seen in

We heartily endorse Mr. Flanders's sentiments in regard to the relics. Why not start a museum somewhere and preserve them? We feel sure if



St. Anselm's College.



Jabez B. Pattee.



Mrs. Jabez B. Pattee.



Mrs. F. H. Poore.



Fred H. Poore.



Otis F. Sumner.



Mrs. Otis F. Sumner.



Carrie R. Hoyt.



Alice Richards.



William Shirley.



Annie O. Shirley.



Lydia D. Shirley.



Mary Fletcher.



Mrs. Mary A. Stinson.



Carrie L. Morgrage.



M. Etta Hadley.



Lois L. Harrington.

steps were taken in this direction, the owners of the first mill stones would gladly donate them.

Samuel Blodgett, projector of the Amoskeag canal and Robert McGregor, who built the first bridge over the Merrimack, were among the early residents of this town, a fact which we are glad to chronicle, for in many respects they were both very noted and remarkable men.

Old Antipas Dodge, who, with sturdy John Dinsmore, made the first clearings near the Uncanoonucs, was

claiming the shot had gone around the mountain and proved fatal. Another time he was fishing at Amoskeag, which was then a part of Goffstown, when he espied seven wild



Shirley Hill Schoolhouse,



Engine House.

a noted character in his day, and remembered for his quaint stories and original sayings, some of which were repeated far and wide, and occasionally one hears them now. We will give one or two:

One day Mr. Dodge was out hunting near his home on the mountain when his dog started a deer and chased it around the other side. Fearing it would be too late to shoot it when it came back as it was then getting dark, Mr. Dodge, so the story goes, bent his gun around a tree and discharged it. The next day he went out and found the deer,

geese sitting on the limb of a tree projecting out over the river, and being desirous of bagging them all, he hit upon a method. Getting his gun, which he usually carried, he fired the first shot, splitting the limb, and catching the geese by the toes, then firing again he cut the limb from the tree and waded out into the river after it. When he returned he was surprised to find that he had not



Parker District Schoolhouse.

only secured all the geese but caught seventeen pounds of salmon trout in his pockets, and we don't suppose it was "much of a day for fishing either," to hear him tell it.

When the Salem witchcraft was



Paige Brothers Block.

abroad, so says an eminent authority, "two women were arrested for bewitching two men in this town." We do not think anything strange of this, however. On the contrary we wonder more cases did not occur, if the girls of Goffstown were as bewitching then as they are now. Both offenders (?) were duly tried, but no just grounds for complaint being found against them, they were dismissed.

Another incident of historical value may be found in Rev. S. L. Gerould's sketch of the Congregational church in the "History of Hillsborough County," and reads as follows:

"It may surprise some of you to know that slavery ever existed in this place; but this must have been the case, as, September 1, 1785,

Catherine, a negro, formerly belonging to Esq. Blodgett was baptized." As far as we know, however, this was the first and last case of slavery ever reported in town.

Among those who have helped make the history of Goffstown and have gone to their reward we place first the name of David Lawrence Morrill, minister, doctor, member of the legislature, United States senator, and twice governor of the state. Surely, such a record as this ought to make every son and daughter of Goffstown proud that such a distinguished man once lived among us. Next we place the name of Dr. Alonzo F. Carr, through whose personal efforts, largely, many of the early facts and traditions of the town have been preserved, most of them being recorded in his inimitable



Piscataquog River.



Shirley Station.

sketch of Goffstown in the "History of Hillsborough County," to which we have alluded elsewhere. Dr. Carr was a state senator and held many offices of public trust. As a physician he took high rank, and was noted as an inventor of a surgical appliance for fractured limbs. As a man he was conscientious and highly respected by all who knew him. His life was consecrated to the

service of humanity, and time alone can do justice to his work.

Dr. Daniel Little and his son, John S. Little, were both able and successful practitioners who resided at the Centre. Both were graduates of Dartmouth Medical school, and both represented the town in the legislature.

Among the well-known laymen and clergymen we place the name of Rev. John Peacock, founder of the First



Wall of Reservoir.

Baptist church at Manchester, and who preached here with marked success in 1828.

Another familiar face and figure among us for many years was Rev. James Willey Poland. Dr. Poland, as he was more familiarly called, was thrice pastor of the Baptist church, and served the town for many years as superintendent of the public schools. It has been truly said "he was everybody's friend." He loved Goffstown, and Goffstown does well to respect his memory.

David A. Parker is another who will be remembered. He was associated with his brother, Hon. John M. Parker, in business for upwards of fifty years, and was considered one of the best judges of lumber anywhere around.



Reservoir.

Another well-known and highly esteemed citizen was Hon. Jesse Carr, who carried on the wheelwright business here for many years. He was quite prominent in town affairs and held many offices of public trust. He was a member of the legislature, twice state senator, and one of the side judges of Hillsborough county for twenty years.

George P. Hadley, Sr., was another distinguished citizen. A graduate of Dartmouth College, he served two terms in the legislature, and was often employed as a land surveyor and frequently acted as arbiter in law disputes. He took a deep interest in all the affairs of the community, and was highly esteemed and respected by all.

We cannot close our list without briefly alluding to Capt. Charles



The Cecilian Musical Club.



Henry L. Stark.



Bertha M. Pattee.



Edna A. Allison.



Prof. E. R. Pearce.



High School.



Schoolhouse at Grasmere.



Gertrude J. Green.



Mabel M. Estes.



Mary A. Warren.



Annie R. Flanders.

Stinson and his estimable wife, whose combined influence in church and town affairs still lives, and will continue to live and be an inspiration and blessing for many years to come.

In all the patriotic conflicts of the country, Goffstown has always done her part in a creditable manner, quite a number of our ancestors having fought in the French and Indian wars. During the long and severe

service of the Revolution, Goffstown had from first to last seventy-five men in the field, many of them dying of disease or in battle, or returning with severe and painful wounds. In the War of the Rebellion the town sent 242 men to the front, and at the close of the war incurred thereby a debt of \$45,000. The soldiers of Goffstown were in nearly every regiment of New Hampshire, and Goffs-

town was represented in nearly every battle of the departments of the Potomac and Atlantic, also Mississippi and Louisiana. Her sons died at Andersonville, Danville, and Libby prisons, and some endured to return after suffering in those terrible prison pens.

It has been suggested and we hope

the time is not far distant when suitable tablets appropriately inscribed and bearing the names of all our Revolutionary heroes shall find a permanent place upon the walls of our town hall. Nothing could serve better to keep the fires of patriotism alive and burning. Give us these memorials now, and sooner or later



Charles S. Parker.



Parker Brothers' Store and Gristmill.



Frank A. Parker.



Residence of Charles S. Parker.



Residence of Frank A. Parker.



Masonic Hall.

some public-spirited citizen will provide for a soldier's monument. We cannot afford to let our sister towns do more than we to honor the memory of the brave who risked their all upon the battle-field. Let us remember this, and keep their memory green.

The West village, which comprises most of the business and industrial part of Goffstown, is located on the North Weare and Henniker branch of the Boston & Maine railroad, and is eight miles from Manchester and sixty-four from Boston. It is beautifully situated with matchless mountain scenery and hills on every side, while the bright waters of the Piscataquog glide like a silvery ribbon



Odd Fellows' Hall.

through it on their way to the Merimack, and then onward to the sea. The water-supply of the village comes from the new reservoir on Whittle's brook, about a mile away, which was built in 1892, by local capital, at a total cost of \$41,488.17. The capacity of the reservoir is 2,250,000 gallons. The brook on which the reservoir is located derives its supply



Grange Hall.

mainly from the slopes of the Uncanoonuc mountains and partly from the McGregor meadow. The watershed of the reservoir is about six hundred acres. The water has the purity of mountain streams, is soft, and free from alkali, and of a quantity

sufficient to supply the village for both domestic and fire purposes. There are forty hydrants located at different places in town, and two hose companies which afford ample protection in case of fire.

The streets are lighted by four arc and fifty incandescent lights, furnished by the Union Electric Light Co., of Kelley's Falls. Besides this the company's wires supply a number of private families and nearly all the business blocks. This same company has just fin-

ished building a large dam at Gregg's Falls, between this village and Grasmere, where they will erect another power-house soon.

Macadamized sidewalks run throughout the village and up to the doors of many private dwellings, thus ensuring the safety and convenience of pedestrians. There is one thing at fault which can be easily remedied, and really should be at no distant date, and that is the more accurate location of the village streets. Signs should be painted and located at every corner, and when this is done, it would be natural, of course, for the residents to want their houses numbered, for we are outgrowing the provincial ways of the town and going to be a city sometime. Another thing would be appreciated, an electric road to Manchester or an earlier



P. C. Cheney & Co.'s Pulp Mill.

urer, Charles White; directors, Hon. John M. Parker, W. U. Carlton, and Ernest Johnson.

The town hall and opera house is centrally located and affords the best of accommodations for dancing parties and theatrical troupes, the upper hall being laid with a hardwood floor and furnished with a good stage and ample supplies. Over the main entrance of the hall is a convenient balcony; the lower hall is occupied by the voting booths and town officers' rooms; it is also used as a dining-room when any event of sufficient importance demands it. In the basement underneath is located "the cooler" or town jail. The town house was remodeled and rebuilt in 1889 from plans drawn by William



Knights of Pythias Hall.

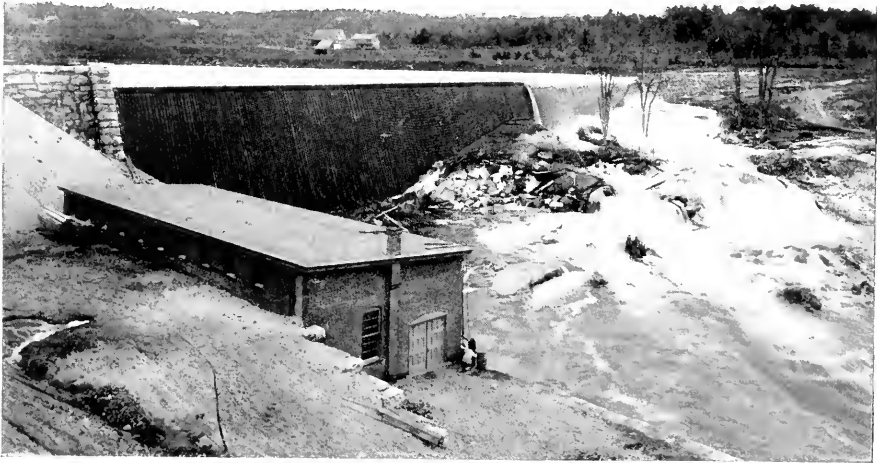
going and a later returning train, with cheaper fares on the steam cars. Why can't we have one or both? It seems worth trying for. The Goffstown board of trade was organized May 2, 1894, and is still in a flourishing condition. The present officers are: President, Dr. Charles F. George; vice-president, S. M. Christie; secretary, Frank E. Paige; treas-



Knights of Pythias Block.

M. Butterfield of Manchester. George W. Colby, our popular deputy sheriff, was the contractor and builder. At its completion it was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, Hon. John M. Parker being president of the day, and Hon. David A. Taggart, another honored son of Goffstown, the chief orator. Through the generosity of the citizens, a town clock was secured and set up in the tower after its com-

is no permanent fund established, the town making annual appropriations for books. Here is a chance for some liberal-minded person to endow it and to help in the grand scheme of education and upbuilding that the public library always brings. Donations in books are always acceptable by Miss Isadore Johnson, librarian. The library is open to the public every Saturday from 3 to 8 p. m.



Union Electric Light Company's Plant at Kelley's Falls.

pletion, which adds much to its appearance and usefulness.

The Rogers Free Public library located in the town house was established in 1888, and owes its inception to the late Miss Lucy Rogers of Boston. From the seven hundred volumes given by Miss Rogers and her friends there has been a steady increase until the library numbers at present over twenty-one hundred volumes, not including government and state reports, pamphlets, etc. There

The Goffstown High school next demands our attention. It is in a good location in the centre of the village and easy of access by all who attend it. The bright faces of the children and students, and the unvarying politeness of the handsome corps of teachers, make a visit to it at any time of more than passing interest, a pleasant fact to which the writer can personally testify, for we have been there, and from what we have observed we do not think it will be



Rev. Henry H. Wentworth.



Rev. S. L. Gerould.



Rev. J. A. Folsom.



Rev. James E. Odlin.



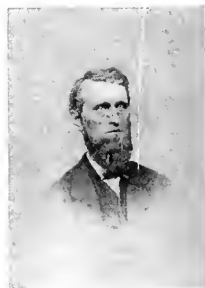
Hon. Jesse Carr.



George P. Hadley, Sr.



Daniel Little, M. D.



John Little, M. D.



A. F. Carr, M. D.



E. B. Swett, M. D.



Frank Blaisdell, M. D.



Charles F. George, M. D.



Samuel Upton.



Henry Moore.



Charles Morgrave.



Robertson Brown.



Superintendent's Residence.



Medical Staff.

H. K. Libbey, *Supt.*

Babies at Dinner.

Mrs. H. K. Libbey, *Matron.*

Officers.



Main Buildings.

HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY FARM.

the teachers' fault if the present generation is not educated. Below are the different divisions and the teachers of each: High school, Henry L. Stark, principal, Miss Bertha M. Pattee, assistant; grammar, Miss Edna A. Allison; intermediate, Miss Gertrude J. Green; primary, Miss Mabel M. Estes; lower primary, Miss

Mary A. Warren. Mr. Stark is a graduate of Dartmouth college, a son of the late L. H. Stark, and a descendant of Gen. John Stark of Revolutionary fame. All the lady teachers are graduates of various academies and the State Normal school at Plymouth. The High school is provided with a reference library and

physical apparatus. Four years are required to complete the course. Music and drawing are taught in all grades below the High, Mrs. Arthur Pattee being the special teacher in music.

Among the former principals of the High school whose work and influence were felt not only in the school-room, but throughout the town, we should not forget to mention the

name of Prof. E. R. Pearse, now of Milford, N. Y.

We next come to the churches: The Congregational church located on Main street near the town hall, is the largest and best arranged church edifice in town. During Rev. James E. Odlin's pastorate, 1890, this church was remodeled and rebuilt, memorial windows were put in, the audience-room reseated, modern desk



Kendrick Kendall.



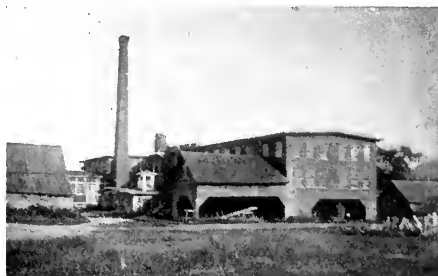
Residence of George P. Hadley.



George P. Hadley.



Residence of Kendrick Kendall.



Kendall, Hadley & Co.'s Sash and Blind Manufactory.

Frank Hadley.
xxiv—18

Residence of Frank Hadley.



William Hadley.



Residence of Rev. A. W. Sibley.

supplied for the pulpit, and an organ furnished, the gift of Miss Mary Hadley, in memory of her brother, Deacon Alvin Hadley. An addition was built on the southwest end of the building in which was fitted up a vestry, ladies' parlor, and pastor's room. In the basement is a kitchen, and under the main part a dining-room, the whole heated by two furnaces. The seating capacity of the church is between seven and eight hundred. Few churches outside the city have a more convenient and pleasant church home. Special mention should be made of the three handsome memorial windows in front, representing the parable of the sower, the gift of Mrs. Mary A. Stinson, in memory of her husband, Capt. Charles Stinson. This church boasts of the oldest history and largest member-

ship of any church in town. Beginning with its first pastor, Rev. Joseph Carrier, 1771, down to the present pastor, Rev. Henry H. Wentworth, 1898, it has had thirteen in all, and four different church edifices. Rev. S. L. Gerould, now of Hollis, was pastor of the church seventeen years before Mr. Odlin came, which is the longest record of continuous

service. Mr. Gerould prepared the church manual, and his influence as a minister and a citizen is still felt in the community. Portraits of all the ministers, past and present, can be seen hanging in the church, among them the likeness of Governor Morrill, who preached here from 1802 to 1811. The one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the church was



Residence of S. M. Johnson.

celebrated October 30, 1896, with appropriate ceremonies. The membership at present numbers 211, with over 260 in the Sunday-school. The Y. P. S. C. E., Miss Annie M. Kendall, president, has a membership of 85; the Junior C. E., Miss Carrie E. Hoyt, president, has 61. Miss Mary Warren is president of the King's Daughters, another order connected with the church.

The Second M. E. church, Rev.



Rev. A. W. Sibley.



Shirley M. Johnson.

C. J. Brown, pastor, is located on North Mast street, and is newly built and modern throughout. This church was made possible mainly through the untiring efforts of its first pastor, Rev. L. R. Danforth. It was commenced March 26, 1889, and dedicated November 11, 1890. Among the pastors to be remembered is Rev. Henry E. Allen, now of Derry. The church is thrifty and aggressive, and has a membership of over seventy.



Residence of G. W. Colby.

The Sunday-school attendance is good, and quite a number belong to the Epworth League.

St. Matthew's Episcopal church is also located on North Mast street, and is beautifully situated with giant oaks and elms facing it in front. For several years past there has been no resident clergyman, services being conducted by the rector of Grace Episcopal church, Manchester.

The Advent society of Goffstown have regular Sunday services and weekly prayer-meetings at Pythian hall. Their congregations compare well with the attendance at other churches, and are increasing in interest and numbers. The society contemplates



George W. Colby.



Edwin A. Blaisdell.

building a church in the near future.

Quite a number of secret orders are located here, of which we mention the most prominent.

Webster Lodge, No. 24, I. O. O. F. was instituted March 26, 1877, with twenty-six charter members. It now has a membership of one hundred and thirty, and has lost but three by death since it was organized, which is a remarkable showing. Webster Lodge has a valuable support in Mystery Lodge, No. 39, D. of R., with its two hundred and sixteen members, the largest membership of any secret order in town.

Advance Lodge, No. 37, K. of P., was instituted April 10, 1890, with twenty-two charter members. It has now over one hundred and twenty-three, and is considered one of the banner lodges of the state.



Residence of E. A. Blaisdell.



Baptist Church at Grasmere.



The Shirley Hill House



Otis F. Sumner's Block.



S. D. Johnson.



Walter L. Sargent.



Store of Blaisdell & Co.



Central Block.

Bible Lodge, No. 93, A. F. & A. M., was instituted May 16, 1877, and has a membership of sixty-nine. The past masters of Bible Lodge are: James Connor, David A. Paige, James G. Taggart, Dr. C. F. George, Otis F. Sumner, Josiah Lasselle, Amos H. Merrill, James R. Ferson, D. C. Tolford, and William S. Rowell.

Bible Lodge boasts of one of the finest lodge rooms to be found anywhere outside the cities, a fact in which all the members take a just pride.

Uncanoonuc Grange, No. 40, P. of H., was organized October 29, 1874, with thirty charter members, and numbers at present one hundred



The Big Elm.



Residence of Edwin Flanders.



Baptist Parsonage at Grasmere.



Shirley Hill House Tally-Ho.



W. L. Sargent's Meat Market.



W. L. Sargent's Stables.



Residence of Frank T. Moore.

and sixty. This is one of the most popular and prosperous orders in town.

Goffstown Lodge, No. 87, I. O. G. T., was instituted in 1891, with one

hundred and thirty-one charter members, and is still very vigorous and flourishing.

Goffstown Council, No. 20, O. U. A. M., was instituted September 12,

1893, with twenty-six charter members, and has now a membership of over seventy.

Massapatanapas Tribe, I. O. R. M., was instituted May 12, 1897, with twenty charter members; at present it has twenty-nine.

Charles Stinson Post, G. A. R., was instituted July 28, 1882, with nineteen charter members. It now

shipped from there to all parts of the globe.

All of the necessities of life and many of the luxuries can be bought in Goffstown as cheap as elsewhere, so there is no need of going outside the town to trade. We give the names and locations of the principal firms and business houses in town, all of whom will be pleased to sell you anything in their line.

General merchandise, flour and grain—Parker Brothers: store on Main street, grist-mill on the Piscataquog.



Poore & Colby's Block.



Pleasant View Farm.

has thirty-one. Charles Stinson Post, G. A. R. Relief Corps, No. 82, instituted December 1, 1896, has forty-two members.

The sash and blind shops of Kendall, Hadley & Co., and the Frank Hadley Co., located at the West village, do a large and flourishing business, and give employment to many hands. Most of the finished product goes to Boston, and is



New Hampshire Central House.

Meat market, groceries, and provisions—Walter L. Sargent, Church street. Livery stable connected with store.

General merchandise and groceries—Poore & Bowen, Main street, Poore & Colby's block.

Dry goods, confectionery, etc.—Frank E. Paige, Main street, Blaisdell & Co., Church street.

Druggists—Otis F. Sumner, Main street, Sumner block; Central Pharmacy, S. M. Johnson, proprietor, corner of Main and Elm.

Bakery—Frank B. Mills, Central block.

Clapboards, shingles, and matched

boards—John W. Story; office near railroad station.

Livery stable, coal and ice—Charles G. Barnard, Main street.

Stoves and tinware—Rand & Jenks, Elm street; A. P. Seaton, North Mast.

Boots and shoes—H. H. Smith, Paige Brothers block, Main street.

Blacksmiths—Moore & Campbell,

Contractor and builder—George W. Colby, North Mast street.

Harness shop—Frank S. Dearborn, Elm street.

Undertaker—A. H. Parker; undertaking rooms on Highland Ave.

Jeweler—E. P. Morgan, corner of Main and South Mast streets.

Confectionery—Selwin Martin, Post-office block, Church street.

New England Telegraph & Telephone Exchange—Otis F. Sumner, manager, Sumner's block.

Express teams—W. P. Paige and E. W. Goodwin.



Maple Ridge Cottage—Charles Whipple.



Mount Pleasant Farm.



Maplewood Farm.

Elm street, and Paul & McFadden, Main street.

Barbers—Ira B. Bell and Fred C. Ferson, Main street.

Job printing and bicycle repairing—Guy F. Paige, Main street.

Hotel—The New Hampshire Central House, Main street, J. W. Carney, manager.

Insurance—Edwin A. Blaisdell, Church street.

Dress-making—Miss Lizzie McLane, Paige Brothers block, Main street.

Painting—Ervin Moore.

Masons—Charles and A. J. Morgage.

Photographing—Mrs. Mae Clough Poore, Shirleyside.

Among some of the newly built and up to date residences at the West village we notice Frank A. Parker's residence on High street, Frank Kendall's on Pleasant, Miss Mary Hadley's on Main, George A. McQueston's on South Mast, H. H. Smith's on West Union, and George Clough's at Shirleyside.



Col. E. C. Shirley.



David A. Parker.



Hon. John M. Parker.

Among the well-known people around town we notice Hon. John M. Parker, who has been identified with the business and social interests of the town for many years, and can be truthfully called our first citizen. He has been postmaster, state senator, representative, member of the state board of equalization, councillor, and held many other minor offices of responsibility and trust. For many years he was associated with his brother, David A. Parker, in the lumber business, and was also widely known as an auctioneer. Mr. Parker is president of the Guarantee Savings bank of Manchester.

Charles S. Parker, son of Hon.



Residence of Col. E. C. Shirley.

J. M. Parker, and senior member of the firm of Parker Brothers, is also well and favorably known, having served the town several years as postmaster, and represented it in the legislature in 1878. His genial and obliging manners in the store and elsewhere have won him many friends.

Charles Morgrage, the veteran selectman, is another well-known personage, having served the town sixteen years as selectman, and has been twelve times chairman of the board. He has also been tax collector six times, and was in the legislature in 1873.

Another veteran town officer is Henry Moore, who has been selectman six years, tax collector nine, supervisor three, and moderator twenty-two. Robinson Brown, now postmaster, is also well-known as having served the town for years as town treasurer. These three gentlemen are not only veteran town officers, but veterans of the Civil War as well.

Judge Samuel Upton is another distinguished personage, having filled many offices of responsibility

and trust, being especially interested in historical and church affairs.

George P. Hadley is well known as a justice of the peace and civil engineer. He has been a representative, selectman, tax collector, and a member of the school board for several years.

Dr. Frank Blaisdell and Dr. Charles F. George are the resident physicians. Both are graduates of Dartmouth and have an extensive practice. Dr. Blaisdell's office is on North Mast street; Dr. George's on Main street. George M. Story is the only veterinary surgeon in town, and is located on North Mast street.

Rev. A. W. Sibley, ex-president of Mendota College, Mendota, Ill., is often seen around town, as is also Mrs. Louis L. Harrington, the popular manager of the Goffstown *Chronicle*.

Goffstown is not lacking in musical talent. For years the reputation of Stark's Cornet band has been favorably known throughout the state, and doubtless but few bands outside the cities have equalled it. The Cecilian Musical club is an organization which furnishes music of a high



Residence of Hon. John M. Parker.

order and is composed of the following members: Mr. Fred Poore, Mrs. Mae Clough Poore, Frank Blaisdell, M. D., Miss Carrie Morgrage, Misses Hattie and Maud Oliver. Mrs. Poor, the leader, is widely known as a soprano singer of exceptional ability. Goffstown is the home of Herbert W. Russell (Blind Bert), who is a talented musician and composer, and is well-known in musical circles and railroad stations throughout New England.

Mr. Edward J. Mills is a young violinist of promising ability and destined to make a name for himself. We should not forget to mention Mrs. Otis F. Sumner, who is well-known in musical and society circles;

nor to include the names of Mrs. Arthur Pattee and Mrs. Frank Johnson, music teachers, also Miss M. Etta Hadley, organist at the Congregationalist church.

The Woman's Unity club is the name of a new organization recently formed, with Miss Annie M. Kendall, president, its object being to promote and enlarge the literary and social standard of the town.



Residence of Mrs. David A. Parker.

The Goffstown Bicycle club is a well-known organization of wheel enthusiasts, having at one time a membership of over one hundred.

That part of the town known as Grasmere, formerly Goffstown Centre, lies about three miles from the West village, and is rich in its traditions and history. Here the first church and town house was erected,

ent attractions of Grasmere we would mention the old cemetery, the first burial ground in town, with its antiquated head stones and quaint inscriptions, which demand more than a momentary glance, for underneath one reposes the dust of one of George Washington's famous body guards, a man of large frame and giant physique, who followed the fortunes of his



Henry Bartlett.



J. C. McIntire and W. S. Harrington.



Norman Richards.



H. H. Smith.

and here are still standing some of the oldest buildings in town. Here the sturdy yeomanry of Goffstown gathered in the stormy days of the Revolution, and here they shouldered arms and marched away to do battle for home and native land.

Here at a later day was the training ground of the famous Goffstown musters which are probably still remembered by some of the oldest inhabitants. Among some of the pres-

distinguished commander through the seven years' war that ended in our independence. After the war was over he returned to Goffstown and was honored with a personal letter of thanks from General Washington himself. He was a relative of the Aiken family, a branch of which still resides here. A striking illustration of conjugal love and wifely devotion may be found recorded on the gravestone erected over the remains of

Capt. Peter Butterfield, by his third wife, Rachael, which reads as follow :

" Here lies my dear husband asleep,
If I cannot be laid at his side,
I am willing to lie at his feet."

There is as much truth as poetry in this epitaph, a fact which the passing stranger will be quick to recognize.

distance west of the railroad station. It was built and occupied by Governor Morrill whose name and fame are a part, not only of the history of Goffstown, but of the nation and state itself.

The big elm in front of Mrs. Alvin Aiken's residence is another attraction worth noticing. It measures fourteen feet and seven inches in cir-



Samuel Orr.



Rev. C. J. Brown.



Thomas R. Hoyt.



Charles H. Hadley.



R. L. Shirley.

One of the special attractions for summer visitors is the famous Yacum Mineral springs, which are located on the farm of L. H. George, the genial station agent at Grasmere. The springs are celebrated for their medicinal virtues and have doubtless helped and benefited many who have drank of their sparkling water. Another point of interest to the observant traveler is the old Governor Morrill house, which is located a short

cumference, and is considered by Senator Gallinger, who is an authority on elms, to be the largest in New Hampshire.

The Grasmere hall and school-house is a building of which every Grasmere should be proud. It is erected on the site of the first church and town house, is newly built and finely furnished throughout. The grammar school, which is located here, is taught by Miss Myra Knowl-

ton, the primary by Miss Annie R. Flanders.

The principal industry of Grasmere is the pulp mill of the Excelsior Fiber Co., of which Hon. P. C. Cheney is president, and P. C. Lasselle superintendent. It employs about forty men when it is running full time.

Grasmere has two churches, the Baptist and Methodist. Rev. J. A. Bailey is pastor of the first, and Rev. J. A. Folsom pastor of the second.

The lodges at Grasmere are: Junior Grange, No. 150, P. of H.; Washington Council, No. 3, O. U. A. M.; Martha Washington Council, No. 2, D. of L.; Grasmere Lodge, No. 58, K. of P., and Grasmere Lodge, No. 130, I. O. G. T.

Among some of the well-known and prominent citizens of Grasmere we notice Edwin Flanders, who is quite a student of local and political history and claims to have the largest private library in town. Mr. Flanders has always taken a deep interest in educational affairs, and for several years was an active member of the school board. Mr. George M. Eaton is another well-known and substantial citizen who has held many offices of public trust; his son,

George L. Eaton, is at present a member of the school board; his daughter, Miss Elizabeth, is a popular teacher. B. F. Greer, who has been postmaster of Grasmere for several years, is well known as a successful business man. Prof. W. C. Poland of Brown University, son of the late Rev. W. C. Poland, spends his summers here with his family. The resident physician is Dr. E. B. Swett, a graduate of Harvard Medical school, and a young man of recognized ability.

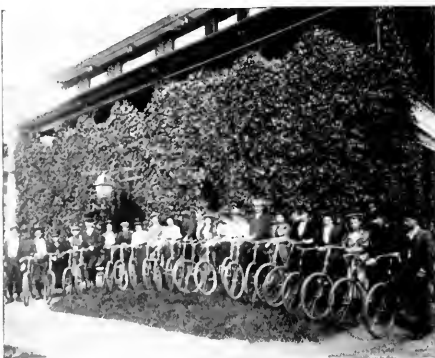
In one of the districts close by Grasmere resides Thomas R. Hoyt, widely known as an inventor of



Shirleyside—George S. Clough.

mathematical instruments. Mr. Hoyt also writes poetry, and has published two little volumes entitled, "Hoyt's Harp" and "The Merry Muse."

The Hillsborough county farm and buildings are located at Grasmere, and are the largest and finest in the state, and it is said but few public institutions of the kind can compare with them in the whole country. The farm consists of 260 acres, and was purchased of Hon. P. C. Cheney in 1894, for \$16,000. Within a year from the purchase of the farm the buildings were erected and occupied. The buildings are furnished with all



Goffstown Bicycle Club.



The Alpine House.

modern appliances, including hot and cold water, electric lights, etc., and cost \$160,000. The farm is supplied from its own reservoir, which is located on a hill near by. About one hundred acres of the land is tillage, and cuts about eighty tons of hay. The farm has two silos, keeps fourteen horses, forty cows, fourteen oxen, two hundred hogs and pigs, and one hundred hens.

The farm produces two hundred quarts of milk daily, and five thousand pounds of butter per year, all of which is consumed at the institution. The buildings are distributed as follows: No. 1, superintendent's house;

No. 2, almshouse; No. 3, insane ward; No. 4, house of correction; No. 5, laundry; No. 6, horse stable; No. 7, cow barn; No. 8, piggery and slaughter house; No. 9, workshop; No. 10, ice-house and refrigerator.

The officers of the institution are: Superintendent, H. K. Libbey; matron, Mrs. H. K. Libbey; assistant superintendent, F. W. Russell; county physician, Frank Blaisdell, M. D.; chaplain, Rev. J. A. Bailey; total number of inmates, 450. The institution is open to visitors from 9 to 11 a. m., and from 1 to 4 p. m., Wednesdays and Saturdays. It is worth anyone's time to visit it, if they wish to see one of the newest and best conducted institutions of the kind in New England.

That part of Goffstown known as Shirley Hill was settled by the Shirleys, as the name implies, several families of which still reside here. The Shirleys are of sturdy Scotch-Irish ancestry, the branch that settled here coming from Londonderry (N. H.), whither they were driven by religious persecutions in their native land. One of the ancestors of Col. E. C. Shirley lived to the advanced age of 105, which proves they came from a long lived race.



Gem Lodge—Annex of Alpine House.



Governor Morrill.



Governor Morrill Homestead.



H. H. Bowen.



G. M. Story, V. S.



L. H. Stark.



F. E. Paige.



H. H. Smith.



Frank Johnson.



W. A. Richardson



John W. Story.

One of the early settlers here, indeed if not one of the earliest in town, was John Dinsmore, who built the house at present owned and occupied by Mrs. William Shirley under the southern Uncanoonuc and near the Bedford line. Previous to erecting this house, Mr. Dinsmore cleared a place in the pasture not far distant and built a log hut, traces of which are still visible, showing a depression in the earth where sort of a cellar was dug, and besides this evidence of the first settlers' primitive abode are the old-fashioned roses which still grow and blossom in profusion here. Ah, these old-fashioned roses, how tenaciously they cling to life and how beautifully they remind us of those who have gone before.

"I know of many a place to find them growing,
Beside unnumbered ruins of the past,
Where friends once met and kindred parted,
Whose deeds with us will ever last."

Old Aunt Lydia Dinsmore, who lived at William Shirley's, used to speak of this log hut in the pasture. It seems the bears were quite numerous and troublesome at times; she used to speak of an incident when one day one of them got into the pig pen and was endeavoring to make off with a small porker. The lady of the house hearing a commotion and the pig squeal, snatched a fire-shovel and hastened to the scene, and by vigorous blows applied to bruin's snout persuaded him to drop the pig and beat a hasty retreat.

Undoubtedly the oldest tree in town is the big maple growing near Mrs. William Shirley's. This tree is supposed to have been left by the old pioneer, John Dinsmore, when he made his first clearing in the wilderness, and without doubt has withstood the winds and storms of two centuries.

The tipping rocks are a noted attraction of Shirley Hill, and have been visited by thousands. They are located on a ledge in the pasture owned by S. D. Johnson, a short distance from the Shirley Hill house. There are three large boulders in the group weighing several tons each, but so nicely are they adjusted that a slight pressure of the hand will tip or rock them. From the observatory near by a fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained.

In the days of the stage coach the McDougall and Boothman taverns, located here on the main line to Boston, were quite notable. They are still standing, but occupied by different families, undergoing the varying changes over sixty years have wrought.

Probably two of the oldest houses in this romantic neighborhood are the old Shirley mansion, occupied by

James Shirley, a descendant of the original owner, and the old Ferren place, occupied at present by John R. Ferson.

Besides the Shirley Hill house and the Pleasant View farm there are several fine summer cottages here of which the ones owned by Mr. Fuller and the Richardson heirs of Boston are the most prominent. Mention should also be made of Shirley M. Johnson's new residence, which is one of the best on the Hill.

Col. Edward C. Shirley, who resides here, needs no introduction from us. Although Colonel Shirley has traveled extensively in this country and in Europe, he is preëminently a home man, and delights in everything that pertains to Goffstown and its people. He has been honored by many agricultural societies, and has had military honors without number conferred upon him in times past, and



Frank Blaisdell, M. D.



C. F. George, M. D.



W. P. Paige.



James A. Neal.

was councillor from this district during Governor Goodell's administration. Colonel Shirley is a man of fine presence and address, and would



Moses Gage Shirley.

be easily noticed anywhere. His son, Robert L. Shirley, is a prosperous farmer, and is serving his fifth term as a member of the board of selectmen.

Leonard Robertson is also a well-known resident, and was Colonel Shirley's partner in the lumber business for many years. Mr. Robertson is also something of a traveler, but has never found any place yet that equaled Shirley Hill. He has represented his town in the legislature and on the board of selectmen. He is considered one of the most successful and prosperous farmers in town.

Moses Gage Shirley, the poet, who is well-known in literary circles, resides on the old homestead where he was born. In 1887, he published "A Book of Poems," which was followed in 1892, by "Everyday Rhymes." Besides these two volumes of his published works Mr. Shirley is represented with a portrait, biographical sketch and selections from his poems in "Poets of

America." recently published at Chicago. He is also represented in "Flowers by the Wayside," and "Golden Thoughts of American Authors." His sister, Miss Lydia D. Shirley, is well-known as a successful teacher.

One of the most attractive and beautiful sights in the evening is the electric lights of Manchester as seen from Shirley Hill. Hundreds of them shining and gleaming in the distance make a picture on the mind which one never forgets. Besides the lights of Manchester, those from two other cities, Nashua and Concord, are visible. Truly there is romance and poetry enough about Shirley Hill for us to sing its praises forever but we must desist. One thing would be beneficial, and that is a summer post-office. Hundreds of letters go to Manchester every season which might just as well be stamped here.

St. Anselm's College, the famous Catholic institution of learning, is located on College hill in the southeastern part of the town, overlooking the city of Manchester, and no finer site or healthier location for a seat of



Residence of Mrs. William Shirley.

learning could be found. The buildings are all new and modern throughout, and are furnished with all the up to date appliances. The college

is in charge of the Order of St. Benedict of New Hampshire, being incorporated by a special act of the legislature, August 30, 1889.

Goffstown has some fine farms and a large number of successful farmers: among the more prominent we name George Pattee, Charles C. Hadley, Frank Pierce, Will Roberts, Charles

to his house and his business increased until to-day he has the largest and best appointed summer hotel in town, and as far as good board and sanitary arrangements are concerned there are few better in the state. The Shirley Hill house accommodates one hundred guests. The season opens June 1, and it is



The Uncanoonucs, from the Village.

S. Whipple, Clinton and Jesse Tirrell, and Charles M. Pollard.

The popularity of Goffstown as a summer resort is becoming each year more evident, as hundreds annually leave their city homes to seek the healthful climate and the invigorating atmosphere of our hills.

"Where the wild winds of heaven mix forever in sweet emotion."

No matter whether they come early or late our welcome is always hearty, and our gates never closed to our summer visitors. One of the pioneers in the summer boarding business is S. D. Johnson of Shirley Hill, whose name and reputation as proprietor and manager of the Shirley Hill house need no encomiums from us. From humble beginnings he started out, over twenty years ago. Since then new additions have been made

usually full by the first or middle of July. It is two and one-half miles from Shirley station, and six miles from Manchester. The location is one of the best and the scenery is unsurpassed.

The Alpine house and Gem cottage, A. M. Carlton, proprietor, are two newly built and finely arranged summer houses overlooking Goffstown village, a few minutes' walk to the railroad station, post-office, and stores. The summer tourist, who enjoys suburban scenery and the life of a large town, will find these two houses just what he has been looking for. A large boulder called Balance rock sits on a ledge just north of Mr. Carlton's, and is reported to have been used by the Indians and early settlers as a landmark.

The Maplewood farm, H. L. Kimball, proprietor, is situated on College hill near West Manchester. The attractions of a large city on one hand and the romantic scenery of the country on the other, make this one of the most charming places in town, a fact which is fully attested by its many yearly visitors. The Maplewood's season is from May to November.

James H. Bartlett's Pleasant View farm on Shirley Hill is another attractive place for summer visitors. Mr. Bartlett's house is new and well furnished throughout, and sure to please those who like good quarters and a healthy location. Although Mr. Bartlett has been in business but a short time, he is very successful.

Mrs. H. W. Merrill's Mt. Pleasant farm, situated one mile from Goffstown village, is a very picturesque

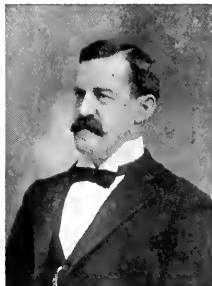
and pleasant resort. Good board, airy rooms, and fine views are promised all who come here.

Charles Whipple's Maple Cottage on High street, near the Alpine house, is a new resort for summer visitors and from its successful opening last year is sure to become popular.

Perhaps the most prominent and attractive points of interest to the summer tourist are our Uncanoonuc mountains from the summits of which a magnificent view may be obtained for miles around. Especially is this true of the southern and highest elevation, to the summit of which a carriage road was built and an observatory forty feet in height erected by the Uncanoonuc Road company in 1877. From the observatory on a clear day one may see looking to the north the outlines of the White hills



Herbert E. Poore.



Henry W. Parker.



A. M. Carlton.



William U. Carlton.



Leonard Robertson.



B. F. Greer.



Edwin Flanders.



Charles M. Pollard.



Charles G. Barnard.



Charles S. Fuller



Leonard Robertson.



Ealance Rock, near Alpine House.

and the towering dome of Mt. Washington outlined against the sky. Looking to the south may be seen Bedford and Baboosic pond in Amherst, while to the southwest Wachusett with its observatory on top shows plainly across the Massachusetts line. On the east may be seen the fertile farms and summer houses of Shirley Hill; lying beyond is the city of Manchester with its shady streets and busy mills; to the southeast the waters of Lake Massabesic sparkle in the sunshine, and to the northeast appear some mountains down in Maine. Turning to the west the view is still more beautiful. Close at hand is Joe English hill, made forever memorable by the dusky warrior whose name it bears; to the left and farther away stands Monadnock; to the right Crotchet mountains in Francestown, and in the northwest, like "a monarch of all he surveys,"

stands grand old Kearsarge. Truly, this is a panorama worth coming miles to see but we have not told you all,—we cannot accurately portray the shifting scenes of light and shade and color that forever glimmer over the landscape like a dream. You must come and see for yourself and be satisfied. This mountain from which we have been looking is thirteen hundred feet above the sea level and claimed by mariners to be the first land sighted coming into Boston harbor.

Our sketch of the town of Goffstown is drawing to a close. We have tried to give a fair and impartial review, but we realize our limitations and fear it is incomplete, as all human efforts usually are, but however the result, it is too late to change it now.

Goffstown! grand old town of historic associations! We love your woods and valleys, your mountains,

and your sun-crowned hills. Every town! Home of sweet thoughts and
 foot of your soil is dear to us for here pleasant memories! Your face is
 we have lived since childhood, and radiant with the light of morning!
 here at last we expect to rest. Goffs- Your pathway is to the stars!

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—In preparing our sketch of the town of Goffstown we desire to express our appreciation and thanks for all favors received. Especially are we indebted to Hon. Samuel Upton, George P. Hadley, Edwin Flanders, G. E. Whitney, Miss Mary Warren, Miss Isadore Johnson, librarian Rogers Free Library, and Mrs. Louis L. Harrington, manager of the Goffstown *Chronicle* for kindly assistance rendered. We also gratefully acknowledge the photographic views furnished by Mrs. Mae Clough Poore and Miss Annie R. Flanders.

JOHN DINSMORE.¹

By Moses Gage Shirley.

John Dinsmore, sweet be his rest!
 Who to this township came
 From Londonderry's blood-stained walls
 To dwell in Freedom's name.

The Indians roamed on our hills,
 And through the woods the bears,
 And on the mountain side the wolves
 And catamounts had lairs.

But our brave-hearted pioneer
 For others blazed the way,
 Whate'er the ills that came by night
 Or harassed him by day.

He cleared the woods and built a hut
 Close by the mountain side,
 The first in an unbroken stretch
 Of forest far and wide.

And here he lived and tilled the soil
 We think for many a year.
 All honor give, for it is due
 To our brave pioneer.

Among the men who shouldered arms,
 When the war spirit rose,
 John Dinsmore marched to the front
 Opposing British foes.

When war was o'er and peace declared
 Back to the mountain side
 Returned our sturdy pioneer,
 And dwelt here till he died.

He needs no glowing words of ours
 With those who've gone before,
 Who builded better than they knew,
 We name John Dinsmore.

¹The subject of this poem was one of the first settlers of Goffstown, who located on the farm now owned by Mrs. William Shirley in the southern part of the town, and so far as we know was actually the first settler.



Brigham Young.

DANGERS THREE; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF SALT LAKE CITY.¹

(Some facts, sugared with fiction.)

By H. W. Brown, M. Sc.

[*Concluded.*]



III.

O one who has studied, be it never so meagerly, the varied history of the rise and progress of Mormonism, its career in the face of persecution, its enforced removals from state to state, its blind, relentless persistency coupled with its stanch loyalty to the delusions of a half crazed bigot,—to one familiar with all this, there is much of interest in any thing pertaining to Brigham Young, to him who, even more than Joseph Smith himself, must ever stand in the eye

of adherents to his cause as “Seer, Revelator, and President” of all the church of Latter-Day Saints. Among men there is always a mass of ignorant material ready and waiting for the torch of a religious incendiary; and we can have but little respect for the misdirected zeal of those deluded souls who for so many years thronged about the person of Brigham Young, conceding to him all earthly power and wisdom and virtue, while yielding to him an homage, an obedience, and a love such as no other man, perhaps, who so ill deserved it, ever knew. Yet there is a charm in success; and Brigham Young must go down in history as a great man. His

¹ This sketch was read before the members of the New Hampshire Delegation of Christian Endeavor Excursionists (California, '97), at their reunion in Concord, February 22, 1898.



Lion and Beehive Houses.

wonderful civil power, his knowledge of human nature and his shrewd use of it, his vast accumulations of wealth and crafty utilization of every circumstance for personal aggrandizement and ecclesiastical advantage, these things awaken interest while they compel dislike, they arouse curiosity while they develop scorn.

Thus it was that when the opportunity of meeting in her own home, a veritable wife of this despicable saint, of seeing her face to face and speaking with her, was presented, thousands availed themselves of the opportunity.

Margaret Pierce Young, third wife of Brigham Young, and a member of the original colony that came to Utah, was born in 1823. She is, therefore, about seventy-five years of age.

I purpose now simply to give extracts from my notes taken in the course of a brief conversation with Mrs. Young.

She received her guests during July fourth and fifth, in the prayer room of the "Lion House," a yellow, two-story, stucco-covered building, surrounded by a high stone wall and having an image of a huge lion over the front door.

This room was not ornately furnished. It was simply a comfortable old parlor. In it the family had always met for evening prayers. Upon one occasion, which Mrs. Young well remembered, exactly sixty-three members of Young's immediate household, wives and children together, thus met for family devotions.

What wonder that one of his homes was commonly called the "Bee Hive," or that the bee hive is the emblem of Utah.

Mrs. Young is a frail woman of medium height, well preserved and matronly. She has a fair amount of nearly white hair, then inclosed in a net. Her eyes are blue, her features quite regular, and her face possessed of an expression that disarms prejudice.

My second not very serious danger was one to my intense animosity for all that she stood for, had lived for, had suffered for, and would die for. She was no ghoul in human form, no Medusa with snaky locks and horrid scowl; but a placid, kind, and sweet-spirited woman, reverent in reference to her dead husband whom she must



Beehive House and Eagle Gateway.

have loved, modest in her defense of his reputation and his creed, and womanly in all her bearing to the curious, sometimes discourteous, crowd which thronged about her as about a caged beast.

I confess myself a convert to her sincerity, her kindliness, and to a belief in the virtue of her heart.

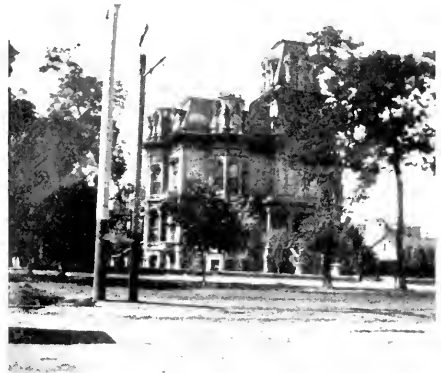
She was plainly dressed in black silk having a white lace tie at the throat, without jewelry and with no evidence of wealth. The poor woman must have become utterly exhausted because of continuous demands for her autograph, all of which she met in a kind way, for a time, even, in the front yard, sitting upon the ground to do so. I did not ask for an autograph but instead asked the privilege of a brief conversation. This she graciously granted; and, for some minutes, this venerable lady stood by my side with her right hand resting confidently upon my shoulder, while she gave me with courtly grace, unassuming dignity, and simple persuasiveness, a large amount of information concerning her life. I came away with the conviction that there is much of good even in Mormonism, and sincere hearts under the ban of a most unenlightened faith.

"Our religion," said Mrs. Young, "is a religion of sacrifice; we are glad to sacrifice for it. Of course I would have been glad to have my husband all to myself, but we are willing to sacrifice our husbands to fifty wives for principle's sake and for the good of others." "Marriage," said she, "is a necessity to salvation, either for man or woman, and our Bible confirms the truth of this. The unmarried will have a glory in the

after life but not such an one as will the married."

"Mr. Young could exalt me by marriage and his glory will be the greatest of all men because of this exaltation which he has rendered to more wives than has any other. Mr. Young is a Saviour to all these women. Oh, he saved many."

These sentiments I also found sug-



Amelia's Palace.

gested in the following extract from a Mormon hymn :

"Then, O, let us say,
God bless the wife that strives,
And aids her husband all she can
To obtain a dozen wives."

"Mrs. Young," said I, "do you, after all your experience, candidly affirm a belief in polygamous marriage as a world-wide policy?"

"Most certainly," said she, "for it is right."

I did not touch with her upon the matter of spiritual marriages, that system whereby Mr. Young multiplied his wives many fold by solemnized relations with the wives of other men. Nor did I ask by what principle of divine jurisprudence Mr. Woodruff could be effectively baptized seven hundred times for the

salvation of an equal number of long dead but gentle ancestors. I did ask a by-standing Mormon how it were possible for Mr. Young to secure so many desirable women to become his wives. The answer startled me.

"Oh!" said he, "Mr. Young had hard work keeping them away! *It was not hard to get them nor to keep them!*"

IV.

All this time Mr. Bumpus has been standing speechless in admiration before one of the very fairest of the daughters of all sunny Utah. In the meanwhile we have spoken of danger to one's life in the presence of angry Mormon elders, of danger to one's animosity in the presence of Mrs. Brigham Young, and now,—but we will return to Bumpus and the lady. The single word "usher,"

painted in gold upon a dainty blue badge, adorned the breast of this young woman; and utterly unconscious of the piquancy of so delicate an invitation to approach, she stood in the very midst of a group of admiring men, now giving directions, now patiently answering absurd questions, and all with a *douceur* and a composure which even the Venus of Milo might have envied.

Bumpus approached. He would ask the way to the Great Salt Lake. He approached, he gazed. She looked, she smiled. Now occurred a highly interesting and subtle phenomenon,—a process surpassing the most occult metempsychosis of the ancients. Their eyes met as if by instinct and—

But, pardon me, I am speaking of "Dangers Three." Here was the third.

VIGNETTES OF SPRING BLOSSOMS.

By Clarence Moores Weed.

THE BLOODROOT.



The Wood Anemone.

THE bloodroot is one of the earliest, as it is one of the most ephemeral, of the spring blossoms. In the South it "takes the winds of March with beauty," while in New England it comes with the April showers. When the leaf first ap-

pears it is curled over the blossom, enwrapping its delicate beau-

ty until well above the soil surface; then the leaf flattens out and the bud shoots upward, soon to unfold its petals of glowing and spotless white. They remain, however, but for a little season; very soon they fall away, leaving the tiny fruits on the end of the flower stalk. "In the morning the petals are expanded horizontally, but in the afternoon they become more erect, preparatory to closing." The flowers are freely visited for pollen by small bees and syrphid flies, and cross-pollination generally results, because in the newly opened flowers the stigmas mature before the anthers open. The way in which the plants grow



The Bloodroot.

Photographed by Dr. H. H. Lamson.

in clusters renders the blossoms much more conspicuous than they would be singly.

The origin of the common as well as of the generic name is easily appreciated by one who digs out the blood-red root that sends its ensanguined juice up through the stalk, to be transformed to snowy whiteness when it reaches the petals.

THE WOOD ANEMONE.

Many a plant has come to us from over the sea that we should gladly do without, but no one would wish to return the delicate beauty of the wind-flower, which, in early spring, adds a peculiar delight to the margins of woods and untravelled roads. The modest blossom, white—save where touched to pink or purple by the kisses of the sun—is lightly attached to the slender arched pedicel, to be swayed by every breath of wind, or to

droop more heavily when a bee or fly alights to gather pollen or to sip the nectar invisible to human eyes. The leaves, in a whorl of three, spring from the single smooth stem of the plant, taking into their own stems most of the robustness of the main stalk, and leaving a very slender pedicel for the support of the flower. Each leaf is divided into three leaflets, which, in their turn, are deeply cut and lobed, permitting great freedom of motion in the wind. According to the botanics, these leaves are really “an involucre of three long-petioled trifoliate leaves,” but they serve their purpose none the worse for that. The root-stalk is perennial and rather slender; it is continually spreading out and sending up new leaves to develop later into blossom-bearing anemones. As Professor Bigelow wrote early in the century “the whole plant is acrimonious to the taste.” Possibly this is the reason the rootstalks were formerly recommended for the cure of rheumatism.

We owe to the delicate fancy of the Greeks the name *anemone*—the wind-flower. Few blossoms are so



Wood Anemones.

blessed in their technical names as this,—*Anemone nemorosa*. One who, with Stevenson, loves the mere sound of pleasing words should use no other name; it is more charming even than



The Columbine.

the English equivalent—the wind-flower of the grove. It is interesting to know that this species is found over a large part of Europe, being especially common in Britain, where, as with us, its flowers are an ornament to many a woodland scene and mountain pasture in April and May. Its time of blossoming has been well indicated in the familiar lines of Bryant,

—"Within the woods,
Whose young and half-transparent leaves scarce
cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks."

And the same picture has been painted by Henry Van Dyke:

"The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees."

When the blossoms first open, the

stamens are curved over the pistils, but the filaments soon straighten and leave the stigmas more exposed, so that both anthers and stigmas are mature when insect visitors arrive. These guests are chiefly small bees of the family andrenidæ and flies of the family syrphidæ: both collect pollen, and some of the bees appear to find nectar on the receptacle below the pistils.

THE RUE ANEMONE.

The Rue anemone (*Anemonella thalictroides*) is at once distinguished from *Anemone nemorosa* by the presence of several flowers upon one plant in place of the single blossom of the latter. The former is usually the taller of the two, although it grows in much the same situations, both species frequently being found intermingled. In *Anemonella*—surely a name to love and to use for its sweet sound—three to five or more of the small white flowers project in an umbel from the whorl of involucrel leaves. There are five to ten of the petaloid sepals, some of which may have the white slightly tinged with pink. Both the stamens and the pistils are numerous and the flower expands half to three quarters of an inch. The flower stems are very slender, while the main stalk is smooth but considerably thicker. The principal leaves which spring from the root are compound, with the two or three divisions bearing small leaflets that are nearly round, with the notches dividing the outer end into three lobes, the middle of which is much the largest.

The plant is a perennial with a cluster of tuberous roots that look like miniature sweet potatoes. The

flowers seem to be visited by the same sort of insects that visit the wood anemone.

THE COLUMBINE.

I know not what flower James Montgomery had in mind when he wrote,

" But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margins of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den."

But the lines might well have been written of the lovely columbine. Along the rocky shores of the New England coast, its nodding blossoms color the hillsides in May, the scant soil yielding only sufficient nourishment for a growth of a foot to eighteen inches, while here and there in the richer margin of the rill or along the borders of the forest, scattered plants reach a height of two feet or more. Those which "haunt the glen," vary much in size, according to the strength of their foothold, but none are more picturesque than these. As you see the flaming blossoms standing out from the side of the precipitous ledge you wonder that the elements do not tear them from their frail supports.

My neighbors call this flower the honeysuckle, an appropriate name were there no other plants to claim it, for few flowers yield nectar so readily to the lips of childhood. Mrs. Wright says that these blossoms and those of the scarlet clematis are known as red bells in her region, and adds this charming paragraph: "Turn to the names that science and legend give the columbine: *Aquilegia*, the Latin cognomen, for the likeness of the flower's petals to an eagle's claws; columbine, from the

gaudy mate of harlequin, for the resemblance of the flower to the cap which folly wears; and another yet, touching both flower and season, handed down from the monks of old, who, with loving sentiment, wrought flowered margins to their missals and books of hours,—columbine, a dove, the sign of the Holy Ghost, who descended in the cloven tongues of flame at the feast of Pentecost; and so, to-day at the Pentecostal season, the fiery tongues flaming on the gray New England rocks repeat the message."¹

The columbine is found in blossom from April until June, the height of its season in New England occurring in May. The long spurs contain in their enlarged tips a store of nectar that is eagerly sought by the queen bumble bees abroad during



Columbine.

the period of blooming. Normally, these visitors alight on the open end of the flower, inserting their tongues through the tubes to the spur. As they

¹ The "Friendship of Nature."

make the circuit of the five nectar spurs the lower parts of their bodies as well as their legs rub against the stamens and pistils. In young blossoms the pistils only are extended against the body of the visitor, the stamens being, as yet, curved up within the flower. These soon curve out, however, so that the abundant pollen is ready to be carried from blossom to blossom. The result of this arrangement is that cross-pollination is very likely to occur through the bees bringing to newly opened flowers the pollen from those longer open.

Many of the bumble-bees, however, have learned that it is not necessary to enter at the door to gain the sweets; they bite through the thin petal-like substance of the spurs, and extract the nectar through the opening thus made. On hillsides where the columbines are abundant nearly all the flowers may be found so punctured late in the season, but this seldom prevents the maturing of the seed in the curious long and pointed seed-pods. For in case no bees visit the blossoms in the legitimate manner, the ovules are fertilized by the pollen from the stamens of the same blossom. There are five of the pods, which split open when the seeds ripen. The latter are black and smooth. As the pods are maturing the stems which were arched while bearing the flowers straighten out to hold erect the pods.

THE DOG'S-TOOTH VIOLET.

The word that is most expressive of the character of the dog's-tooth violet is grace. In few plants are the simple lines of a graceful picture so well shown as in this: from the

grassy bank there rises a rounded stem that on each side gradually merges into a thickened leaf, with smooth margins, rounded and lovely surfaces, and a tip that is neither too pointed nor too obtuse; from between the bases of the leaf, appearing as a prolongation of the stalk in miniature, rises the slender stem of the flower, showing the slight and inimitable curves of a living thing, and arching near the end to hold the bell-like blossom which is in itself a marvel of curving grace; in the middle of the latter the stamens and pistil hang downward, the stamens near the petals, and the pistil projecting straight out from the center as a prolongation of the blossom stem. The plant, as a whole, is a charming example of that harmonious asymmetry dear to the art of the Japanese, and may serve as a study in pictorial composition to any lover of the beautiful. The colors also are in harmony with the simple outlines of the plant; the leaves are of varying shades of green, mottled with rather indistinct markings of a dull whitish color, or of a faint purple hue, while the blossom is a lovely yellow, having occasionally a purplish tinge.

The dog-tooth violet is one of our earliest flowers, appearing in April and lasting until May. From the situations where it is most commonly found one would think that it loved the music of little rivers, lingering near to listen to the gladsome songs of these streams "in the season of their prosperity," but it also habitually occurs in damp, open groves, and even along the margins of the forest. In rainy weather and at night the flowers close but open again when sunshine comes. The blossoms are

freely visited by many bees by which cross-pollination seems to be very generally brought about.

There has been much conjecture regarding the origin of the common names of this plant. The best discussion that I have seen is that of Professor Meehan, who says that it was very generally called yellow snakeleaf early in this century. Possibly adder's tongue is to be traced to this. "The name dog-tooth violet is derived from the roots of the single European species, *Erythronium dens-canis*, which is literally dog's tooth erythronium. So great is the resemblance to the canine teeth of the great friend of man, that the roots seem to have had this name among all the old nations of Europe long before it was adopted by science, and indeed long before plants had any botanical names at all. The resemblance to the violet is rather imaginary; but as the European form, usually white, is often purplish in Italy, and blooms about the same time with the violet, the popular name would seem to be explicable."

THE MARSH MARIGOLD.

The brilliant blossoms of the marsh marigold furnish the spring landscape with a rich and charming yellow, spotting the foreground here and there with its masses of golden flowers, mingled with the yellow-green of its foliage and the lush vegetation of its water-loving neighbors. It generally grows in standing or slowly running water, the large flowers being held above the surface by the hollow, furrowed stems, which also bear the broad, smooth, round, or kidney-shaped leaves. The blossoms expand an

inch and a half, and consist of five to nine petaloid sepals, with numerous stamens and five to ten pistils. Both stamens and pistils mature about the same time, but the outer rows of the former shed their pollen first. The flowers are freely visited by the syrphid flies which are attracted by the bright colors, and feed on the pollen chiefly, though some suck the nectar which is secreted in abundance on the sides of the pistils. Small bees and even



The Marsh Marigold.

large bumble bees are also attracted to this supply of sweetness, as well as by the golden pollen. Although self-fertilization is possible, cross-pollination appears generally to take place.

For a century or more marsh marigolds have been utilized for greens in America, having been commonly sold for that purpose, under the name of cowslip in Boston and New York early in the history of these cities. According to Professor Bigelow the young buds used to be substituted for capers. The name cowslip is incorrect as applied to this plant, the

English cowslip being quite a different species.

Mrs. Dana has called attention to the probability that the "winking Mary-buds" of these lines from "Cymbeline" are these marigolds, which indeed are more conspicuous in English landscapes than in our own:

"Hark, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies
And winking Mary-buds begins
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is—
My lady sweet arise!
Arise, arise, —"

THE BLUETS.

The modest bluets or Quaker ladies are especially familiar to the people of New England. Although the plant has a much wider range than through these states, being found in the east as far south as Florida, and extending westward, at least, to the Mississippi valley, it seems to be much the most general and abundant in New England, where in almost any locality hillsides may be found tinted with it in May. The plant has been called by many common names, although early in the century it seems to have had no such appellation. In his "Plants of Boston" (1824), Bigelow speaks of it as the bluish houstonia—evidently a translation of its technical binomial, and in 1827, Nuttall knew of no "common, prevalent name" for it. A little later it was called by some of the early botanists "Venus' pride"—scarcely a happy term for so demure a blossom, and greatly improved upon when some open-souled child of Nature in the region of

Philadelphia called the flowers "Quaker bonnets," since corrupted to Quaker ladies. Innocence is a charming and appropriate name, but I can see no reason why the plants should ever have been called "dwarf pink" or "American daisy." Professor Meelian writes that to him bluets "seems to be altogether meaningless," from which one must infer that like the English botanist who objected to the *cerulca* of its Latin name because he "had never seen any blue" about the flower, the delicate and gradual change in the color of the blossoms as the season advances had escaped him. This lovely suffusion of blue is one of the most charming items of the procession of the seasons. At first the bluets are all white with a touch of yellow at their throats, but as they receive day by day the sunshine on their upturned faces they slowly change to blue. Early in May the whiteness of the blossom masses impresses you, but by the first of June the bluets have come into their own and justified their name.

The bluets are of as much interest to the botanist as to the lover of beautiful landscapes. This is a dimorphous or two-formed flower; in one form the style of the pistil is long, bringing the stigma to the mouth of the corolla, while the stamens are inserted toward the bottom of the tube; in the other the pistil is short, with the stamens inserted near the mouth of the tube. "These blossoms are mainly pollenized by small bees and butterflies. When an insect sucks the nectar from the base of the corolla of a short-styled blossom, it will get at a certain place on its tongue some of the pollen from



A Cluster of Bluets.

the anthers. If next it visits a long-styled blossom, it will be likely to brush some of this pollen on to the exerted stigma, while a point near the tip of the tongue will receive a fresh supply of pollen-grains. If now it again visits a short-styled blossom this last received pollen will be at the right height to be deposited on the included stigma. Consequently cross fertilization will almost certainly occur."¹ The turning down of the flowers at night and during rainy weather is also of great interest and well worthy of repeated observation.

THE SHEEP-SORREL.

The other day I was forcibly reminded of the richness that is added to life by the training of the artist on reading Philip Gilbert Hamerton's appreciation of the sheep-sorrel—a plant which is familiar to most of us as a troublesome weed, constantly invading lawns, gardens, pastures, and fields, difficult to contend against successfully, and sending up its spikes of tiny red-brown flowers to waste their beauty upon an unappre-

ciative humanity. Singly and near-by, these flowers do not impress us by their prettiness. "Yet with these little specks will Nature stipple and color vast spaces of landscape. The flower is reddish or greenish, and it often turns so red that whole fields and hillsides are painted with it early in May,—painted a deep, rich, hot color, of the sort which people who do not observe accurately are accustomed to associate exclusively with autumn."

This description written in Europe serves as well for our own landscapes,—for the sheep-sorrel is a waif from over-sea, albeit a waif abundantly able to look out for itself, especially if the soil be slightly sandy and not much crowded with other growing things. This is, in fact, a world-plant, and it should have been dedicated to Pan. For a thousand generations lusty boys have chewed its acrid leaves and felt the pagan joy of living. The sheep in a million flocks have trampled on it, or nibbled at its foliage, while in all ages peaceful shepherds have rested on it musing. Surely in that dear time of old, Pan himself must have been refreshed

¹ Weed, "Ten New England Blossoms," page 25.

with its halbert leaves as he out-luted Apollo on the pipes, or lightly traversed the mountain side with some fair Oriad. Such a plant takes us far back of the dawn of human history to that long twilight, when the world was peopled with these airy nothings, dear to our fancy even after so many centuries of disillusion.

But to return to our quotation, Mr. Hamerton continues: "Now I cannot but think that it is an advantage to an artist to have such a resource as this rich color affords him, and to know the cause of it; and I think also it would perhaps be well if critics knew enough of Nature not to

be taken by surprise when a landscape-painter happened to avail himself of this coloring. There are tints in spring of which this is an example that everybody would call autumnal in a picture, and yet in Nature they often compensate for the crudeness of the early greens by mingling with them in large masses." In its best estate our modern education is trying to give each child something of the outlook both of the artist and the naturalist, and to lead to the appreciation of Nature's landscapes before they are translated on canvas. To learn to see the artistic value of such a plant as the sheep-sorrel is a long step forward.

OUR WILD FLOWER CLUB.

By Frances M. Abbott.



Organized the 29th of February, 1896. It came about in this way. "I have lived to years of discretion," said the college graduate, "and I have had a fair amount of training in the schools, and I do not know the name of that common little blue flower that grows in a stiff, bristly spike along every highway and by-way in the country; and what is more, I do not find anyone who can tell me."

Her companion remarked that she had studied botany in a previous stage of existence, but it was all about cotyledons and achenia, and whether something or other was hypogynous or perigynous.

"What is the name of that little blue flower?" asked the C. G. sternly.

"I do not think I ever knew," meekly replied the ex-botanist. "We did not have time in school to analyze much farther than the early spring flowers."

If anybody believes that the foregoing dialogue indicates an exceptional state of ignorance among intelligent adults, let him ask the next person he meets, either city or country, the name of any of the obvious wayside blossoms, except, perhaps, daisies and buttercups, and keep count of the number of inquiries he must make before he finds anyone who knows even the commonest forms of vegetation. It is especially hopeless to ask the country people, who have lived out-doors all their lives. Either they have never noticed the flowers, or they know them simply as "pesky weeds," or

they give some meaningless local name which confounds confusion.

To all those who love flowers, but are not capable of digesting the botanies, let me recommend the book that came as a revelation to our little group, Mrs. William Starr Dana's "How to Know the Wild Flowers." Doubtless it is already a familiar friend to many New Hampshire people, for over forty thousand copies have been sold. To identify flowers by this book is as easy as matching ribbon. About five hundred different varieties are described, and these are classified by color. In each section the flowers are arranged in the order of their blooming. The descriptions, which not only tell just how the flower looks to the average eye, but show a poetic and literary sensibility which makes the volume delightful reading as literature, are supplemented by one hundred and fifty of the most accurate full page drawings I have ever seen. The C. G., who had asked about fifty people the name of her little blue flower, bought this book, turned at once to the middle of the blue section, and there it was as large as life, self-heal or *brunella vulgaris*.

It was on this book that our Wild Flower club was founded. We started with a simple constitution, which prescribes weekly rambles from the middle of April to the first of October, and we elected the following officers: President, Mrs. A. P. Chesley; vice-president, Miss Mary C. Eastman; secretary and treasurer, Miss Frances M. Abbott. We have gradually accumulated a collection of congenial spirits, numbering twenty-five at present, beside our honorary members.

Every Monday afternoon, after the Shakespeare season is over, the casual wayfarer may see a crowd of female tramps in short skirts, old boots, and by-gone hats, armed with trowels and grape baskets, climbing stone walls, tearing their way through blackberry bushes, or kneeling in swamps to dig out the ferns. No silk waists or tailor-made suits go on these rambles. The route is not exactly

"By slow Meander's margin green
Or in the violet-embroidered vale,"

but rather up the quarry-scarred slopes of Rattlesnake, through the swamps of Turkey pond, along the meadows of the Merrimack, or in the tangled, but ever fruitful, thicket of Paradise.

In two seasons' rambles in the single township of Concord, we have identified nearly three hundred of the more obvious wild flowers. The club, as a club, do not bother with anything that has not a blossom big enough to be seen by the naked eye. Individual knowledge in many cases rises to the dignity of scientific research. We have one member of whom we are very proud. Miss Sarah F. Sanborn, doubtless the best botanist in Concord, with whom the scientific study of flowers has been a lifelong passion, early consented to join our ranks. All the mysteries of ferns, mosses, and pondweeds are to her as an open book. She speaks of the *potamogeton heterophyllus* or the *phragmites dryopteris* as other people do of butter and eggs. Although a post-graduate among kindergartners, she never wearies of answering our ignorant questions, and of imparting such portions of her store of knowledge as we are able to assimilate.

Our weekly rambles begin the middle of April, weather permitting. One does not expect to gather bouquets at that season, but there are usually a few stray blossoms, and a walk in the budding spring is of itself sufficient reward. We see plenty of blooming willows and note the yellow pollen of the male blossoms. The sturdy, vivid green clumps of the skunk cabbage are prominent, and the red spathe sheathing the spike of insignificant green flowers is quite beautiful at a distance.

Hepaticas are our first real find. I recall a walk of April 26, 1897, to a sunny slope beyond Glover's hill. We found hepaticas large and beautiful, of all colors.—blue, lavender, lilac, and nearly white. Burroughs says that they are sometimes fragrant, but we have never discovered that characteristic. The hepaticas had doubtless been out a week or more, but other flowers were just beginning,—the pretty little nodding bellwort or wild oats, and the ill-scented dark-red trillium. Dog-tooth violets abounded, as they do all along the base of the Merrimack bluffs, and Mayflowers were found there as in all our woods.

On the same date in 1896 we went to Paradise to find beds white with the evanescent bloodroot, whose bleeding stems protest against plucking the fragile flower. The equally delicate wood anemone is found there also, though it blooms in greater abundance on the Plains. The rue anemone we have not discovered in Concord. Very different from the translucent petals of the bloodroot and anemone, but growing near-by, are the little woolly heads of the

early everlasting—pussy foot, the Swedes call it. The shad blossoms come this month, and you can find the bushes or young trees along the Little Pond road. You might mistake the bloom on the leafless branches for that of a young cherry tree, were it not for the long petals.

By the first of May the little bluets enamel the ground in every direction, and violets begin. A walk near the reservoir on May 6, 1897, discovered the small sweet white violèts and the common blue ones, the delicate gold thread, and great clumps of the red and yellow betony. A little later this region abounds in the beautiful crimson bird-on-the-wing or fringed polygala, considered a choice rarity in many parts of the country.

We never can keep long away from Paradise at this season. On the 10th of May, 1897, we walked up the Northern railroad track, which is the true avenue to this delightful region. The back ponds are the haunts of hundreds of red-winged blackbirds, which fly off, startled at our approach. The side of the railroad track used to be an excellent place for flowers, but little thrives now in the sand, which has been used for filling in the ravages of the recent freshets, except great patches of the field horsetail and those hardy vagrants, the common cinquefoil and shepherd's purse.

The tall-stemmed yellow violets love Paradise and jack-in-the-pulpit bobs up amid the ferns. The glory of Paradise is its fleece of maiden-hair, and notwithstanding that bushels of these delicate fronds are carried off every year, the black, hair-like stems seem as numerous as ever. There are occasional clumps of crin-

kle-root or toothwort around some of the old trees, and I do not know where else to look for those white mustard-like blossoms and slightly pungent roots. Scores of little white nodding trilliums stand with their feet in the marsh, and a week later the hillside will be feathery with the plumes of the foam flower, springing up amid the pale lobed leaves and dried seed pods of the bloodroot. The white baneberry and the false Solomon's seal will then be conspicuous among the taller plants.

The 10th of May has another association for me. Every year at that date I go to a place on the Shattuck road, not far from Long Pond, and break off great branches of the hobble bush, the most beautiful of our flowering shrubs. It ought to be called the wild hydrangea. Nothing can be more effective than the contrast of its crimped, crinkled, yellow-green leaves, downy underneath, and the masses of tiny flowers, surrounded by the great involucre of false white blossoms.

For two successive years on the 18th of May the club has climbed Rattlesnake hill. I shall not soon forget the sight of last year when we beheld the pasture at the top of the hill one mass of scarlet columbines and white saxifrage. Both these plants love a rocky soil. We had found saxifrage on our earlier rambles, but we had not seen the ground carpeted with it. It seemed good to see enough of anything so pretty. Interspersed among the big boulders in the pasture were small thorn bushes, white with bloom. We always find the lady's slipper on Rattlesnake, though the wood paths leading from the Little Pond road furnish it more

abundantly. The woods near Camp Weetamoo also shelter it. In fact, it is the commonest of our orchids, except the dear little ladies' tresses, whose fragrant white spikes are found beside almost every hill road in the late summer and early fall. We look for the pretty twistfoot about Holden's pond, and Rattlesnake can always be depended upon for the true and false Solomon's seal, wild sarsaparilla, bunch berry, dwarf ginseng, and Indian cucumber root, though these are not rare in any part of our town.

On May 25, 1896, we had an all-day picnic at Long pond, walking from the street cars in West Concord to the Asylum grounds. At this season

"The dogwood calls me, and the sudden thrill,
That breaks in apple blooms down country
roads,
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me
away."

The yellow celandine, the bastard toad-flax or comandra, the huckleberry, the golden ragwort, and the smooth, false hellebore, beside many flowers already well-known, skirted our walks. In a marsh back of the pond we found the swamp saxifrage, a tall plant, whose feathery bloom is rather striking in the mess.

The latter part of May is the time to look for marsh marigolds, incorrectly called cowslips. For two seasons I have picnicked at Broad Cove, on the banks of the Contoocook, and a certain spring near by is to me the place where

"Winking Marybuds begin
To ope their golden eyes."

The first of June, 1896, we walked over the Free Bridge road to the arsenal. This is the lupine and lamb-

kill season, likewise the time for robin's plantain, which the uninitiated think must be an early blue aster. The pretty little *hudsonia*, a heath-like plant with small yellow blossoms, nearly allied to poverty grass, grows or grew abundantly in the pine woods on the Bluffs. This is a fine date for ferns also, and the first of June, 1897, was devoted to Farnum's ravine in West Concord, where a clear brook slips over mossy boulders, and a variety of great feathery plumes can be found, whose extraordinary names I forbear to inflict on the compositor.

A week later a trip was made to the banks of the Contoocook, where the yellow rock-rose, the beautiful azalea, and the exquisite twin flower were found. This last is quite rare in our region, and far be it from me to reveal the exact locality where it grows. I have found a great bed of it in climbing Gunstock (Mt. Belknap), and the pretty creeper with its pairs of nodding, fragrant, pink blossoms is worth going a long way to see. Another plant, not common in Concord, is the wild calla or water arum, which thrives in a swamp near Rollins park, and blooms about the middle of June. The pale corydalis, whose drooping racemes of yellowish-pink flowers and grayish leaves make it an attractive plant, can be found about this time covering a large space near the Borough road and the main highway to Penacook.

By the last of June the thoughts of the Wild Flower club turn longingly to a certain meadow under and to the east of Rattlesnake Plain, the name bestowed by our ancestors on that portion of our township now occupied by West Concord. Some of our

oldest and most substantial families live in this region, and they all occupy two-story farms. Beginning with the land of the late Deacon Benjamin Farnum and continuing upward to Sewall's Falls, one finds that the dwellings and some of the fields are situated on the plain, but a few rods to the east the land drops sharply down a steep hillside to the meadows and intervalles of the Merrimack. Every farm has its own private roadway set in the hillside by which the owners drive from the upper to the lower story of the farm.

One of these meadows, which shall be nameless here, has considerable marshy land, and it is one of the richest fields for the flower lover. The club went there on June 22, in 1896, but last year being cold and rainy, we found that the first of July was early enough. Two of our choicest orchids, the crimson calopogon and the pale pink, fragrant pogonia grow in this meadow. They lift their delicate heads, poised on slender stems, out of a mass of marsh grasses, sundrops, wild strawberries, queer, sparkling, hairy sundews, tall meadow rue, and loosestrife. Two other orchids, having little beauty in their small, yellowish-green blossoms, are also found there; one of them, the fen orchis, Gray says is quite rare. The meadow is bordered by the trailing stems of the carrion flower, a really beautiful vine, which has to be avoided only during the flowering season. At all other times, and especially when its odious minute green flowers have given place to bunches of big, blue-black berries, it is highly decorative.

Though the calopogon meadow offers occupation for a whole after-

noon, we save a little time to visit another two-story farm on whose hillside grows the gem of our whole township, the unparalleled, showy lady's slipper. It grows in but two or three other places in the state, and is a rare plant throughout the country. I well remember the shout of joy when our president first caught sight of this glorious creature, and how all our company knelt in admiration around it.

By midsummer we have an embarrassment of riches. The ponds are especially interesting at this time, though a trip in any direction seldom fails to bring abundant reward. If you go to the Turkey Pond region in July, you will find pitcher plants, orchids, and the swamp loosestrife. The latter encircles an old dam on the river between the two ponds. Its drooping stems, six to ten feet long, which bend over the water and take root at the other end, and its pink, crinkled flower growing in the axils of the leaves, make it an interesting plant. I have never found it elsewhere.

The smaller, fragrant purple-fringed orchis is so abundant in this neighborhood that we have named one little stream Orchid brook. The smaller orchid's noble relative, the large, purple-fringed orchis, I have never been so fortunate as to lay hands on, but I know it grows near Big Turkey, and specimens of this royal flower have been brought to me.

In August the shores of Big Turkey are rosy with marsh St. Johnswort, which bears not the least resemblance to its yellow kinsman, with which our grandmothers used to color their cheeses. In this month look for the burning cardinal flowers

about the Turkey brooks. The old world has nothing more brilliant than this gorgeous lobelia.

I must mention one more prize, the white-fringed orchis. It grows in a jungle somewhere about Big Turkey, —I never should attempt to find the place again. We fought our way through marsh and underbrush. The mosquitoes devoured us, and the bushes slapped us in the face. We were wet, torn, weary, and downhearted, but when we saw those spikes of absolute purity, we felt amply repaid. The young growth was so thick that we had great difficulty in bringing our treasures away unscathed, but we finally reached the roadway and civilization once more.

It is not necessary to seek Turkey pond to find interesting things. Our own Horseshoe, though it affords no orchids, is well worth visiting. The bladderwort, whose curious yellow flowers look like golden jewels, can be seen amid its floating leaves near Walker's bridge. It is impossible to mention the haunts of all the midsummer wild flowers. The pipewort, whose white, button-like heads in the Franconia lakes attracted the notice of "Fishin' Jimmy," is found at Long pond near the park. The pipsissewa is especially fine along Christian Lane in East Concord. The slender gerardia, whose delicate crimson blossoms and thread-like leaves fill a glass jar so beautifully, is found in abundance near Sewall's Falls; the spicy blue curls also belongs there. The yellow-stemmed dodder, which twists around the goldenrods, grows in the Gully and on the Fan, and the blue vetch is making itself at home amid the grass of our intervalles.

The purple-flowering raspberry, incorrectly called mulberry, grows with tropical luxuriance in one place on the Shattuck road. That European weed, known as devil's paint-brush, displays its orange tassel and black hairy stem near the homestead of the late Oliver Hart. I have heard it called arnica, a name that has also been misapplied to the fall dandelion, which gilds the highways beyond St. Paul's school, and is so common along our sea-coast. New Hampshire arnica is found only in the higher altitudes of the White Mountains.

The downy false foxglove is one of the few wild flowers that has not been eradicated from White park, and two varieties of it make yellow a bank which the bees love. Mention of the foxglove calls to mind a walk on the thirtieth of August, up the Northern railroad track. We had been watching some spotted sandpipers "teetering" along the river sands and two boys who were not able to shoot them, and when we came to the Charles Farnum hillside we beheld a spectacle not to be forgotten. The white swamp aster, seven feet high, wild sunflowers, foxgloves, golden-rod, and silver-rod covered the bank, and, except for a few incidental green leaves, nothing was to be seen but this magnificent tapestry of white and gold.

When September comes there will be found few new flowers. Summer survivals, like the never-to-be-shaken-off tick trefoils, and the towering trumpet weed, still linger, and of asters and golden-rod there is infinite variety. The ladies' tresses is the one orchid to be seen, and we are glad to notice the delicate waxen

spikes by so many roadsides. The closed gentian is abundant, and the famed, fringed gentian may (sometimes) be found in meadows about Turtle pond and Batchelder's mill in East Concord. Fortunately for its own protection this plant is a wanderer and where you may gather bushels of it one year, next season may not show a single head. The witch-hazel closes the year with its delicate yellow fingers.

In writing this little description I have purposely refrained from specifying too exactly where the rarer flowers grow, lest I should encourage the slaughter of the innocents. Wild flowers have more to fear from their friends than their foes. Colonel Higginson laments that many of the most interesting have been driven into the recesses of the Green mountains in order to escape extermination. Every year we see some fleeing for their lives. Would it not be well in the nature study of the public schools to teach some restraint in indiscriminate gathering, even when the object is analysis? We are all sinners in this matter. I confess with shame that I have brought home whole bouquets of calopogons and other orchids, though when I convoy a party to a particularly choice spot, I always insist that they shall leave half of the beautiful things they see.

I have spoken of Mrs. Dana's book as the best for an amateur club, and I cannot too highly recommend it; but the members will soon become so interested in flowers that they will provide themselves with "Gray's Manual." Our state library contains an admirable collection of popular works, most of them illustrated, some with colored plates, which will be of

great help to the beginner. I must say one word for that monumental compendium, the three-volume "Flora," published by Scribner. What the "Encyclopedia Britannica" and the "Century" dictionary are to smaller works, that "Flora" with its description and illustration of every form of vegetation in this country is to the botanics. A copy of it ought to be in every public library, and if individual flower lovers cannot afford to own it, a club should combine and buy it; but remember always to begin with Mrs. Dana.

The true scientific method is observation first, classification afterward. The method of the schools has always been to reverse this, and usually to leave out the observation part altogether. That is why botany has been made such an odious study to many people who longed to become acquainted with flowers. The Latin names are all right in their place and very necessary to a thorough understanding of the subject, but they should not be given to students till the students ask for them.

There are some flowers which our Wild Flower club is very desirous to see, but which we have not yet found in Concord. Among these are the small and large yellow lady's slipper, the showy orchis, the arethusa, the white hearts or Dutchman's breeches, the rhodora, the buckbean, the black cohosh, and the meadow beauty. We know that all these grow in the state, some of them not far distant from Concord. Any information leading to their discovery hereabouts will be thankfully received. Some much desired flowers we know to be beyond our reach. We do not expect to find the sabbatia nearer than

Cape Cod, and it is useless to look for the calypso, except in the Maine woods or the innermost parts of Vermont, but perhaps we may some day be favored with a glimpse of the yellow-fringed orchis or the gorgeous butterfly weed. Thoreau firmly expected to discover the *Victoria regia* blooming in Walden pond, and Burroughs says if you only stay at home, all climes and seasons will come to your door.

Following is a list of flowers found by the Wild Flower club in two season's rambles. The list makes no pretence to completeness. It is not an enumeration of the flora of Concord, but simply a record of amateur observation. The list does not include very common flowers like wild roses, buttercups, and clover, nor does it include those flowers like the clethra, false dragon's head, spiderwort, and thyme, which are wild in many places, but in Concord are cultivated in gardens.

LIST OF FLOWERS IN CONCORD.

(Found by the Wild Flower Club in 1896-'97.)

WHITE SECTION.

Bloodroot—*Sanguinaria Canadensis*.
 Shad-bush—*Amelanchier oblongifolia*.
 Wood anemone—*Anemone nemorosa*.
 Star-flower—*Trientalis Americana*.
Maianthemum Canadense.
 Gold-thread—*Coptis trifolia*.
 Early everlasting—*Antennaria plantaginifolia*.
 Toothwort—*Dentaria diphylla*.
 Shepherd's purse—*Capsella Bursa-pastoris*.
 Early saxifrage—*Saxifraga Virginienensis*.
 False hellebore—*Veratrum viride*.
 Foam-flower—*Tiarella cordifolia*.
 Small white trillium—*Trillium cernuum*.
 Painted trillium—*T. erythrocarpum*.
 Carrion-flower—*Smilax herbacea*.
 Wild sarsaparilla—*Aralia nudicaulis*.
 Dwarf ginseng—*A. trifolia*.
 Spikenard—*A. racemosa*.
 Wild red cherry—*Prunus Pennsylvanicus*.
 Sweet white violet—*Viola blanda*.
 Lance-leaved violet—*V. lanceolata*.
 False Solomon's seal—*Smilacina racemosa*.
 Hobble-bush—*Viburnum lantanoides*.

Dockmackie—*V. acerifolium*.
 Withe-rod—*I. nudum*.
 Arrow-wood—*I. dentatum*.
 Round-leaved dogwood—*Cornus circinata*.
 Alternate-leaved dogwood—*C. alternifolia*.
 Panicle dogwood—*C. paniculata*.
 Red osier dogwood—*C. stolonifera*.
 Bunch berry—*C. Canadensis*.
 Mountain maple—*Acer spicatum*.
 Hawthorn—*Crataegus coccinea*.
 White-thorn—*C. mollis*.
 Winterberry—*Ilex verticillata*.
 White baneberry—*Actæa alba*.
 Red-berried elder—*Sambucus racemosa*.
 Wild calla—*Calla palustris*.
 Mountain laurel—*Kalmia latifolia*.
 Poison ivy—*Rhus toxicodendron*.
 Staghorn sumach—*R. typhina*.
 Virginia creeper—*Ampelopsis quinquefolia*.
 Black huckleberry—*Gaylussacia resinosa*.
 Blueberry—*Vaccinium corymbosum*.
Andromeda ligustrina.
 Shin-leaf—*Pyrola rotundifolia*.
 " —*P. elliptica*.
 " —*P. secunda*.
 " —*P. chlorantha*.
 Pipsissewa—*Chimaphila umbellata*.
 Small daisy—*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*.
 Fleabane—*Erigeron annuus*.
 Horse-weed—*E. Canadense*.
 Wintergreen—*Gaultheria procumbens*.
 Indian pipe—*Monotropa uniflora*.
 Mayweed—*Anthemis Cotula*.
 New Jersey tea—*Ceanothus Americanus*.
 Bastard toadflax—*Comandra umbellata*.
 Enchanter's nightshade—*Circæa Lutetiana*.
 Field chickweed—*Cerastium Lutetianum*.
 Common chickweed—*Stellaria media*.
 Thimble-weed—*Anemone Virginiana*.
 Small bedstraw—*Galium trifidum*.
 Rough bedstraw—*G. asprellum*.
 Partridge vine—*Mitchella repens*.
 Green orchis—*Habenaria virescens*.
 Ragged fringed orchis—*H. lacera*.
 Three-toothed orchis—*H. tridentata*.
 White fringed orchis—*H. blephariglottis*.
 Fen orchis—*Liparis Læselii*.
 Common elder—*Sambucus Canadensis*.
 Button-bush—*Cephalanthus occidentalis*.
 Bitter-sweet—*Celastrus scandens*.
 Mild water-pepper—*Polygonum hydropiperoides*.
 Common knotweed—*P. ariculare*.
 Climbing false buckwheat—*P. scandens*.
 Arrow-leaved tear-thumb—*P. sagittatum*.
 Halberd-leaved tear-thumb—*P. arifolium*.
Dalibarda repens.
 Night-flowering campion—*Silene noctiflora*.
 Fall meadow rue—*Thalictrum polygamum*.
 Water lily—*Nymphaea odorata*.
 Arrow-head—*Sagittaria variabilis*.
 Water-plantain—*Alisma Plantago*.
 Round-leaved sundew—*Drosera rotundifolia*.
 Pokeweed—*Phytolacca decandra*.
 Meadow-sweet—*Spiræa salicifolia*.
 White avens—*Geum album*.
 Rattlesnake-plantain—*Goodyera pubescens*.
 " —*G. repens*.
 Wild balsam-apple—*Echinocystis lobata*.

Yarrow—*Achillea Millefolium*.
 Wild carrot—*Daucus Carota*.
 Water-parsnip—*Sium cicutifolium*.
 Water-horehound—*Lycopus sinuatus*.
 Bugle-weed—*L. Virginicus*.
 White vervain—*Verbena urticifolia*.
 Virgin's bower—*Clematis Virginiana*.
 Turtle-head—*Chelone glabra*.
 Dodder—*Cuscuta Gronorii*.
Datura Tatula.
 White aster—*Aster ericoides*.
 " —*A. umbellatus*.
 " —*A. multiflorus*.
 " —*A. acuminatus*.
Sericocarpus solidagineus.
 Stone clover—*Trifolium arvense*.
 Boneset—*Eupatorium perfoliatum*.
 Bur cucumber—*Sicyos angulatus*.
 Climbing hemp-weed—*Mikania scandens*.
 Ladies' tresses—*Spiranthes cernua*.
 " —*S. gracilis*.
 Pearly everlasting—*Anaphalis margaritacea*.

YELLOW SECTION.

Marsh marigold—*Caltha palustris*.
 Cursed crowfoot—*Ranunculus sceleratus*.
 Early crowfoot—*R. septentrionalis*.
 Dogtooth violet—*Erythronium Americanum*.
 Wood betony—*Pedicularis Canadensis*.
 Solomon's seal—*Polygonatum biflorum*.
 Bellwort—*Oakesia sessilifolia*.
 Early meadow parsnip—*Zizia aurea*.
 Wild parsnip—*Pastinaca sativa*.
 Downy yellow violet—*Viola pubescens*.
 Celandine—*Chelidonium majus*.
Clintonia borealis.
 Golden ragwort—*Senecio aureus*.
 Indian cucumber-root—*Medola Virginiana*.
 Common cinquefoil—*Potentilla Canadensis*.
 Silvery cinquefoil—*P. argentea*.
 Winter-cress—*Barbarea vulgaris*.
 Wild radish—*Raphanus Raphanistrum*.
 Rattlesnake-weed—*Hieracium venosum*.
 Rough hawkweed—*H. scabrum*.
 Panicle hawkweed—*H. paniculatum*.
 Yellow avens—*Geum strictum*.
 Bush-honeysuckle—*Diervilla trifida*.
Habenaria Hookeri.
Hudsonia ericoides.
 Rock-rose—*Helianthemum Canadense*.
 Four-leaved loosestrife—*Lysimachia quadri-*
folia.
 Yellow loosestrife—*L. stricta*.
Steironema ciliatum.
 Cow wheat—*Melampyrum Americanum*.
 Yellow pond-lily—*Nuphar advena*.
 Hop clover—*Trifolium agrarium*.
 Evening primrose—*Oenothera biennis*.
 " —*O. cruciata*.
 " —*O. pumila*.
 " —*O. chrysantha*.
 Meadow lily—*Lilium Canadense*.
 Common Bladderwort—*Utricularia vulgaris*.
 Butter-and-eggs—*Linaria vulgaris*.
 Common St. John's-wort—*Hypericum perforatum*.
 " —*H. corymbosum*.
 " —*H. mutilum*.
 " —*H. Canadense*.

Common mullein—*Verbascum Thapsus*.
 Cone-flower—*Rudbeckia hirta*.
 Agrimony—*Agrimonia Eupatoria*.
 Yellow sorrel—*Oxalis stricta*.
 Jewel-weed—*Impatiens fulva*.

" —*I. pallida*.

Elecampane—*Inula Helenium*.
 Wild sunflower—*Helianthus giganteus*.
 Ditch stone-crop—*Penthorum sedoides*.
 Fall dandelion—*Leontodon autumnalis*.
 Stick-tight—*Bidens frondosa*.

" —*B. chrysanthemoides*.

" —*B. cernua*.

Wild lettuce—*Lactuca Canadensis*.
 Sow thistle—*Sonchus oleraceus*.

Goldenrod—*Solidago Canadensis*.

" —*S. rugosa*.

" —*S. nemoralis*.

" —*S. lanceolata*.

" —*S. rigida*.

" —*S. casta*.

Silver-rod—*S. bicolor*.

Purslane—*Portulaca oleracea*.

Hedge-hyssop—*Gratiola aurea*.

Smooth false foxglove—*Gerardia quercifolia*.
G. pedicularia.

Tansy—*Tanacetum vulgare*.

Witch-hazel—*Hamamelis Virginiana*.

PINK SECTION.

Mayflower—*Epigaea repens*.

Twin-flower—*Linnaea borealis*.

Twisted-stalk—*Streptopus roseus*.

Lady's slipper—*Cypripedium acaule*.

Showy lady's slipper—*C. spectabile*.

Pale corydalis—*Corydalis glauca*.

Pink azalea—*Rhododendron nudiflorum*.

Fringed polygala—*Polygala paucifolia*.

Common milkwort—*P. sanguinea*.

P. polygama.

Lambkill—*Kalmia angustifolia*.

Cranberry—*Vaccinium macrocarpon*.

Adder's mouth—*Pogonia ophioglossoides*.

Calopogon—*Calopogon pulchellus*.

Spreading dogbane—*Apocynum androsaemifolium*.

Hemp nettle—*Galeopsis Tetrahit*.

Hedge bindweed—*Convolvulus Americanus*.

European bindweed—*C. arvensis*.

Purple-flowering raspberry—*Rubus odoratus*.

Wild geranium—*Geranium Carolinianum*.

Common milkweed—*Asclepias Cornuti*.

Swamp milkweed—*A. incarnata*.

Purple milkweed—*A. purpurascens*.

Fireweed—*Epilobium angustifolium*.

Small willow-herb—*E. coloratum*.

Hardhack—*Spiraea tomentosa*.

Pink knotweed—*Polygonum Pennsylvanicum*.

Amphibious knotweed—*P. amphibium*.

Swamp loosestrife—*Nesaea verticillata*.

Bush clover—*Lespedeza capitata*.

" —*L. reticulata*.

" —*L. polystachya*.

Common mallow—*Malva rotundifolia*.

Marsh St. John's-wort—*Eldesia campanulata*.

Tick trefoil—*Desmodium nudiflorum*.

" —*D. Canadense*.

" —*D. Dillenii*.

Bouncing Bet—*Saponaria officinalis*.
 Slender gerardia—*Gerardia tenuifolia*.
 Sand knotweed—*Polygonella articulata*.
 Purple sandwort—*Arenaria rubra*.
 Trumpet-weed—*Eupatorium purpurea*.

RED SECTION.

Wild columbine—*Aquilegia Canadensis*.
 Birthroot—*Trillium erectum*.
 Pitcher plant—*Sarracenia purpurea*.
 Wood lily—*Lilium Philadelphicum*.
 Devil's paintbrush—*Hieracium aurantiacum*.
 Cardinal-flower—*Lobelia cardinalis*.

BLUE SECTION.

Liverwort—*Hepatica triloba*.
 Common blue violet—*Viola palmata*.
 Dog violet—*V. canina*.
 Bluets—*Houstonia cerulea*.
 Gill-over-the-ground—*Xepeta Glechoma*.
 Robin's plantain—*Erigeron bellidifolius*.
E. Philadelphicus.
 Blue-eyed-grass—*Sisyrinchium angustifolium*.
 Fleur-de-lis—*Iris versicolor*.
 Skull-cap—*Scutellaria laterifolia*.
S. galericulata.
 Marsh speedwell—*Veronica scutellata*.
 Wild lupine—*Lupinus perennis*.
 Large purple-fringed orchis—*Habenaria fimbrata*.

Small purple-fringed orchis—*H. psychodes*.

Self-heal—*Brunella vulgaris*.

Blue vervain—*Verbena hastata*.

Monkey-flower—*Mimulus ringens*.

Blue vetch—*Vicia cracca*.

Tare—*V. sativa*.

Wild mint—*Mentha Canadensis*.

Spearmint—*M. viridis*.

Peppermint—*M. piperita*.

Mountain mint—*Pycnanthemum linifolium*.

Pickrel weed—*Pontederia cordata*.

Campanula aparinoides.

Nightshade—*Solanum Dulcamara*.

Motherwort—*Leonurus cardiaca*.

Indian tobacco—*Lobelia inflata*.

L. spicata.

American pennyroyal—*Hedeoma pulegioides*.

Wild bergamot—*Monarda fistulosa*.

High mallow—*Malva Sylvestris*.

Hog peanut—*Amphicarpæa monoica*.

Chicory—*Cichorium Intybus*.

Asters—*Aster patens*.

" —*A. Nova-Angliae*.

" —*A. puniceus*.

" —*A. cordifolius*.

" —*A. undulatus*.

Blue curls—*Trichostema dichotomum*.

Closed gentian—*Gentiana Andrewsii*.

Fringed gentian—*G. crinita*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Skunk cabbage—*Symplocarpus foetidus*.

Jack-in-the-pulpit—*Arisæma tryphyllum*.

Peppergrass—*Lepidium Virginicum*.

Swamp saxifrage—*Saxifraga Pennsylvanica*.

Pine-sap—*Monotropa Hypopitys*.

Wild bean—*Aptis tuberosa*.

Lion's foot—*Prenanthes serpentaria*.

The list contains 232 species.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Inscribed to His Excellency George A. Ramsdell.

Words and Music by the REV. LORIN WEBSTER.

Feb. 28, 1898.

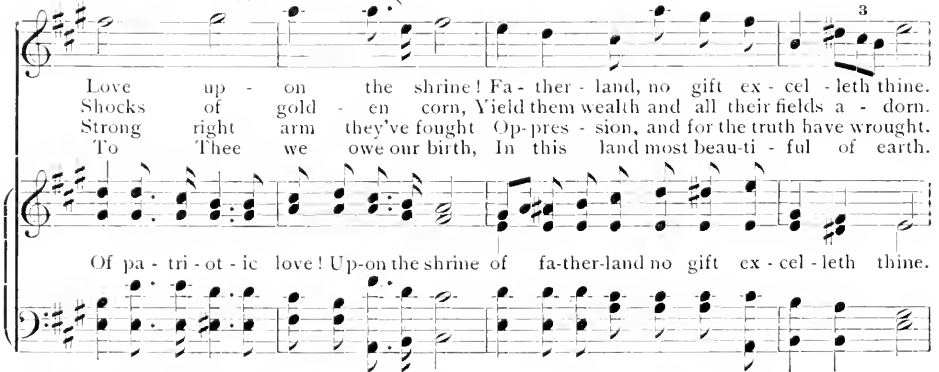


All hail! ye people of the Gran-ite State, In a-cres small, in manhood's power great!



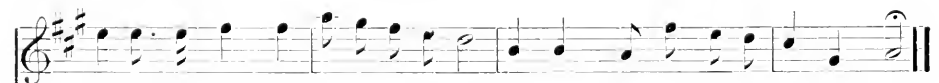
All hail! ye stur-dy sons of noble sires! Ye daughters fair, whose hearthstones glow with fires

SOPRANO SOLO, OR SOLI.



Love up - on the shrine! Fa - ther - land, no gift ex - cel - leth thine.
Shocks of gold - en corn, Yield them wealth and all their fields a - dorn.
Strong right arm they've fought Op - pres - sion, and for the truth have wrought.
To Thee we owe our birth, In this land most beau - ti - ful of earth.

Of pa - tri - ot - ic love! Up-on the shrine of fa - ther-land no gift ex - cel - leth thine.



All hail! brave hearts, and let the welkin ring! Old New Hampshire's praises let us sing.
Our prod-ucts last beyond earth's widest Ken, The Stone Face proclaims that we raise men.
They've stood for equal rights 'twixt man and man, They are those who do be-cause they can.
Ac-cept, we pray, the grateful song we sing; We swear fe - al - ty to Thee our King.



All hail! brave hearts, and let the wel-kin ring! Dear old New Hampshire's praises let us sing.

Some fain would praise the land of rolling plain,
 Shut out from glimpses of the vasty main;
 We love the beetling cliffs which daily seek
 The lightning's flash upon each craggy peak.
 Let others boast their shocks of golden corn,
 Which yield them wealth and all their fields adorn;
 Our products last beyond earth's farthest ken—
 The old Stone Face proclaims that we raise men.

These men have been among the Nation's great;
 Their words have scorned, their deeds have conquered fate,
 When e'er from tyranny their swords could shield,
 They 've been among the first to take the field.
 With tongue and pen and strong right arm they 've fought
 Oppression's battles, and for truth have wrought.
 They 've stood for equal rights 'twixt man and man,
 'They are of those who do because they can.

Long live New Hampshire's great and glorious name!
 Secure her place upon the scroll of fame!
 Long live the honor of the Granite State,
 Though small in size, renowned among the great!
 Our father's God, to Thee we owe our birth
 In this fair land, most beautiful of earth.
 Accept, we pray, the grateful song we sing;
 We swear allegiance here to Thee our King.

HOLDERNESS SCHOOL.



THE GIRLS OF GOFFSTOWN.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

The girls of Goffstown is my theme,
A large one, I confess,
For poet, author, anyone,
Who would such girls address.

So I, of course, must be polite,
And use a gentle pen,
If none of them I wish to slight,
Or aggravate the men.

Our Goffstown girls are very neat
And fair to look upon ;
In crowded ball-room, home, or street,
The daintiest ever born.

Some of their eyes are dark and bright,
Bewitching in their gaze ;
And some like blue forget-me-nots
Appeal for poet's praise.

Their lovely forms with grace abound,
Light blonde and dark brunette,
Each charming with a charm profound,
Whichever you have met.

Our girls are sensible and good
As any you will find,
In all their manners delicate,
In all their dealings kind.

Pure as the breezes on our hills,
Their virtues I compare ;
Free from the world's corroding ills,
The fairest of the fair.

Like roses opening into bloom,
I picture them apart
From hateful things that have no room
In any loving heart.

A priceless gem, I place each name
On memory's golden string ;
Let others with more skill and fame
Add to my picturing.

Such girls as these a king might woo,
Their love most love excels ;
May every man be worthy who
Shall *ring* our Goffstown belles.

NECROLOGY

HON. MARCELLUS ELDREDGE.

Hon. Marcellus Eldredge, a former mayor of Portsmouth, died in Boston, March 12, and six hours later his wife also died. Mr. Eldredge was a native of Chatham, Mass. He was engaged in business in Portsmouth for many years, but retired some years ago, although he retained an interest in several banking and manufacturing enterprises in that city. Of late years he has resided in Chatham in the summer, but lived in Boston in the winter. He was elected a state senator from the Portsmouth district in 1876 and 1877, and he was mayor of Portsmouth in 1886 and 1887. He was a Democrat, and was elected by a large majority over his Republican rival. His gift of a public library to his native town in July, 1896, and more recently of an organ and set of memorial windows to the Methodist church of Chatham, will serve as lasting memorials of his thoughtful interest in the welfare of the place of his birth. Mrs. Eldredge, born Dill, was a native of Chatham, and her death and the sad features attending it, carried sorrow to many friends in Portsmouth, Boston, and her native place. She leaves one sister, Mrs. Charles R. Byram of Wellington, and a half-sister, Mrs. Franklin J. Hamblin of Somerville.

DR. THOMAS HAINE CURRIE.

Dr. Thomas Haine Currie of Lebanon died April 3, aged seventy-six. He was one of the oldest members of the New Hampshire Medical Society, and was also for thirty-two years a member of Social Lodge of Masons of Enfield. He married, December 25, 1844, Ann S. Chadwick of Boscawen, who survives him. Since graduating at Dartmouth Medical College he had practised in that section of the state continuously.

MRS. SARAH BROWN HOWARD.

Mrs. Sarah Brown Howard died in Bangor, Me., April 7, aged 99 years. She was the oldest person in Bangor. Mrs. Howard was the daughter of Edwin and Temperance Brown of Stratford, where she was born. Her grandfather lived to the age of 112 years. When about eighteen years old she was married to Jeremiah Howard of Stratford. In 1837 they removed to Maine, settling in Corinna. After living in Corinna some years they removed to Exeter, and then to Bangor. In 1845, Mr. Howard built the house in Jefferson street which has been the family residence ever since. He died there in 1865, at the age of 67 years. They had ten children, four boys and six girls, six of whom are living. The grandchildren number over one hundred, extending down to the fifth generation.

AURIN MOODY PAYSON.

Aurin Moody Payson, who died at his home in Malden, Mass., April 6, was born in Brentwood, June 27, 1809. He entered Phillips Andover Academy, and graduating, entered Dartmouth College, graduating in 1840. He was elected master of Berwick Academy, Berwick, Me., and in 1853 accepted the principalship of the boys' high school, Portsmouth, serving ten years. Afterwards he was elected master of the girls' high school, serving ten years, and was then elected master of both. After teaching many years he resigned to accept the position of superintendent of the public schools of Wakefield. A few years after he resigned to retire to private life. He was a thorough scholar, a fine linguist, master of seven languages, and an able teacher. He was a member of the Congregational church of Malden.

SAMUEL BUTTERFIELD.

Samuel Butterfield, one of the best known hotel men in New England, died in Concord, April 16, of rheumatism of the heart. He was the son of the late Col. William Butterfield, formerly secretary of state, and was born in Concord, where he was educated in the public schools. His first training in the hotel business he received at the Quincy House, and later he was connected, either as manager or as the head of a department, with the American House, Boston, the Rockingham, Portsmouth, Hon. Frank Jones's hotel at Sorrento, the Haynes hotel at Springfield, a leading hotel at Fall River, and the Crocker House at New London, Conn. He was a capable and courteous boniface and made hosts of friends, who will learn of his death with sincere regret. He is survived by his widow, one daughter, and by one brother.

MRS. MATILDA BROOKS ABBOTT.

Mrs. Matilda Brooks Abbott, widow of the late Hon. John Abbott, died in Concord, April 22. She was born in Charlestown, Mass., March 14, 1828, and had lived in New Hampshire since 1835, making her home in Warner until 1856, where she was married. Since then her home has been in Concord, where she was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances who found her intellectual and spiritual qualities a constant source of inspiration.

SAMUEL H. MARTIN.

Samuel H. Martin, an attorney, of Laconia, died April 26. He was born in Kingston, P. Q., August 28, 1866, and was educated at Laconia and at the New Hampton Institution. He studied law at Laconia, and was admitted to the bar in 1893, immediately after forming a partnership with his preceptors. He served in the house of representatives in 1895 and 1897.

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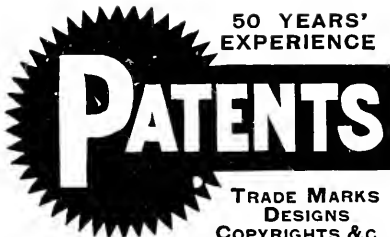
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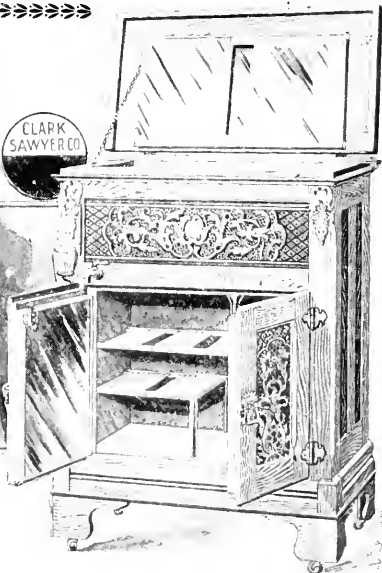
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THE GRANITE MOUNTAIN



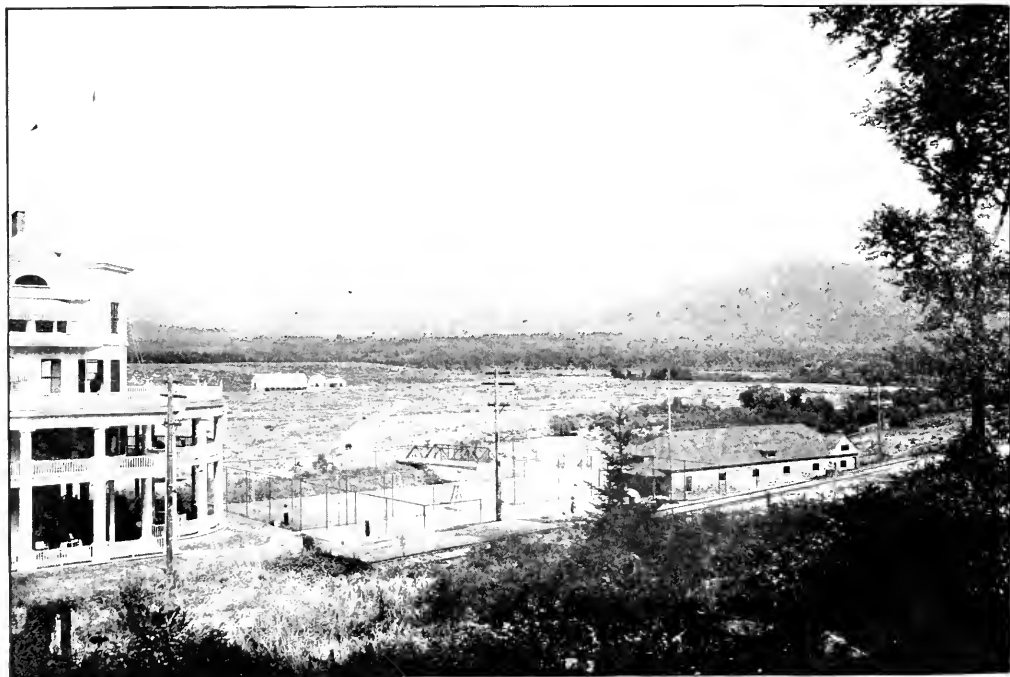
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JUNE, 1898.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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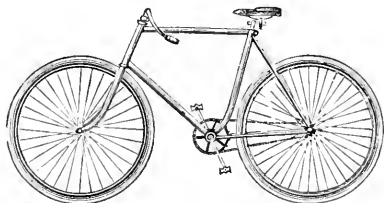


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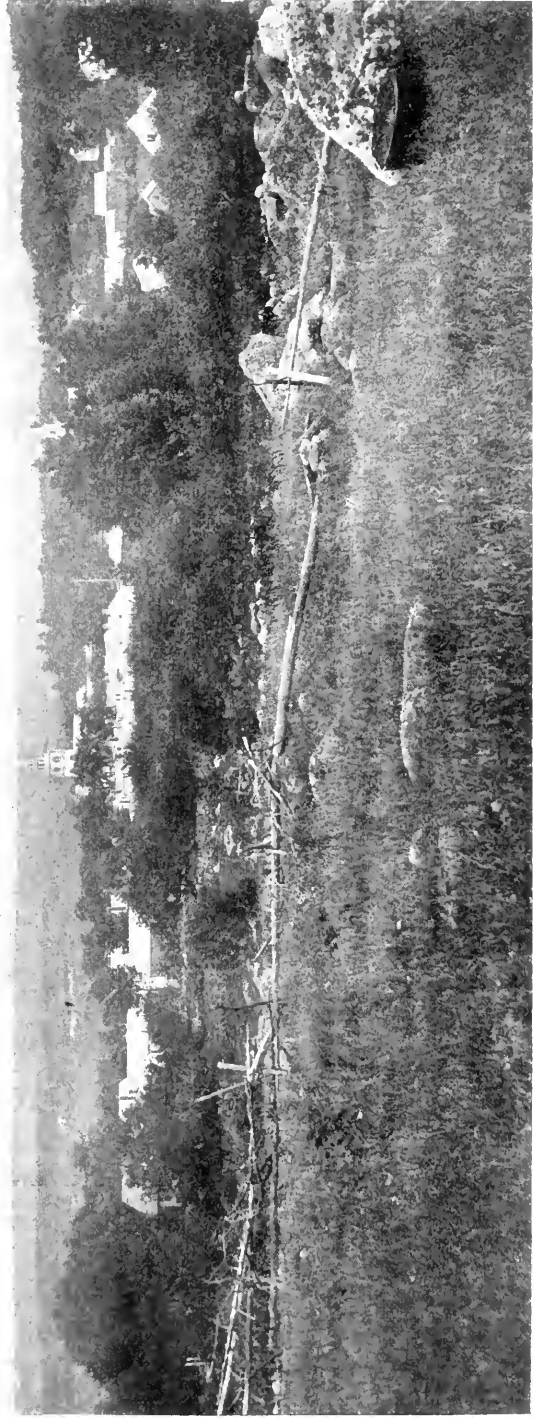
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FITZWILLIAM VILLAGE

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXIV.

JUNE, 1898.

No. 6.



Bird's-eye View of the Village, from the Pinnacle

FITZWILLIAM.

By Amos J. Blake.



FITZWILLIAM, originally called Monadnock, No. 4, is situated about five miles southwest of and in full view of Monadnock mountain. This grand old mountain gives character to this entire region of country. Its height is not remarkable, as its highest peak is only 3,186 feet above the level of the sea, but it stands out alone—the one great mountain of southern New Hampshire, and of northeastern and north-central Massachusetts, while the beauty and grandeur of its outlines never fail to attract the attention and move the sensibilities of the beholder.

From an early period it was styled the Grand Monadnock, and this distinctive name is plainly of Indian origin.

And then, forever firm and clear,
His lofty turret upward springs,
He owns no rival summit near,
No sovereign but the King of Kings.
Thousands of nations have passed by,
Thousands of years unknown to story,
And still his aged walls on high,
He rears in melancholy glory.

—Peabody.

Fitzwilliam is bounded on the north by Jaffrey and Troy; on the east by Rindge and Jaffrey; on the south by Winchendon and Royalston, Mass.; and on the west by Richmond and Troy, chiefly by the former.



Congregational Church.

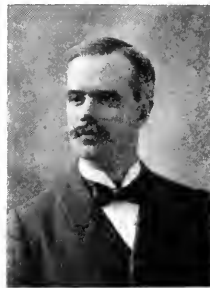
In 1815, the new town of Troy was incorporated by taking portions of its territory from the towns of Richmond, Swanzey, Marlborough, and about four thousand acres of land from the northwesterly part of Fitzwilliam.

northwesterly direction. The Fitzwilliam station is located at the Depot village (so called, which is the geographical centre of the town) and about one mile southwest of the Center village. The Depot village has annually increased in population since the building of the Cheshire railroad in 1848, and now contains stores, post-office, several mills and manufacturing plants, the Methodist chapel, the "Columbian school," and numerous stone sheds, where large quantities of the Fitzwilliam granite are utilized in great quantities.

Howeville is a hamlet in the south-



Rev. John Colby.



Rev. Albert W. Howes.



Rev. Wm. T. Boultenhouse

The larger portion of Troy being taken from Marlborough and Fitzwilliam, makes the boundary line between Troy and Fitzwilliam like a series of steps gradually ascending from the northwest to the northeast. The subject of the formation of a new town had been agitated by the citizens of the north part of the town as early as 1803, but the assent of Fitzwilliam was not obtained until 1815.

Fitzwilliam is sixty miles southwest from Concord, thirteen southeast from Keene, and seventy-seven miles northwest from Boston. The Cheshire division of the Fitchburg railroad passes through the town in a

ern part of the town at the outlet of Laurel Lake. Here are found the Laurel Lake hotel, which was built in 1897, and several summer residences of prominent citizens of Boston and vicinity.

Bowkerville is a small manufacturing village located in the northern



Methodist Chapel.



The Park and Soldiers' Monument

part of the town,—the largest mill (a pail shop) was consumed by fire during the past winter.

The State Line is another small village in the southeast part of the town on the line of the Fitchburg

tinguished Revolutionary soldier, whose merits as an officer and a true patriot will be more fully described hereafter. (A sketch of the life and service of Gen. James Reed, by the author of this article, will appear in a future number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*.) Of the original proprietors he was the only one who settled in the township.

As early as 1768 the settlers were agitating the subject of the incorporation of the town, there being opposition to the movement on the part of several of the non-resident proprietors.

Sampson Stoddard, by far the larg-



Henry C. White.



Baptist Church.



Rev. George H. Nickerson.

railroad. It contains a depot, post-office, a small store, and several manufacturing establishments; one of the mills and three of the dwelling houses in this village, however, are situated over the town line in the town of Rindge.

Fitzwilliam is elevated above most of the adjoining territory; the altitude above the level of the sea at mean tide water at the Center village is 1,150 feet. The highest elevation in town is West hill, sometimes called Little Monadnock, which is 1,600 feet above the level of the sea.

The first settlement was made by Gen. James Reed, John Fasset, Benjamin Bigelow, and others in 1760-'65. General Reed became a dis-

est proprietor, was not ready to sanction any proceedings that favored a plan of incorporation, as will be seen by the following:

To his Excellency John Wentworth Esqr Captain General, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over his Majesty's Province of New Hamp. the Honble His Majesty's Council for said Province. The memorial of Sampson Stoddard of Chelmsford in the County of



H. C. White's Store



General Reed.



Stephen Batcheller.

Middlesex in the Province of Massachusetts Bay shews:—

That there is a tract of land in the Province of New Hampshire of the contents of about six miles square Granted by the Purchasers of the Right of John Tufton Mason Esqr. to Your Memorialist and others called the Township of Monadnock No. 4;—that the greater part thereof is finally vested in him, that he has at great expence settled a very considerable number of inhabitants thereon.

Wherefore your Memorialist humbly prays that the lands aforesaid may not be incorporated into a Town, and the Inhabitants there Infranchised with all Town privileges without their first giving Notice to him of their design of applying to yr Excellcy and honors and your Memorialist shall (as in duty bound) Ever pray.

Sampson Stoddard.

Portsmouth July 11, 1768.

Action was taken towards the incorporation of the town at the annual meeting of the proprietors March 31, 1773. This meeting was "held at the house of James Reed, inn holder, with John Mellen, moderator. James Reed, Esq., John Mellen, and Joseph Hemminway were appointed a committee to repair to the Governor and Council of this Province to have this township incorporated into a town and to have town privileges as soon as may be."

From the fact that the petition presented to the governor was signed by James Reed alone, the probability is that he was not accompanied by the other members of the committee.

General Reed presented the peti-

tion to the governor and the council, and on the 19th day of May the same year (1773), the charter was granted. This charter is in the usual form. James Reed, Esq., was the only person named to call the first meeting of the inhabitants of said town "within thirty days from the date thereof."

Why the name Fitzwilliam (the son of William) was given to the town is known only through tradition. *Farmer's New Hampshire Gazetteer* states that the town "was named from the Earl of Fitzwilliam," and Rev. John Sabin gives this testimony in the historical lecture delivered by him in 1836. "It was named," he says, "after the Earl of Fitzwilliam, I believe, an Irish gentleman, then considered a very worthy man. Time has been after the burning of our meeting house that I wished to remind him of the town named for him and give him an opportunity for his substantial remembrance of this his child. It is supposed that he lives in name and title in a descendant; at least, he did a few years since."

That the Earl of Fitzwilliam was a man of influence and established reputation appears from the fact that Edmund Burke addressed to him one of his important communications relative to British interests.



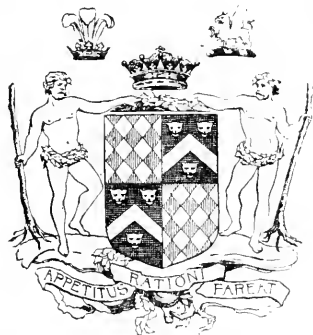
Wentworth-Woodhouse.

This town was doubtless named for this English and Irish earl, and the strong probability is that he was an acquaintance and friend of Governor John Wentworth, or a connection by marriage. This governor was the second of that name, and had recently been appointed to office by royal authority. For many years the Wentworth family had furnished governors for the province of New Hamp-

william, and when she was in England in 1883, she sent to Earl Fitzwilliam several photographs of views in our town and village. The earl replied by sending to her for our town library a number of photographs and engravings, including portraits of several members of the family, various views of his country seats, the parish church, exterior and interior, and other subjects of inter-



Earl Fitzwilliam, 4th Earl



The Fitzwilliam Arms.



Present Earl Fitzwilliam, 6th Earl

shire, and the predecessor of this John Wentworth, Benning Wentworth, had been in the habit of giving the names of his intimate friends and favorites to not a few of the towns for which he obtained charters, and to some counties also. The probability is that his nephew, the last royal governor, followed his example in naming Fitzwilliam.

Therefore, in all probability the town was named for the fourth Irish and second English earl, William Wentworth Fitzwilliam, who was born in 1748; died 1833. He succeeded to the estates of his uncle, the second Marquis of Rockingham, and prefixed to his surname the name Wentworth.

Mrs. Kate O. (Fullam) Kimball of this town, now deceased, took a lively interest in the history of Fitz-

est. These pictures have been framed and now adorn the walls of our public library, which is located on the first floor of our town hall building.

The first picture here presented is of the fourth Earl Fitzwilliam, for whom the town was named by Governor John Wentworth. The second is of the sixth or present Earl Fitzwilliam. Wentworth House is the principal country seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, and is surrounded by a park of fifteen hundred acres.

Since the Fitzwilliam family prefixed the Wentworth name to their own they have carried the arms of both families, an engraving of which is here given. The second and third quarters and the second crest are for Wentworth, the first and fourth quarters and first crest for Fitzwilliam.



John M. Parker.



Edwin N. Bowen.

James Reed called the first meeting of the town under its charter, but no record of that important meeting appears to be in existence. Early in the year 1785, the dwelling house of Samuel Patrick, then town clerk of Fitzwilliam, was burned. The town book of records was rescued from the fire in a badly damaged condition, but all the loose papers appertaining to the business of the town were entirely destroyed. All the records of 1773 are gone, the book now commencing with the warrant for the annual meeting in 1774.

Although we have no formal record of the business done in 1773, the call for the town meeting, which was held March 17, 1774, shows us who five of the officers of the town were when it was first organized; for this call which is dated March 20, 1774, was signed by John Mellen and Joseph Grow, selectmen, and was served by Edward Kendall, constable, whose return was made on the day of the meeting—March 17, 1774; while we find that Edward Kendall, as one of the selectmen, had been previously engaged in laying out a road in the township.

The first town clerk was plainly James Reed, as all the earliest town records are in his handwriting.

The records of the above mentioned

meeting of March 17, 1774, shows the election of the following town officers: Moderator, James Reed; town clerk, James Reed; selectmen, James Reed, John Mellen, Lieutenant Brigham; constable and collector, Levi Brigham; treasurer, John Mellen; tithingmen, Joseph Grow, Caleb Winch; highway surveyors, Samuel Killpatrick, John Angier, Francis Fullam, David Pary, Stephen Harris.

It appears from the records of the proprietors that public worship was



Residences of J. M. Parker and Mrs. Alicia Newton

maintained in Monadnock No. 4, as early as 1768, for Mr. Nehemiah Parker, a graduate of Harvard College in 1763; served the people as minister during the autumn of 1768, and the following winter.

At a regularly called meeting of the proprietors holden at the house of James Reed, November 14, 1769, at which James Reed, Esq., was moderator of the meeting and was chosen proprietor's clerk, John Mellen was chosen treasurer; Daniel Mellen, collector; and James Reed, John Fassett, and Isaac Applin, assessors; it was

"*Voted*, that two Dollars be raised on Each lot of the Grantees and to be immediately paid to the Collector to pay the charges already arisen towards building a Meeting House in said township and to pay for preaching next summer."

"Voted, and chose James Reed, John Mellen, and Edward Kendall a Committee to provide stuff and build a meeting house in said Township; so far as to inclose the outside and lay the lower floor."

This was before the site for the meeting house was fixed upon, through the recommendations of another committee which was done April 18, 1770. The location fixed upon was on the hill near the school-house in district No. 8, the northeast corner of the building being very near or upon the spot where "the old hearse-house" afterwards stood for many years, which many of the present generation can well remember.

At the last mentioned meeting the same men were appointed "a committee to provide for the raising of the meeting house."

The history of Fitzwilliam states:



J. M. Parker & Co.'s Store.

"It appears that the house was raised in the month of May, 1770. The tradition is that every man in town was present and aided in the work. The timbers were of oak just taken from the forest, and very heavy; and when the men had raised the first tier of the frame breast high, they found themselves unable to raise it any higher. At the same time they dared not let it down, for some of them would doubtless have been crushed by it, and either killed or maimed for life. In this emergency two men arrived from Rindge, by whose timely aid the danger was averted, and the frame went up.

"The meeting-house, though a number of years passed by before it was completed, was a substantial though plain building, and for that

day and region somewhat spacious and convenient. It fronted the south, though it had doors upon the east and west sides also. The pulpit was upon the north end or side toward the cemetery opposite the south door, and over it was the sounding-board, a huge structure then universal in all meeting-houses of any pretension, and ignorantly supposed to aid the acoustic properties of the house. Just below the pulpit, in front of it, was the deacons' seat, a place of honor, where the two godly 'fathers of the church' sat on ordinary as well as extraordinary occasions.

"The entire establishment would not be deemed as ornamental and reflecting credit upon the taste of the builders and owners at the present day, but it was measurably convenient, and for a part of the year at least comfortable, as this word was then understood. Of course there was no heating apparatus in it, but the pastor's house was near, with its great fires for warming during the intermission, and at a little later date foot-stoves were a part of the common household furniture. This, with some occasional repairs and improvements, was the religious home of the entire population of Fitzwilliam for more than forty years, though we have no exact data respecting the year when it was first occupied for public worship, and no account of its dedication, if it was ever dedicated. For some years before occupying the meeting-house the people held their Sabbath services in private houses or at the inn of Mr. Reed, as circumstances or necessity required. Religious meetings during the week were then very uncommon."

It is uncertain whether there was constant preaching in Monadnock, No. 4, after Mr. Nechemiah Parker left, and before the arrival of the first settled minister, Rev. Benjamin Brigham, who was ordained March 29, 1771. The record of his ordination reads as follows:

"This day Mr. Benjamin Brigham was ordained to the work of the ministry in this



E. N. Bowen & Co.'s Chair Manufactory.

place at the request of the church and proprietors, by the assistance of the churches in Marlborough, Westborough, Royalston, Winchendon, Keene, and Swanzev."

Prior to his ordination he had preached to the people several Sabbaths. His salary had been fixed by a vote of the proprietors at £53, 6s., 8d., which after three years was to be increased by £2 annually till it should amount to £66, 13s., 4d., sterling, or something more than \$350.

the exception a century ago, when churches and religious societies invited men of their choice to become their pastors.

The "settlement" was in the nature of a gift to accept the call. With a farm of more than two hundred acres, the settlement and the annual payment, this was certainly a generous support, especially as the purchasing power of money at that time was much greater than it is at



Monadnock from Perry's Hill.

According to the fundamental conditions imposed by the Masonian proprietors two lots of land of 100 acres each had been reserved, which were to be given outright to the first settled minister, also two lots more had been reserved for the "use of the ministry," of which he would have the income.

Moreover a settlement of £80 lawful money had been voted him. This was no part of his salary, but a gift like this was the rule rather than

the present day. The land was to be cleared indeed before it could be made to aid in the support of a family, but progress could be made in this work gradually. The proposals were certainly sufficient to place a pastor above want with common industry and economy.

All of the lands and improvements in the township, with the exception, for a time, of the twenty shares (forty lots) reserved by the Masonian proprietors for their own benefit were



Montview Cottage—H. Frank Winslow.

taxable to raise the amount for the settlement and the annual salary, while all that purchased land understood the conditions of the bargain in this respect, so there could have been no occasion for hard feelings or disputes.

The ordination of Rev. Mr. Brigham took place at the inn of James Reed on the old military road, north-west of the present Center village, near the house formerly occupied by Gilbert C. Bemis, recently destroyed by fire, as the new meeting house was not in a condition to be used. Mr. John Mellen provided for the council and other clergymen that might be in attendance for twenty-five dollars, this sum being paid by the proprietors.

After a ministry of twenty-nine years, Mr. Brigham died, aged fifty-eight years. Rev. Mr. Lee of Royalston preached his funeral sermon.



Residence of C. B. Perry.

From everything that can be gathered from the church records, which seem to have been faithfully kept by Mr. Brigham as clerk of the church, there were no dissensions to mar its beauty and hinder its usefulness during the long service of its first and honored pastor.

The house which he owned and occupied was the well-known landmark, the old dwelling just east of the church and cemetery at the foot of the hill, with the majestic elm in front of it, both of which have been recently removed. This house was built by Mr. Brigham, and was the



H. Frank Winslow.



Calvin B. Perry.

parsonage during most of his ministry. The elm, it is said, was brought by his hired man from the flat toward the railroad station, and set out under the pastor's direction.

After the death of Mr. Brigham, Rev. Timothy Williams of Woodstock, Conn., supplied the pulpit for several months; then Stephen Williams, an elder brother, was ordained pastor, November 4, 1800. The town voted fifty-five dollars to meet the expenses of the ordination.

Mr. Williams is reported to have been a man of good mind and scholarship, sound in doctrine, according to the standard of the times, a fluent and pleasing speaker, but unfortu-

nately of penurious and intemperate habits, which produced dissatisfaction among the people, and in less than two years from the date of his settlement, the church, the town, and the pastor himself, joined in calling a council for his dismissal.

The council assembled November 19, 1802, at which time Mr. Williams was dismissed (without the usual or, indeed, any credentials), and the town voted on the same day its thanks

"to the venerable ecclesiastical Council now in session in this town, for their patience, candor, and impartial attention to the business laid before them, and for the result they have reached; and that the town accept with gratitude the proposal of the Hon. Gentlemen of the Clergy belonging to the Council to supply the desk in this town a certain time."

A number of candidates were heard after the dismissal of Mr. Williams before the people generally were satisfied, but on August 20, 1804, the church called Mr. John Sabin of Pomfret, Conn., to the pastorate. The town concurred in the call, and he was installed March 6, 1805. He was born in Pomfret, Conn., April 17, 1770, graduated at Brown University in 1797. He was an excellent classical scholar, and while eminently successful in his profession he also evinced a lively interest and exerted

a great influence for good in the civil affairs of the community. During his ministry Mr. Sabin had under his instruction (as was frequently the custom of the clergy in those days), several young men whom he fitted for college, and among the many names of those who are remembered, occur those of Samuel Dinsmore (afterwards governor of the state), George Dunbar, and Thomas M. Edwards of Keene.

About 1839 or 1840, Roswell D. Hitchcock, D. D., LL. D., was in Fitzwilliam as a teacher, and after the close of his school, remained several months to study with Mr. Sabin. Rev. Cyrus Stone, afterwards a distinguished missionary at Bombay, was a student under his instruction. Mr. Sabin's wife was Mary Damon of



S. S. Stone's Saw- and Gristmill.



A. A. Parker.



mos J. Blake

Woodstock, Vt. Before he received a call to settle as pastor in this place, Mr. Sabin (then a licentiate) had passed through it on horseback on his way from Connecticut to Woodstock, Vt. About a year after his ordination, in 1806, he brought his bride to this place. They came on horseback from Vermont to Keene, where they were met by a delegation of twenty of their parishioners, also on horseback, who escorted their pas-

tor and his bride to their home in Fitzwilliam. Madam Sabin, as she was familiarly called, was noted for her unvarying sweetness of disposition, her scholarship, her wit, her culture and charity.

It may be of interest to know that the Hon. George P. Marsh was taught his letters by Mrs. Sabin while a teacher in Vermont.

Mr. Sabin was sole pastor from March 6, 1805, till September 4,



David H. Firmin.



Samuel S. Stone.

1844, when Mr. Horace Herrick of Peacham, Vt., was ordained and installed his colleague. About a year later Mr. Sabin died in the fortieth year of his ministry, and Mr. Herrick, after a pastorate of about three years, was dismissed at his own request.

Mr. Abraham Jenkins, Jr., a native of Barre, Mass., and a graduate of Amherst College, after supplying the pulpit for the space of four months, was called by the church and society to the pastorate, and ordained and installed as the fifth pastor, February 16, 1848. After a ministry of about six years, on account of failing health, he asked and obtained his dismissal.

Rev. John Woods, a native of this town, then became acting pastor and served the church and congregation faithfully for about six years. On



Fairview Farm—D. H. Firmin.

September 14, 1860, Mr. William L. Gaylord of Ashford, Conn., was called and ordained pastor; his ministry covered a period of about seven years, when he was dismissed at his own request by a council, December 26, 1867. During his residence here he served as a member of the school board for six years. He was appointed school commissioner for Cheshire county, serving for two years. In 1867, he represented the town in the legislature.

Rev. John F. Norton, a native of Goshen, Conn., who had been a pastor in Athol, Mass., between fifteen and sixteen years, was installed pastor here September 23, 1868, after he had supplied the pulpit six months. After a ministry of five years, Mr. Norton was dismissed at his own request March 31, 1873, and removed to Natick, Mass., where he was employed to write the "History of Fitzwilliam," a work creditable alike to his ability, scholarship, and industry, and to the town. To this work we are greatly indebted for many facts contained in this article.

Rev. John Colby, a native of York, Me., was at once called to supply the pulpit, and continued as acting pastor for about thirteen years. He was a graduate of Dartmouth, and of

Andover Theological Seminary. He served four years as a member of the school board here, and was a member of the legislature from this town in 1885. After the close of his labors here, he removed to South Natick,



Town Hall

Mass., and was pastor of the Congregational church there for several years, when he returned to Fitzwilliam, having purchased the Coolidge residence, so called, where he now resides.

Rev. William E. Dickenson from Amherst, Mass., supplied the pulpit for about three years, when he was succeeded by Rev. Amasa C. Fay of Worcester, Mass., who remained three years. The present pastor, Rev. Albert W. Howes, was ordained and installed March 2, 1898.

The first meeting house erected in 1770, on Cemetery Hill, as it was sometimes called, was too small, and, in many other respects, poorly fitted for the convenience and accommodation of the congregation, and in 1796 the matter of erecting a new one was brought before the town, but the project was voted down. Although the subject was agitated and brought before the town from time to time, the location for the new meeting house was not fixed until 1816, when a new house was erected where the

town hall now stands. At a town meeting March 12, 1816, the town voted \$400 towards the object, also "to exempt persons belonging to the Baptist society, who signed the protest given to the selectmen, from paying their tax of the \$400 granted for the meeting house."

This church was a fine structure for the times. It was dedicated November 6, 1816. It had been occupied only nine or ten Sabbaths when, during a thunder storm on the night of January 17, 1817, it was struck by lightning, fired, and burned to the ground. Nothing of importance was saved except the pulpit bible which Mr. Jonas Robeson removed from the building while the flames were bursting from the doors and windows.

Measures were immediately taken, even before the fire had gone out, to rebuild on the same location, and the corner stone of the church was laid May 28, 1817, and the house was dedicated November 26, 1817, one year and twenty days after the dedication of its predecessor.



Chester H. Phillips.



Melvin Wilson.

This edifice, which is still standing, is now owned by the town. Its interior was remodeled and repaired in 1860, and again in 1868, but no alterations have ever been made on its exterior. The second floor is occu-

pied as a town hall, and on the first floor is located a large and convenient library room, which now contains 4,543 volumes, the G. A. R. hall, and the offices of the selectmen and town clerk.



Old No. 5 School-house

As the town had gradually increased in population, in the year 1827, and for several years following, dissatisfaction and dissensions arose among many of the citizens of the town,—heretofore all attending one place of public worship—as to their religious views, and also in part on account of the pastor not being willing to make ministerial exchange with certain clergymen of the adjoining towns and vicinity, which after considerable discussion and some hard feelings, resulted in the organization of a new ecclesiastical society, which was called “The Orthodox Society in Fitzwilliam.” The pastor, with the church organization, went with the new society.

In 1832, a meeting house was erected on the spot where the present Congregational church stands, the land being donated by Rev. Mr. Sabin. This church was dedicated October 31, 1832. For a year or more Mr. Sabin's congregation, while the work of building was in progress, worshiped in various places in town.

This new meeting house was burned January 15, 1857, and during the next season the present church was erected and was dedicated December 31, 1857. In 1890 it underwent extensive improvements and repairs.

Baptist preachers came to Fitzwilliam as early as 1780. From the “History of Troy” and from other sources, it appears that in November, 1789, a Baptist church was organized at the house of Agabus Bishop, in the southwestern part of what is now the town of Troy, with twenty-five members. This church was known for about twenty-five years as “the Baptist church of Fitzwilliam.” For twelve years it depended for preaching chiefly upon the Baptist pastors in the vicinity, and school and dwelling houses furnished the places for its meetings. Among those named as pastors of that church, after 1791, are Rufus Freeman, Arunah Allen, and Darius Fisher, the last mentioned of whom is said to have been pastor for sixteen years. In 1815, about



Silas Cummings.



John E. Fisher.

the time when Troy was incorporated, this church was divided to form what are now the Fitzwilliam and Troy Baptist churches. Some twelve or fourteen of its members became the nucleus of the Fitzwil-



Cheshire Hotel—O. K. Wheelock.

liam church, and this was called "The First Baptist Church of Fitzwilliam."

Several circumstances operated to impede its early growth especially the fact that it had no meeting house from this time (1815) until 1841. Rev. Arunah Allen appears to have been the first Baptist preacher belonging to this town. He came to Fitzwilliam in 1799, began to preach in 1807 or 1808, and was ordained as an elder of the old Baptist church, whose members at that time resided largely on West hill and in Richmond. He continued to preach in Fitzwilliam till 1823, when he removed to Stockbridge, Vt.

In 1840, the church seemed to obtain a new lease of life, for in May of that year Rev. John Peacock commenced evangelistic labors in Fitzwilliam, and found a church of twenty-two members ready to enter heartily into his work. He com-

menced at once a series of meetings which were held partly in the old meeting house and partly in a school-house, and continued fifteen days. More than forty persons were supposed to have been converted, of whom thirty-six united with the church by baptism, and several others by letter.

August 17 of the same year, the members of the church formed themselves into an ecclesiastical society, to be called the Fitzwilliam Baptist society, and this was incorporated by an act of the legislature of New Hampshire, August 22, 1840.



Capt. Jonathan S. Adams.



Samuel Kendall.

During the same year the church and society began to build a house of worship; it was dedicated in August, 1841. Soon after this a call was extended to Mr. Joseph Storer to become pastor. This being accepted, Mr. Storer was ordained November 17, 1841, and was the first minister to occupy the pulpit of the new meeting house. He was pastor till June, 1843, when Rev. Warren Cooper was called to the pastorate. Mr. Cooper filled this office about one year. He was succeeded June 10, 1844, by Rev. John Peacock, whose pastorate continued till 1847. August 5 of that year Rev. C. M. Willard was installed pastor, and con-



Mountain House and Summit.

tinued his labors more than three years. From 1851 to September 1, 1862, when Rev. George W. Cutting became pastor there had been a succession of five different ministers employed by the church. Mr. Cutting remained with the people till November 5, 1868. He represented Fitzwilliam in the legislature in the session of 1865, and again in 1866, and was a member of the school committee. Rev. E. H. Watrous was called to the pastorate in April, 1869, and closed his labors here July 1, 1872. He was succeeded by Rev. W. H. Day, who remained till June



Fitzwilliam Hotel.

were taken to obtain the use of the meeting house a portion of the time, if the pastor would not exchange with the Unitarian ministers. A committee was appointed to wait on Rev. Mr. Sabin and learn his decision, but he was unwilling to give the pledge that was asked. At a town meeting held in March, 1831, the following vote was passed:

That the selectmen of this town, for the present year, be requested to assign to the Liberal party (so called) the use of the Meeting House Eight Sundays and the Baptists two Sundays, at such times as the Selectmen shall judge proper.



Charles Perry.



Samuel O. Bailey.

28, 1874. From 1874 to the present time short pastorates have followed, except that of Rev. Andrew Dunn, who was pastor for seven years. In 1873 and 1874 the meeting house was extensively repaired and made substantially new within and without. The present pastor is Rev. George H. Nickerson who was ordained December 2, 1896.

The Unitarian church has had adherents in this town from an early date. A meeting was held by the friends of a liberal Christianity, January 12, 1831, when an association consisting of thirty members was formed. Hon. Nahum Parker presided at the meeting, and measures

The selectmen accordingly appointed the last Sabbaths in April, May, July, August, October, November, December, and January for the Unitarians, and the last Sabbath in September and the first Sabbath in January for the Baptists. Rev. Seth Winslow occupied the pulpit during a large part of the year 1833, and Rev. J. K. Waite during 1834 and



Laurel Lake Hotel—George E. Dodge

1835, except nine Sabbaths, when it was occupied by Mr. Robert F. Wallcut to whom the people gave a call to become their pastor. Mr. Wallcut was installed in December, 1835.



Fitzwilliam Depot.

Four different pastors occupied the pulpit from 1837 to 1842, when Rev. James H. Layward was called to the ministry and remained until his sudden death, January 13, 1844, at the age of thirty-five years. His ministry here was during the great Millerite excitement, so called, and, on one occasion, after preaching with much zeal and earnestness in opposition to what he believed to be erroneous doctrines, he remained through some other exercises in the unwarmed house and took a severe cold, which was the immediate cause of his death. Mr. John S. Brown was at once called to the pastorate and remained about ten years. He was earnest and successful in maintaining the interests of the common schools, in establishing the library, and promoting temperance and morality among the people. He is still living at Lawrence, Kan., at the advanced age of ninety-two years.

Since the changing of the church into a town hall, the First Congregational society has hired the hall for its religious services.

During the ten years from 1854 to 1864, the pulpit was supplied by twelve different pastors. November 8, 1864, Rev. Eugene De Normandie was called to the pastorate, and during his ministry a union was formed with the liberal Christians in Troy which was very acceptable to both parties, and which continued a year or more. Rev. Mr. De Normandie was succeeded in 1866 by Rev. Ira Bailey, who was installed in 1866, and remained till September, 1868. From that time this society has had no settled pastor.

Methodist services were commenced here about 1866, by Rev. William Merrill, a member of the New England conference, in poor health, who had a farm near Howeville, soon after opening a Sabbath school in No. 3 school-house, preaching occasionally until he was again able to take a pastoral charge. A place of worship was secured and the pulpit was supplied by Rev. Messrs. William Merrill, Joseph Merrill, Henry A. Merrill, and George A. Tyrill.



Julius H. Firmin.



Charles L. Haskell.

In 1877, it was deemed best for the interests of the church and society to have a place of public worship at the Depot village, and the New Hampshire conference sent the Rev. S. S. Dudley with that object in view. As

a result of this faithful work a chapel was erected and furnished. In 1895, the chapel at Howeville was sold, and the proceeds applied towards building a neat and convenient par-



William H. Shaw, M. D.



George S. Emerson, M. D.

sonage near the present chapel at the Depot village.

Rev. Mr. Dudley died at his home in Howeville, September 13, 1897, at the advanced age of ninety-one years. He made a bequest to be applied towards the purchase of a bell for the church where he had so long and faithfully labored. The following is a list of the pastors since 1877: Rev. Messrs. Samuel S. Dudley, J. A. Parker, William Merrill, A. W. L. Nelson, C. E. Eaton, J. M. Bean, Fred L. Rounds, A. H. Horton, B. P. Judd, William T. Boultenhouse.

A branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized in February, 1886, with eleven members, since which time the presidents have been Mrs. Mary G. Davenport, Mrs. Mary E. Spaulding, Mrs. Harriet E. Cummings, Mrs. Elizabeth Willard. At the present time there is a flourishing union of thirty members.

The early settlers of Fitzwilliam, like those of most New England towns, planted the school-house be-

side the church. For a number of years after the settlement of the town the schools were kept in private houses. The first school in town was kept by Sarah Harris, then sixteen years old, in the house of James Reed. She, after the close of the Revolution, married Ebenezer Patten, an old soldier who had seen much hard service in the war, and, as tradition goes, while on picket duty captured single-handed and alone, forty Hessian soldiers and marched them into camp. The first school-house in District No. 5, or the "North Centre Squadron," as it was called, was built of logs and was located on the common near where the soldiers' monument now stands. As the population increased more school-houses were required until there were twelve school-houses within the limits of the town.

The schools of Fitzwilliam compared favorably with those of the other towns in the county for the first sixty years or more after the settlement of the town.

In November, 1842, an organiza-



Source of Scott's Pond, with Monadnock in Distance.

tion was formed called the Fitzwilliam Common School Association. Its object was "to increase the interest in and to improve and perfect our common schools." It had a membership of 186, and during each year



South Pond or Laurel Lake.

a series of evening meetings were held during the fall and winter evenings for twenty-five years, and at those meetings the several school-houses, where they were held, were packed to overflowing, with interested parents and citizens, while eager listeners filled the doors and listened outside the windows. These gatherings, so many and so largely attended, accomplished for the cause of education what could not have been accomplished by any other means whatever.

During this time a school report from Fitzwilliam was used by the distinguished "Long John" Wentworth, a native of New Hampshire, while delivering an address on schools in Chicago, and particular districts and schools in this town were designated as models worthy of



E. L. Stone and Family

imitation by the schools of the great West.

Much credit is due to Dr. Silas Cummings for the high standard which the schools attained during this period; for his great energy and indefatigable labors, while serving as school committee for more than twenty years. It is related of Dr. Cummings that at the closing exercises of an examination over forty years ago, of a term of our village school, he told the scholars he "had rather attend a school examination than to visit a menagerie."



Residence of P. S. Batcheller.

Fitzwilliam has always done her part towards furnishing men and means for all great emergencies. Twenty-three men from this town were in the Battle of Bunker Hill; of these one was in Captain Marcy's company, one in Captain Hind's company, and the others in Captain Whitcomb's company,—all in the regiment commanded by Col. James Reed. The total number of men furnished by Fitzwilliam during the Revolutionary War as stated in the town history was 144. As several enlisted and served more than once, the number of different persons in the list is eighty-eight.

In June, 1780, the town voted to raise £2,500 to defray town charges, and to pay the soldiers in the Conti-

mental Army, and a month later £5,000 were raised to pay the soldiers, and £6,000 to purchase the town's share of beef that the state was called upon to furnish for the Continental Army. In January, 1781, another appropriation for the same purposes was made, amounting to £2,434.

The committee of safety consisted of Joseph Hemenway, Samuel Patrick and Ensign (Calvin) Clark. February 19, 1781, the town "Voted and accepted of what the Committee had done in the hire of the Continen-



Winfield M. Chaplin.



Henry C. Tenney.

tal Soldiers;" also raised "twelve thousand Dollars for to pay our Continentals at their passing muster."¹

July 25, 1781, the town "Voted to raise our quota of Beef for the army, which is 6,834 pounds, and to give six dollars in hard money per hundred for said beef." Also "Voted to raise \$410 hard dollars to pay for said beef."

Fitzwilliam also furnished its quota of men to the War of 1812, sixteen in number, and voted to make the pay of each soldier while in the service \$10 per month. The soldiers from this part of the state were under command of Captain Marsh of Ches-



Summer Residence of Mrs. Eliza K. Blair.

terfield, and Daniel Forristall of this town was a lieutenant in the company.

During the War of the Rebellion Fitzwilliam furnished her full quota of soldiers, and a surplus of one, many of whom were distinguished for their coolness, bravery, and meritorious services on the field of battle, and who accordingly received merited promotions therefor.

Excluding the eighteen three months' men who were the first to enlist from Fitzwilliam for the defence of the country, many of whom again enlisted in other regiments, the town furnished 161 men for three years or during the war. Of these, thirty-six died while in the service, and their names are engraved in enduring granite upon our beautiful soldiers' monument in the public park on Fitzwilliam common. As many more have gone to the "final roll-call" since their return to their New England homes.



Residence of A. F. Wilson.

¹ It should be borne in mind that the amounts named were in Continental money of that date.



William E. Blodgett.



E. M. Thompson.



Daniel H. Reed.

The amount of bounties and extra expenses incurred by the town on account of the war was \$29,933.37. In the year 1867, the town debt to the amount of \$20,000 was funded by issuing bonds in denominations of \$100 and \$500, which were very readily taken by the citizens of the town, and in the year 1882 the last outstanding bond, or war debt of the town as it is commonly called, was paid.

During the Rebellion large amounts of supplies were sent by the Ladies' association, by families, and by individuals for the comfort and general welfare of the soldiers. These supplies consisted of clothing, food, medicine, delicacies for the sick, etc., while in many cases large expenses were incurred because of the sickness and mortality among the soldiers.

Fitzwilliam is noted both for its

extensive ledges of granite underlying the soil, and its boulders of the same material upon the surface.

In this respect no other town in this part of New England is more highly favored. The granite here has a uniformity of color, an evenness and firmness of texture, and a freedom from seams of a lighter or darker shade, which render it valuable for building and monumental



E. M. Thompson's Stone Sheds.



W. E. Blodgett's Stone Sheds.

purposes. Fitzwilliam furnishes granite of two colors, the light and the dark, the former greatly exceeding the latter in quantity, and vastly more popular for general use.

The two kinds may be seen in contrast in the immense and massive walls, arches, and towers of the Union Railroad station at Worcester, Mass. A large part of the granite used in this structure was furnished by Daniel H. Reed of Fitzwilliam,

the stone of both colors coming from different parts of his extensive quarries. These quarries also furnished the granite for St. Paul's church at Worcester.

More than sixty years ago Fitzwilliam granite was quarried and worked to considerable extent by Daniel Forbush, Jude Damon, Sr., and Calvin Dutton, and considerable



D. H. Reed's Stone Yard.

quantities of granite were sent out of town before the building of the Cheshire railroad, and later Charles Bigelow, Melvin Wilson, Jude Damon, Jr., and others carried on considerable business in quarrying, cutting, and dealing in granite.

But in 1864, Charles Reed, a man of great energy and enterprise, purchased the Phillips hill and several other tracts of land in town upon which there were granite boulders and quarries, and began the granite



One of D. H. Reed's Granite Quarries.

business here. Upon his death he was succeeded by his son, Daniel H. Reed. His quarries have been worked longer than others in town and are the most extensive. The statues in the Horticultural hall in Boston were cut from Fitzwilliam granite, which has also found its way into a number of different states of the Union. The granite in the public library building at Natick, Mass., and a considerable quantity for the state capitol at Albany, N. Y., was furnished in this town.

For a number of years commencing with the close of the last century there were two tanneries here, the first being that of Phinchus Reed, who conducted a large tannery in the centre village and was succeeded in this business by his sons, Daniel and Charles.

Heavy shoes were manufactured for several years by Charles Reed for the Southern trade, but this business



Albert F. Wilson's Stone Sheds.



R. L. Angier's Quarry.



William F. Perry.



Elbridge Cummings.

was long since given up to the larger manufacturers of other places.

Joel Hayden had a tannery for many years and was succeeded by A. M. & J. Wood, who in turn were followed by A. S. Kendall. His extensive tannery was destroyed by fire in 1867, when he removed to West Swanzey, since which time there has been no tannery in this town.

About 1830 the manufacture of palm-leaf hats was commenced in this town, and for many years furnished profitable employment for women and children. This business was for many years extensively conducted by D. Whittemore & Sons, who also in connection with this business carried on an extensive store for the sale of general merchandize of all kinds. This store was closed in 1868, all the members of the firm having removed to New York city where they have since been engaged in business.



Residence of Elbridge Cummings.

Fitzwilliam was one of the pioneer towns of New England for the manufacture of wooden ware of all kinds and descriptions, including tubs, pails, buckets, measures, boxes, clothes-pins, mop- and broom-handles, rolling-pins, and pail-handles.

As wooden ware constituted a class of goods not known during the early part of this century in the regular mercantile trade, it became necessary to seek for it a market, and within a few years after its manufacture was entered upon in earnest, the wooden ware peddlers of Milton Chaplin and Norris Colburn were distributing their wares not only in Southern



The Beech Woods.

New Hampshire, but also in the other states of New England, and in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

The fathers of Fitzwilliam were strong men, deserving of much larger mention than can be made of them here. One of them, Hon. Nahum Parker, was a man of note in state and nation, serving as judge of the state court and as United States senator; while his son, Amos A. Parker, who was born in Fitzwilliam October 8, 1791, became well known throughout New Hampshire. By profession a lawyer, he, at times, served as an educator and an editor, being for several years the editor of the *New Hampshire Statesman*. He



Redhurst—N. U. Cahill.

died May 12, 1893, aged nearly one hundred and two years.

Among other prominent citizens of this town during the past century who have held offices of public trust for many years, we can mention John J. Allen, for many years representative, selectman, and trial justice; Dexter Whittemore, representative, selectman, and justice of the peace; Capt. Jonathan S. Adams, distinguished for his military pride and ability in the old state militia, also representative and selectman; Dr. Silas Cummings, the "good physician" in active practice here for fifty-five years, who in his professional duties had visited and prescribed for the third and fourth generations, and in many instances to the fifth, who accomplished much for the cause of education, and during his superintendence raised the standard of our schools to second to none in Cheshire county, and who, on the day of his sudden death, had made arrangements with an old companion in the work, to visit two school examinations; Daniel Spaulding, John Kimball, Milton Chaplin, Josiah E. Carter, Charles Bigelow; John J. Allen, Jr., who had served in both branches of the state legislature, and for twenty years was register of deeds for the county of Cheshire; we might mention many more but our space will not permit.

In common with almost every other town in New Hampshire, Fitzwilliam has profited by that great amount of summer travel that has made this state the sanitarium of the East, and our boarding houses and hotels rank with the best in situation and attractiveness, as will be seen by the pictures which accompany this sketch.

In many respects Fitzwilliam is without a parallel among New Hampshire's varied resorts for a summer outing. Its situation at the base of Monadnock mountain is at once beautiful, healthful, and inspiring, and upon the waters of Laurel lake and along its shores the artist, the scientist, the sportsman, the seeker for rest, and the seeker for recreation and pleasure may alike attain their several ends with unalloyed enjoyment. Convenient of access, it is still thus far unspoiled by the artificial modes and manners of life of the more favored and pretentious summer resorts, yet the character of those who frequent the town year after year, is one of the strongest recommendations of the cultured and truly refined, who desire a home for the summer season where their environment and their associates will be as congenial as during the months of their city life.

And we predict the time is not far



Charles D. Bigelow.



N. U. Cahill.

distant when both the east and west shores of our beautiful Laurel lake will be dotted with the cottages and summer homes of our friends and strangers from the larger cities of New England, all of whom we gladly welcome. Every season that passes sees an even higher social tone and makes Fitzwilliam worthy to rank with Dublin, Canaan, North Conway and Bethlehem for a summer resort.

NOTE.—Many of the views of scenery, public buildings, and residences used in this article were taken by Frank R. Parker, an amateur artist of Fitzwilliam.



SPRING GHOSTS.

[From the German of Julius Stuson.]

By Laura Garland Carr.

'T was late. My eyes were dim and tired,
Yet, in some eager research fired,
By lamp light I scanned, page by page,
The wisdom of an ancient sage.

When suddenly there came a tapping
Upon the pane. Were spirits rapping?
Of ghosts and ghouls I had no fear,
Yet, rooming high, those raps seemed queer.

I stared through night's uncertain spaces.
The moon looked down through leafy laces.
I heard the nightingale's clear trill—
All other sounds were hushed and still.

When I had well resumed my reading,
Again the raps came—entrance pleading.
Then, flinging window open wide
I bade the rapper come inside.

In rushed my ghosts in great commotion,
Stirring the whole room into motion.
'T was June bugs were they, in a pet,
That I could thus night's charms forget,

That I could pore o'er musty papers,
Lighted by smoky, fading tapers,
When flower perfumes and soft moonlight
Were outside in the sweet June night.



WILLIAM AUGUSTUS GILE

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN OF MARK.

II.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS GILE.

By G. A. Cheney.¹



CONSPICUOUS in early manhood as a soldier in the War of the Rebellion from his native state of New Hampshire, these maturer years of William Augustus Gile find him alike conspicuous and honored in his chosen profession of the law and as a citizen in his adopted state of Massachusetts. Born in what is now the city of Franklin, June 5, 1843, the son of Alfred A. and Mary Lucinda Gile, his life as a resident of New Hampshire was passed on the ancestral estate of his parents, which skirts the left bank of the Merrimack river and lies almost opposite the farm where Daniel Webster lived in boyhood till manhood.

The Gile homestead, which still remains in possession of the family, is, as was said of that city of old, beautiful for situation, and is noted for the beauty and charm of its architecture and surroundings. The original settler was Jonathan Gile, great-grandfather of William A. As a pioneer of New Hampshire he was one to defend the frontier in the French and Indian War. Again he shouldered his trusty flint-lock and fought at the reduction of Fort Ticonderoga, and with Stark at Bennington in the War of the Revolution.

Four generations of the family have tilled the clear and fertile acres of the homestead, and the farm to this day is noted far and wide for its successful and intelligent management in past and present.

The school days of young Gile were passed in the Hodgdon schoolhouse of his native town, in the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, Tilton, and he was about to finish a preparatory course for college in the academy of his native Franklin, when he closed his books to become a soldier in the War of the Rebellion. At the time of his enlistment he was a sturdy, robust, and self-reliant boy of nineteen. He joined the Sixteenth New Hampshire regiment, and with him went his brother Francis, then only seventeen years old, and who is now, as he has been for some years, a physician in East Orange, N. J. The two boys saw hard service and hard fighting in the Louisiana campaigns of Gen. N. P. Banks. They were in the expedition up the Bayou Teche country, resulting in the capture of Fort Benton. Acted after in the corps of marines on the gunboat *Clifton* in the Red River expedition, engaging in the action at Gordon's Landing along with Porter's fleet and ships of the

¹ Mr. Cheney was also the writer of the sketch of Ransom Clarke Taylor in the April GRANITE MONTHLY.



Capt. W. A. Gile. Aged 21 Years.

Gulf squadron. During this service in Louisiana the elder of the brothers became a sergeant.

In August, 1863, on the expiration of its term of service the Sixteenth returned from the war. In the winter following young Gile attended the famous Taggart military school in Philadelphia, and at the close of the term went before the General Casey examining board sitting in Washington, as a candidate for a commission in one of the United States regiments of colored troops. As a result of the examination he was recommended by the board to appointment as a major, and this is the military title by which his New Hampshire comrades and friends speak of him to this day. But before his commission as major was received he was appointed captain of Company E, Eighteenth New Hampshire regiment, and this posi-

tion he accepted. When commissioned as captain he was only twenty-one years old, but for all that Governor Gilmore and his advisers saw in him the man and soldier equal to the responsibility imposed, nor was ever occasion given for regret of the action taken. Among those in Captain Gile's company were three brothers of the late Governor Harriman, then colonel of the Eleventh New Hampshire. The company was largely recruited among the strong and rugged lumbermen of northern New Hampshire, and it became the color company of the regiment. Before the regiment left to join the Army of the Potomac and its base at City Point, Va., Captain Gile was presented by his Franklin friends with a sword, Judge Nesmith making the presentation speech in front of the Webster House in that city. Shortly after the arrival of the regiment at City Point, Captain Gile was detailed to serve as a member of the general court martial of the Army of the Potomac. The work of the court was exceptionally great, consequent upon the system of bounty jumping so prevalent at the time. In all, the court sentenced forty-seven men, most of whom were bounty-jumpers, to death. Some of these men were hung, while others, in consideration of the fact that their records were not so bad, were shown the leniency of an army execution,—that is, they were shot to death. Gen. Charles H. T. Cullis, now of New York city, presided over this court.

When, in the spring of 1865, General Gordon made his attack in force on Fort Steadman, the general court martial adjourned on its own motion, and its members hurriedly rejoined

their respective commands and participated in the conflict. After Lee's surrender and the discharge of his regiment from service, Captain Gile accepted a commission in the One Hundred and Seventeenth regiment, United States colored troops, and served until 1867, when he left the army after a service of nearly five years.

Returning to Franklin, Captain Gile began the study of law in the office of Austin F. Pike and Isaac N. Blodgett, then composing a law firm in Franklin. Mr. Pike later became a member of congress and United States senator, while Mr. Blodgett attained to the supreme court bench

affairs. In 1871, Captain Gile left Greenfield for Worcester, which city has ever since been his home. For the first nine years of his life in Worcester he was a co-partner in the law business with Charles A. Merrill, but since 1880 he has been alone in his law practice.

From the first his career in Worcester as a lawyer has been an uninterrupted success. His specialty in law is as a jury advocate, and as such he ranks easily with the best in Massachusetts. As a citizen of Worcester he is every way representative and a leader in all measures designed for its advancement and welfare.

As a member of the Republican



Officers of the Worcester Continentals.

of New Hampshire. From Franklin his studies were continued for two years in the Harvard Law School, and in 1869 he was admitted to the Massachusetts bar. His first practice was in Greenfield, Mass., as the partner of Whiting Griswold, at the time a prominent lawyer and man of

party Captain Gile was elected to the Massachusetts legislature in 1886 and again in 1887. His legislative career was a marked credit to himself, his constituency, and the party. In 1888 he was a delegate to the Republican National convention which placed in nomination Harrison and Morton,

and in the campaign of that year he did effective service for the party on the stump throughout the state of Maine.

As a citizen of Worcester he has done much to keep alive and to main-

Colonel Gile is the author of various papers which he has prepared and read from time to time before different organizations and gatherings throughout Massachusetts. Of permanent interest and



Miss Minnie Gile.

tain an active interest in military affairs. In 1892 he was elected the lieutenant-colonel, commanding the Worcester Continentals, an independent military organization, the members of which wear the uniform of the Continental Army and seek to perpetuate the military customs of the times of that army. The battalion, for such it is, has ever been since its organization a conspicuous feature of Worcester's social life.

value, and particularly so at the present time, is his paper on "Military Law and Courts Martial" which this number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* contains complete. Prominent among his other papers is one of decided historic importance and worth, for under the title of "Maximilian in Mexico," it relates the story of the attempt of the French empire under Napoleon III to change by force of arms the government of

Mexico from a republic to that of a monarchy with the Austrian archduke on the throne of an emperor.

For the preparation of this paper Colonel Gile was peculiarly well equipped as the result of his service in the United States army on the Texan-Mexican border line immediately following the termination of the War of the Rebellion. This army was mobilized in Texas as the result of the sending by Secretary of State Seward of a note to the French government, stating in effect that the American government would not look with complaisance upon the attempt to establish a monarchy in Mexico. The real significance of Secretary Seward's note was its embodiment of the intention of this government to enforce the principles of the Monroe Doctrine by armed intervention if necessary. France acquiesced in the demands of the United States and the Monroe Doctrine became more of a fact than ever before.

When in 1895 the United States served notice on the government of Great Britain that her going a-gunning for boundary lines in Venezuela would be antagonistic to the letter and spirit of this same Monroe Doctrine, Great Britain, as did France in the middle sixties, recognized the justice and force of the attitude assumed by the United States and the Venezuela episode, so threatening for a day, was quickly and peacefully closed. Again was the Monroe Doctrine a principal topic of discussion

and consideration, and as a result of this Colonel Gile by request, prepared and read the paper on "Maximilian in Mexico" before the Massachusetts Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. As a participant in the preparations made to drive the French from Mexico if necessary, Colonel Gile had exceptional opportunities to learn much concerning all that the Monroe Doctrine implies, and as a result the paper read attracted special attention because of its many valuable features. Edward Everett Hale secured it for publication in his paper, the *Commonwealth*, it appearing by installments in the issues of November 16, 23, and 30, 1895.

A paper of deepest interest entitled "New Hampshire in the War of the Rebellion," was read by Colonel



The Gile Homestead.

Gile before George H. Ward Post 10, G. A. R., of Worcester. A closing paragraph of this paper says of the New Hampshire soldiers, as was said of Stark's men, that on the field of battle the enemy laid thickest in front of their ranks. As a Memorial

Day speaker he is justly popular, and as such has appeared in many of the cities and towns of Massachusetts.

In his church affiliations Colonel Gile is a Unitarian, and he and his family are active in the affairs of the Church of the Unity, Worcester.

He is a thirty-second degree Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a member of the Knights of Pythias. Socially, he is what the world calls an all around favorite, for added to the fact that he



Corporal Alfred D. Gile.

Cadet Massachusetts State College, Amherst, Mass. Enlisted in Battery D, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, and stationed at Fort Warren, Mass.

is a fine conversationalist his mind is a perfect storehouse of information regarding the general affairs of the world, both past and present. In fact, in all of life's phases Colonel Gile is a leader by virtue of his ability and accomplishments. Physically, he is a fine specimen of manhood, tall and well proportioned. His face and head are of the same type as those of former President Cleveland, and some of his earlier

portraits bear resemblance to those of the author, William Dean Howells. Colonel Gile's physical resemblance to Cleveland has been the cause not only of frequent remark, but also of several humorous occurrences. While a member of the Massachusetts legislature Colonel Gile went to Washington at the head of a legislative committee, and accompanied by Capt. J. G. B. Adams, the sergeant-at-arms of the Massachusetts legislature. On a reception day the committee with Captain Adams went in a body to the White House, and it was not long after their arrival before here and there a visitor imagined that they saw in Colonel Gile the president of the United States, and pointed him out as such. Finally, Daniel Lamont, the secretary to President Cleveland in his first administration, and secretary of war in his second, appeared on the scene, and becoming cognizant of the situation entered heartily into its enjoyment. The genial Lamont paid dignified attention to Colonel Gile and friends, and escorting them about the White House stood the colonel on the spot where shortly before President Cleveland had been married.

But the most amusing incident resulting from the mistaking of the colonel for President Cleveland happened in Philadelphia on the occasion of the Centennial of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. Again was Colonel Gile present at the head of a legislative committee representing Massachusetts, and among others accompanying the committee was Major George S. Merrill, then insurance commissioner of the state as well as major of a battalion of artillery of the Massa-

chusetts Volunteer militia. President Cleveland and suite and the Massachusetts legislative committee were due to arrive in Philadelphia at near the same hour. On the arrival of the Massachusetts party Colonel Gile was at once taken for President Cleveland, and it was not long before a dense crowd gathered in front of his hotel. The fact that Major Merrill was in the attractive uniform of a Massachusetts officer of artillery served to give color to the report that the head of the Massachusetts delegation was no other than President Cleveland. Finally, the time came for Colonel Gile and his committee to leave the hotel for the Academy of Music, where a reception was to be given in honor of President Cleveland. How to get through the crowd was the question. At last Major Merrill said to Colonel Gile, "Inasmuch as you are president you should govern with firmness and discretion." Quick to comprehend the meaning of Major Merrill's words Colonel Gile called a policeman, and addressing him said, "It is of the utmost importance that I arrive at the Academy of Fine Arts in ten minutes." The officer facing about led the way, the crowd opened to the right and left, and amid the applause and cheers of ten thousand people the party of Massachusetts men wended their way to the carriages in waiting, but as they did so every eye was turned to catch a glimpse of Colonel Gile, the man mistaken for the president of the United States.

Colonel Gile has been twice married. His first wife was Mary Green Waitt of Boston, whom he married in 1873. She died July 5, 1876, leaving a son and a daughter. The son,

William Waitt, is a graduate of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, and is now living in Boston. The daughter, Minnie Helen, has only recently finished a three years' course of study in the Students' Art League, New York, and she is fast gaining a reputation as an artist, and her sketches are accepted by leading publications of the country.

The present Mrs. Gile was Clara A. Dewing of North Brookfield, Mass., whom Colonel Gile married in 1878. The eldest child by this marriage, Alfred Dewing, is nobly sustaining the military tradition of the family by service as a volunteer in the First Regiment, Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. He is nineteen years of age, the same as was his father when he enlisted in the War of the Rebellion. At the time of the son's enlistment he was a student in the Massachusetts Agricultural College, where he was president of his class, captain of the college foot-ball team, and business manager of the *Index*, the college publication. He has already received his first promotion, that of corporal. A son, Lawrence Bliss, and a daughter, Margaret Lucinda, constitute the other living members of the family. Two sons died in infancy.

The old homestead in Franklin is the summer home of Colonel Gile and family, and no man ever loved his birthplace with a stronger affection than does Colonel Gile entertain for the roof-tree that sheltered him in his infancy and boyhood. Here also permanently live his eldest brother, Joseph Gile, a graduate of Dartmouth, class of '57, and a sister, Mary M. Gile. Both are widely known as former successful teachers,

the first in New Haven, Conn., schools, and the second in Orange, N. J.

Colonel Gile is to-day in the full

vigor of a robust and active physical and mental manhood with every indication of long years of usefulness and enjoyment yet in store for him.

MILITARY LAW AND COURTS MARTIAL.

By Colonel William A. Gile.



MARTIAL law, says Blackstone, is built upon no settled principles, but is entirely arbitrary in its decisions, and is, as Sir Matthew Hale observes, in truth and reality no law, but something indulged rather than allowed as law. The necessity of order and discipline in the army is the only thing that can give it countenance.

The English military tribunal transplanted to this country prior to our Revolution, was recognized and adopted by the Continental congress in the first American articles of war, in 1775, when the different courts martial, general, regimental, and garrison, were defined. The British court martial, which was the origin of the modern court martial, was once called the king's court of chivalry, or the court of the high constable and marshal of England, also, the court of arms or court of honor; this court of chivalry first had its existence in the reign of Edward the First, in the thirteenth century. The English law was contained in her military articles which, as has been said, were transplanted to this country prior to the American Revolution. The code of army regulations and articles of war were first enacted in 1786, and were afterwards enlarged

and revised in 1806, and so remained until after our Civil War, when, in 1874, the present code was enacted.

Chancellor Kent, however, quotes Lord Mansfield, describing the exclusive jurisdiction of courts martial of crimes committed in the army and navy as a military court which the wisdom of the ages had founded; and he describes military law as a system of regulations for the government of the armies in the service of the United States, authorized by act of congress known as the Articles of War; and naval law is a similar system for the government of the navy. But martial law is quite a different thing; is founded on paramount necessity and proclaimed by a military chief.

The court martial is older than any court in the United States, and older than our constitution. The field officers' court, authorized in time of war, and the summary court, authorized in 1890, make up the list of five courts martial.

The constitution expressly excepts the trial of cases arising in the land and naval service from the ordinary provisions of law, and practically withdraws the entire category of military offences from the cognizance of the civil magistrates, and turns over the whole subject to be dealt with by

the military tribunals. The authority to summon courts martial, is a constitutional function of the commander-in-chief, independent of legislation.

Courts martial have equal legal sanction with the federal courts, though not a part of the judicial system of the United States, and are not classed with the inferior courts, which congress may from time to time ordain or establish. Not being a part of the judicial part of the government, its authority and jurisdiction spring from the executive as commander-in-chief to aid him in commanding the army and navy and enforcing discipline therein.

It is not a court of record in the sense in which civil courts are so classified—though a more complete record is kept than in any court of record, of all that transpires from the oath of the court and judge advocate to the order of the reviewing officer in promulgating the sentence of the court. It is not subject to judicial revision.

Writs of certiorari, quo warranto, prohibition, or mandamus, cannot reach them. In England, these writs do issue from the court of the king's bench, the officer who convenes the court either approves the finding or disapproves it; he cannot enlarge the sentence but may mitigate or lessen, and the chief executive may pardon. Habeas corpus is the only writ by which a prisoner in time of peace may bring the legality of his imprisonment before a civil tribunal; the jurisdiction of the civil court in such cases, however, is not in its nature appellate. If the military court has jurisdiction and the court was legally convened, and the sen-

tence was one which, by the military code, it could enforce, the civil tribunal will not interfere with its discretionary power, or attempt to correct errors of procedure on habeas corpus.

The judgment of a court martial is absolutely final and conclusive. It is a court of honor and a court of justice in the purest sense. The oath which is administered combines the functions of the judge and jury. Members may be challenged as a jury may be, for cause only, but the court tries its own members when they are challenged. There is no challenge to the array or peremptory challenge. The finding of guilt or innocence is all like that of the jury, but the sentence which is passed by the court is like that of the judge. A majority only is required for finding, except in capital cases, where two thirds is required to convict or agree upon a sentence. The court is essentially a criminal court whose function is to award punishment upon the ascertainment of guilt; its judgment is a criminal sentence or an acquittal, and not a civil verdict.

The court martial has the power to punish contempts in its presence, though less jealous of its dignity or power than some of our common law civil tribunals and judges are of theirs.

The grand jury has no office in its secret sessions and deliberation in the presentment of the charges and specifications which take the place of the indictment at common law. The accuser or prosecutor prefers the charges and specifications. Any general officer commanding an army may convene or appoint a general court martial. The jurisdiction, as

to territory of courts martial, extends throughout the United States, and has no territorial limitations in this respect. The statute of limitations for offenses is limited to two years prior to the date of the order convening the court before which the accused is tried. The usual number of a general court martial is thirteen, and the senior officer is the president without designation.

The judge advocate is designated as such and acts as the law officer of the court and the prosecutor for the government, and is also bound to protect the accused from improper questions when without counsel. The judge advocate swears the court, and the president swears the judge advocate, who also swears the witnesses, whose oath is precisely like the oath before a civil tribunal.

The voting by members on guilt or innocence is taken in close session; the judge advocate and all other persons are excluded from the deliberations and presence of the court. The vote is by written ballot beginning with the junior officer in rank, and no officer can lawfully divulge the finding of the sentence until the promulgation by the reviewing officer.

The court finds the result of its deliberations as a unit. No protests by individual members or dissenting opinions are allowed in commendation of the superior or reviewing officer. The finding is the voice of the court and not of any part of its members. In fact, the information from a member of the court that he did not agree to the finding could not go on record, and a communication from the president of the court to the reviewing officer would be irregular and subject the officer to a

reprimand, and as one would say, "*Coram non judici.*"

The finding on specific charges enumerated in the army regulations as conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman cannot be divided by finding the accused guilty of one and not the other. No motion for new trial, petition for review, exceptions or appeal.

In the trial the common law, rule of evidence, is quite closely adhered to; the relevancy or materiality of the evidence to the issue involved; the competency of the evidence as to hearsay; the rule as to the best evidence; the burden of proof being upon the government, and the presumption of innocence of the accused are also fundamental in court martial trials.

The court may find a person charged with a greater, guilty of a less offense of the same nature or class of offenses, as being charged with desertion to be guilty of absence without leave.

In the fall of the year 1864 there was centered around the headquarters of the army at City Point, Va., all of the business of the army, and in the month of November there was experienced the exercise of an additional function not before known in the army, viz., the voting for president of the United States, or for the electors, each state exercising the right of suffrage by voting for a commander-in-chief. General Grant had permitted the voting to be conducted without the public excitement of a campaign, and in the absence of that oratory of discussion on the stump,—for that was unnecessary. He had relieved the war from being a failure the spring before, and had nominated

Lincoln in the spring campaign in the Wilderness. Like John the Baptist, he had prepared the way, and we had nothing to do but vote, using the muster roll for a check-list. My first vote was cast at that time and place, having reached the age at which the right to vote is acquired, after being in the service the third year. I remember how proud I felt in acting as moderator of the meeting and sending the votes up to the Granite state to be counted. The vote stood Lincoln, 75, and McClellan, 3.

The regular divisions of the non-combatants at City Point made a city of many thousand persons. The great medical department in which were the corps hospitals of the several army corps constituting the Army of the Potomac and of the James. The quartermaster department, with its great business of clothing and supplying the army at the front. The commissary department with the bakers who were said to get in line with hard bread when the bases of supplies were attacked, the ordnance department that supplied ammunition, and the pay department. The engineers' corps and General Benham's brigade was the local military force that built a new line of earth-works in the fall and winter of 1864-'65, to protect the base of supplies. The provost marshal general's department, with Gen. M. R. Patrick at its head as provost marshal, and the Tenth colored, who were doing guard duty over the supplies. There was one other institution at City Point, and that was the bull pen. In the bull pen were bounty jumpers, substitutes, drafted men going to the front, prisoners of

war coming from the front, deserters awaiting trial.

The result of the Wilderness campaign had thinned the ranks of the army. The best fighting regiments were often filled with the worst material that was in the army. The demands of the service in the fall of 1864, for more drafts to take the place of those who were in the deadly campaign of the summer before, had led the cities and towns to offer large bounties to fill their quota, and a class of men were taking advantage of this condition of the country to enlist in one state and go upon the picket line and desert to the enemy, then go to another state and do the same thing as often as they could go through the operation; this business having been carried on to such an extent that the military law department of the army was brought into action at City Point shortly after election, which took place on the 10th, and on the 14th day of November, General Meade convened a general court martial by the following order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
November 14, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDERS }
No. 308.

* * * * *

2. A General Court Martial is hereby appointed to meet at City Point, Va., at 10 o'clock, a. m., on Tuesday, the 15th day of November, 1864, or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of such prisoners as may be brought before it.

Detail for the Court.

1. Brevet Brig. Genl. C. H. T. Collis, Col. 114th Penna. Vols.
2. Lieut. Col. E. R. Warner, 1st New York Arty.
3. Lieut. Col. R. E. Winslow, 68th Penna. Vols.
4. Capt. R. H. Start, 3d Vermont Batty.
5. Capt. Jos. W. B. Wright, 14th Mass. Batty.
6. Captain Wm. A. Gile, 18th New Hamp. Vols.
7. 1st Lieut. Seth A. Emery, 3d Maine Batty.

S. Edward H. Morrill, 61st Mass. Vols.

9. 2d Lient. Albert George, 14th Mass. Batty.

Capt. Paul S. Whitehead, Judge Advocate,
68th Penna. Vols.

No other officers than those named can be assembled without manifest injury to the service.

* * * * *

By command of Major Genl. Meade,
S. WILLIAMS,
Asst. Adjutant General.

The officers of the court were drawn from those organizations stationed near City Point. Gen. Chas. H. T. Collis, the commander of the Pennsylvania Zouaves, whose men, when on parade, wore the red zouave uniform, being senior in rank, was president of the court. At the time this was written he was the commissioner of public works in New York city. He was a lawyer by profession before the war, and afterwards, for many years a successful Wall street operator in stocks. He was an intimate acquaintance of General Grant in the army, and up to the time and during General Grant's pecuniary reverses in New York city. General Corliss was a delightful associate upon the bench and in the jury room, and in the duplex function upon the trial of causes at court.

The other officers of the court were from Maine and Vermont, and one member of that court I have recently found in the person of Capt. Joseph G. B. Wright of the Fourteenth Massachusetts Battery, who lives in South Boston, and who is at Pemberton Square as supervisor at the criminal court. He has grown older, but has the same features and voice, and the same forceful expression that he had thirty-three years ago, when we were on court martial together. The court sat in a cottage near Grant's headquarters, furnished us by the quar-

termaster, Captain Camp, to which court the infantry officers rode with horses from Colonel Strong's corral; the battery officers, who composed the larger part of the court, came on their own mount.

The court sat from the middle of November, 1864, for most of the time until the middle of March, when the officers at their own request, went to their own commands to take part in the closing campaign, in the race for Appomatox. But the court was not dissolved until after the surrender of Lee, and the order was dated April 21, 1865, long after the officers had deserted the court for the field.

The legislature of several states had provided for the vote in the army of the citizen soldiery, who were then entitled to exercise the right of voting for their commander-in-chief as soldiers, and for president of the United States as citizens. Judge Nesmith of New Hampshire told me of what took place in the discussion of this subject, when the law was being enacted by the legislature of the Granite state, by an enthusiastic member of the home guard patriots, in reply to objections made to the constitutional right of soldiers to vote at other places than at the polls in the towns where they were enrolled as voters; and gave his vindication of that right in these words, part of which he felt the force of at least. Said he, "If these soldiers who are at front cannot vote, and those who have not the courage to go can vote and declare the war a failure, if the voice of the patriot at the front is smothered by the cowards and copperheads at the rear, if those who are trying to preserve the Union cannot vote—then, farewell liberty!

Good by, country ! 'Sang froid' to everything that's dear."

During the winter sitting of this court at City Point, there were tried a large number of capital cases for desertion, and by far the greater number were tried for that offense. The first two were professional bounty jumpers who had no military record, but were in the business of taking bounties and deserting, and repeating the offense. We sentenced those two men to be hung at the place designated by General Meade, our reviewing officer, to whom our proceedings were sent for his action and promulgation.

I have tried to get the war department to give me the number of persons tried and the number convicted, and the disposition made of each case, as some of them had the benefit of the lenient spirit and stroke of clemency from the president. But I was informed from the judge advocate general's office that the records of our court are only contained in the published court martial orders, and that the rules of the office did not allow them to give any special information to any one but the parties who were tried and their counsel, to which I had to make the rejoinder that the parties who were tried had no counsel before our court, and that they probably would not apply for the information as to when they were hung or shot. They did send me the order convening and dissolving the court, however, of which I have been able to make some estimates with other information which is appended.

One fact we were sure of, that there was one batch of sixty deserters from the army of the James who were

tried on the testimony of one cavalry corporal to the same overt act of desertion by all:

He was a prisoner of war and got into Castle Thunder at Richmond, by mistake of the capturing officers, with the deserters, that the enemy were very kind to, and sent them home through Cumberland Gap, and by mistake sent this cavalry corporal with them, and when they were captured the corporal was able to prove his capturer as a prisoner of war by his own comrades at the front, and he was taken out of the bull pen and used as a witness against the other sixty deserters. This was more effective than the action of the common law federal courts, when in the case of Aaron Burr, with Chief Justice Marshall presiding, and the Randolphs of Virginia, and Wirt and Wickham as counsel, and weeks of argument, Burr was not proven guilty because the jury were told that as they had but one witness to whom Burr had confessed his conspiracy or treason, he could not be convicted, and two were required to convict by their testimony. We had only one witness for sixty deserters, but we made the evidence go.

When a man had a record as a soldier and wanted word sent home to his folks that he had got shot in the army, out of special consideration for the feelings of his family, and for his previous good conduct, we did allow some exceptional cases to be thus leniently dealt with, but we were not always encouraged in this work of clemency. We frequently had an officer or enlisted man sent before our court for other offenses than capital.

A captain of commissary who

wanted to use dry wood in the business of the commissary in the hide and tallow department, exchanged hay for wood with the natives, and was sent before our court on a charge of violating army regulations, but we, thinking he had no intent to do the government any wrong, found him guilty of the charge and specification, but attached no criminality thereto, and the proceeding went up to the commander of the Army of the Potomac, who then happened to be Maj.-Gen. John G. Parke, and the proceedings came back to us disapproved, with this indorsement, as I recollect it: "The finding of the court in case of Capt. ——— is hereby returned disapproved. The ignorance and stupidity of the court is only equalled by the criminality of the accused. John G. Parke, Major-General."

There was no latent ambiguity to be observed in this language. This was, to use the language of our own courts, bill dismissed, verdict set aside, new trial ordered, and exceptions overruled, all in one sentence and the future principles upon which the case should be tried, and the jury charged and the instructions given by the court beforehand.

But I had a chance to look into the other end of the appellate court one day and got a different impression from what I had received from the intermediate court. I went on a furlough of ten days to March meeting in New Hampshire, and on my return to City Point called at the White House to see Mr. Lincoln, as every officer used to do,—after seeing father and mother at home, went to see father Abraham at the White House, which was the home

of all of us in going and coming to and from the front. As I sat in conversation with Mr. Lincoln about affairs at City Point, his secretary came in, and, excusing the interruption of our conversation, said,

"Mr. President, that mother is at the door asking for the pardon of her son; shall I admit her next?"

"No," said Mr. Lincoln, "but get me the papers in the case. I will pardon him. I would pardon old Cain this morning if he was here," and taking the papers in his hand, which rested on his crossed knee, he wrote, "Let up on this boy. A. Lincoln," and passed it to the secretary to be transmitted to the commander of the army and to the reviewing officer of the court martial that had tried him.

This scene with Abraham Lincoln, the commander-in-chief, and the presence of his gentle but noble soul mitigated the animadversions which I had felt from the reviewing officer at the front.

There were some ludicrous proceedings, going from the sublime to the ridiculous. General Patrick, the provost marshal general of whom I have spoken, wanted to discipline one of the Tenth colored stationed there, and had charges for insubordination preferred against him. We were supposed to sit with side arms when on duty in court, but the open fireplace and old black mantel at this cottage where we sat, had induced us to sit around the fire and let the judge advocate work away at the witnesses and arraign the prisoner while we were indulging in the army luxury of a smoke with the row of pipes that were usually filled upon the mantel-piece by the attendant or

orderly. But when General Patrick came in in full dress uniform to prosecute this new colored acquisition, we were all sitting in place at the table, with sword and sash, in order of rank, and judge advocate at the foot and president at the head.

The provost marshal general having impressed the court with his dignity and being prepared to hear the case on its merits, to proceed with dignity and decorum as well as with regularity and proper formality, the judge advocate, Capt. Paul Whitehead, called a colored witness and told him to hold up his hands while he gave him the contents of an oath, and thereupon the following dialogue took place between the judge advocate and the black witness:

Judge Advocate—Do you know the prisoner?

Witness—Who do you mean by de prisoner?

J. A.—That colored man sitting near you.

Wit.—What—know him—knowed him on de plantation afo we was conscripted.

J. A.—Well, what do you know about his insubordination?

Wit.—His what?

J. A.—His acts of disobedience to orders; what did you see or hear him do?

Wit.—Well sah he was detailed by de first sargeant of de company to go on guard, and he went up to de guard house and tour his scirtements off and throwed them down and dared every man for to touch him.

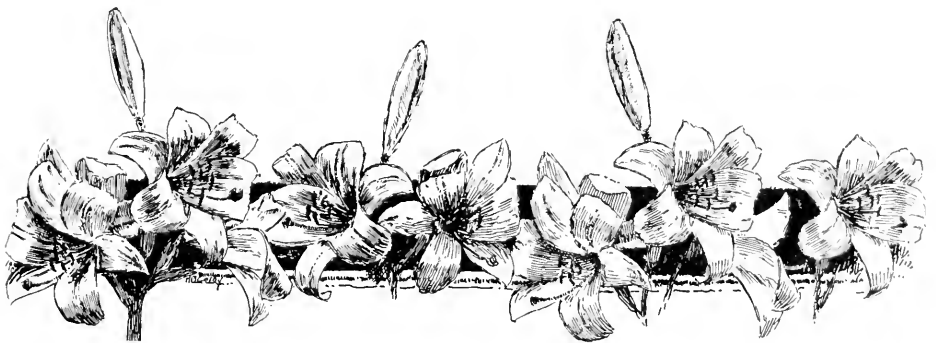
General Corliss enjoyed this so much that he had him repeat the evidence.

The following data were received from the war department of the capital cases tried before our court:

Number of cases tried for desertion and number of persons sentenced to be executed by general court martial convened by Special Order, No. 308, Headquarters Army of the Potomac, November 14, 1864:

Tried for desertion, 50; convicted, 30; convicted of absence without leave, only 16; acquitted, 4.

Sentenced to be executed, 46; sentence approved and directed to be carried into effect, 42; sentence approved and mitigated, 3; sentence remitted, 1.



JONATHAN'S VISIT TO JEREMIAH.

By Clara Augusta Trask.



IT had been for years the cherished dream of Jonathan Winkley's life to pay a visit to his brother, Jeremiah, in Boston.

When Jerry Winkley, as he was familiarly termed, was but twenty-two, he had left the old farm at Perry's Corners, and went to the city to seek his fortune. Jonathan had remained behind, married Sabrina Jones, and together they "took care" of Jonathan's aged father and mother, for the modern fashion of leaving the old folks alone to shift for themselves had not yet invaded Perry's Corners.

The old people clung to life, as only those who have passed their three score and ten years can cling to it, and though they were always saying how glad they should be to go, they took heed to the preservation of their health, and Jonathan and Sabrina were gray headed and wrinkled themselves before the old people were laid to rest in the corner of the burying ground where so many of the dead and gone Winkleys were quietly sleeping.

Sabrina put the two old arm chairs away in the attic, conscientiously divided Mother Winkley's few "things" among the three married daughters, and felt that she had done her duty by "his folks."

"Sabrina," said Jonathan one evening after the maple sugar had been made and marketed, and the spring

soap boiling was well over, "what 's to hender me from going to make that visit to Jeremiah next week? I've been talking about it for twenty year, but as long as father and mother was alive, I couldn't never seem to make it come round right. What do you say to my going next week, Sabrina?"

It came so suddenly upon Sabrina that it nearly took her breath away. She had heard the question discussed in all its various bearings a great many times before, but this setting a positive date for the visit seemed to bring it right home to her as never before.

"Wall, I dunno," said she, slowly, putting her thumb speculatively through a hole in the blue stocking she was darning, and contemplating it as if she hoped to gather inspiration from it. "I hadn't thought anything about it for some time. You'd have to have your bosomed shirts done up, and you'd ought to have a new neck stock. That one you've been wearing to meetin' is gettin' kinder frayed round the edges. And Jeremiah's folks is awful 'ristocratic, Aunt Jane says."

"I should have to have my hair cut," said Jonathan, running his knobby hand through his sparse gray locks, "and I s'pose I should git cold—I most always do when I have her cut this time of year. And I

guess I'd have to have a pair of boots. Them Sunday boots of mine has got thin spots on both sides, and they 'd be liable to give out. Think you and Silas could git along with the work for a week?" doubtfully.

"Oh, yes," said Sabrina, rising to the occasion, "Silas and I can manage well enough. That are heifer do n't kick so much as she did, does she? And the old mare do n't need that spavin liniment rubbed onto her leg but once a day, does she? Land yes, we can git along if you're possessed to go."

"It 'll be a change for me, Sabrina, and I guess I need one. The doctors say that most anybody is better for a change, now and then. Did n't use to be so, but things has changed. I want to see Jeremiah and his folks, and I want to see that are subway that the papers talk so much about, and the new Union station, and the 'leven story buildings on Treemount street, and the 'lectric cars. Jerry, he'll be tickled to death to go and pint 'em out to me."

"You 'll have to be awful careful round them 'lectric cars, Jonathan. They're terrible things, they say. Run over you in a minnit, if you don't jump to one side quick 'n lightning. If you should git in front of one of 'em, now, Jonathan—"

"For the land's sake! Sabrina, you must think I'm a dumb-headed idiot to be a-standing onto a track waiting for a car to come along and smash me up. I guess I've got common sense, Sabrina. I guess I know enough to git out of the way of one of them thunder and lightning things when I see it a-coming."

After a good deal of argument, pro and con, for a week, it was decided

that Jonathan should go to visit Jeremiah.

And Monday morning, bright and early, he set forth on his momentous journey. Sabrina had put off her washing to drive her husband to the depot and see him off. The neighbors came out of their houses along the way, as the couple jogged slowly along behind old Whitey, to say good-by, and wish Jonathan a very pleasant visit.

The old man wore his suit of "meetin' black," and his bell-crowned hat, and his new boots, and carried his second bosomed shirt, and his handkerchiefs, and a clean pair of socks, in a very shiny black bag borrowed from Cousin Sarah Mills for the occasion. Cousin Sarah had "traveled" to Boston three times in her life, and was considered an authority on anything pertaining to traveling.

Sabrina bade Jonathan good-by as the train came in sight.

"Now, Jonathan, you be sure and look out for them 'lectric cars, and don't forget to git your new specks—and here's a Newtown pippin that I thought you might relish with your doughnuts, as you're riding along on the cars, and there's a place that is advertised in the paper where they sell glasses awful cheap—but Jerry, he'll know where it is, and good-by, and don't forgit to jump out of the way when them 'lectrics—" and the remainder of her wifely admonition was lost in the rumble and roar of the train as it snorted out of the depot.

Sabrina stood and watched the train out of sight, and then she unhitched the old horse and clambered into the wagon.

"Good land!" said she to herself,

as she turned the horse's head toward home, "what an awful solemn thing it is to travel! I feel exactly as if I had buried him!"

The day passed slowly to Sabrina, and never before had night seemed so long in coming. Silas Green, the hired man, milked the kicking heifer safely, fed the hens, brought in the kindlings, and played checkers with Polly Duffy, who was staying at the farm house to keep Sabrina company.

Sabrina hardly went to sleep all night. She tossed, and turned, and sat up in bed, expecting to hear something, and when she got to sleep, as she did along toward morning, she dreamed of white horses, which she believed was an unfailing sign of trouble coming.

The day was worried through with in some way, and the second night came. It seemed to Sabrina as if Jonathan had been gone a month.

"I expect Jonathan's having an awful good time," she remarked to Silas, as he sat shelling corn to carry to the mill the next day, "I expect he'll have enough to tell about for a year."

"Yes, marm!" said Silas heartily, "I'll bet he will! Gosh! won't he be too big to 'sociate with common folks, when he gits home, all primed up so with Boston and city manners? I expect you and I won't be no-where, Miss Winkley."

"I'm afraid them boots will be awful hard on his feet," said Sabrina; "they looked awful stiff to me. He'd ought to have got 'em before, and broke 'em in. That toe jint of his troubles him a good deal, and—"

"Land!" said Silas, "he'll never think of jints when he's a-seeing that subway, and them 'leven-story houses.

Don't you fret a mite about that, Miss Winkley."

The evening was passed in talking about the wonderful sights Jonathan was destined to behold, and the family went to bed at nine o'clock.

Sabrina took the cat along with her for company, for she sadly missed Jonathan's subdued but familiar snore, and the cat was a loud singer, and she hoped might in part supply the monotonous nocturnal melody to which she was accustomed.

"Oh, dear," said Sabrina to herself, after the light was out, "I dunno whether I bolted that back door or not. And I'd ought to have seen if the damper in that stove was all right. Did I wind the clock? And I wonder if there was a pail of water pumped in case anything should git afire? Jonathan always sees to them things, and I dunno whether I did or not. Good land! Tabby, what was that? I'm mortal sure I heard something or ruther at that are back door."

Sabrina sat up straight in bed and listened. Surely, there was a black shadow across the uncurtained window, and then there came a tap on the glass.

"Oh, good land!" cried Sabrina, "I might have knowed that dreaming of white horses meant something, and—"

"Sabrina! Sabrina!" cried a well-known voice, "git up and let me in. It's all-fired cold dancing round out here."

"Why, it's Jonathan!" cried Sabrina, in consternation, and slipping on her wrapper, she hurried to unbolt the door.

"Why, Jonathan Winkley!" she exclaimed, as her husband entered

the house and threw down the black bag with an air of relief, "how on the face of the earth come you here?"

"Cars brought me, Sabrina. I vum, it's good to git home now! Git the boot-jack and my slippers. I had to sleep in them dod-gasted boots last night. Could n't git 'em off. They're about three sizes too small."

"But what made you come home so soon, Jonathan? Warn't Jerry and his folks glad to see you?"

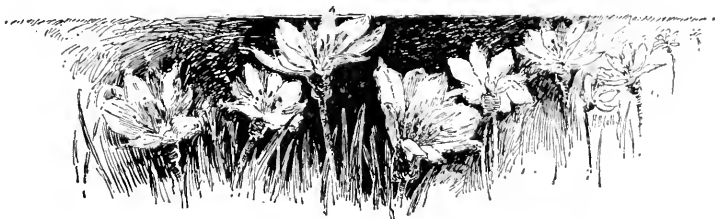
"Jerry? Oh, yes, he was glad enough, I guess—'peared so at any rate. Boston is all right, Sabrina, for them that belongs there, but consarn it all, Sabrina, when a man gits of my age he's better off to home! He's used to it. I stood it one night—laid on a wire bed in a room lit with gas, and dassent put it out for fear everything would blow up, you know. Washed my hands in a hole cut into a white marble gravestun, and the water went down suller in a spout. Hot water right up stairs, too. Warn't no roller towel, nuther. Could n't git my boots off, and if I could there would n't have been no-wheres to set 'em, everything was so fine. Cars a-running all night, and whistles a-blowing, and bells a-ringing—why, it was jest like a Fourth of July all the time. Never shet my eyes all night."

"Why, Jonathan! Why, for the land's sake!"

"Yes, and napkins every meal, and no hearty vittles for breakfast, and dinner at six o'clock, and brandy in the pudding sass! And me a tee-totaller! Have a good time? Oh, yes, I s'pose so. Yes, I see the subway. Just like a suller, and you go down stairs to git to it. Tall build-ings, hey? Yes, there's enough of them, and they have things that hist you clean to the top, and you don't have to walk a step. But I was ready to come home, Sabrina. I told Jeremiah's folks that I had got to be to home to-morrer to see a man that was a-coming about a calf that he wanted to swap. Ha, ha, Sabrina. Give me a bowl of bread and milk, and let's git off to bed. This ere traveling ain't what it's cracked up to be."

"Did you git your specks?" asked Sabrina, as she placed the bread and milk before him, and she had "turned off the top of the pan," too.

"Land, no, I never thought of specks, I was so afraid I should miss the train and have to stay another night. I can git 'em down to Bunker's store at the Corner, jest as well. By jinks, Sabrina, for right along, every-day living, there ain't a better place in the world than Perry's Corners."



NEW HAMPSHIRE'S LARGEST LAKE

AND ITS ORTHOGRAPHY.

By Otis G. Hammond.



ANOTHER outing season has come and with it come the usual throngs of summer visitors to pass their short vacations around New Hampshire's largest lake; but of all those who will gaze in admiration over its island-dotted surface, at the blue mountains of the north country, or cast a line in the vain attempt to land the largest trout of the season, how many will know how to spell the curious old name the Indians have handed down to us?

I have often heard it said that there were nineteen different ways of spelling the word, which, according to Chandler E. Potter, New Hampshire's best authority on Indian history and nomenclature, means "the beautiful water of the high place," and is made up from *Winne* (beautiful), *nipe* (water), *kees* (high), and *auke* (place). It occurred to me one day to prove the truth or falsity of such a statement, and, from that time forth, I sought and recorded every form of the name that I could find in the course of my work among the manuscript and printed records of my native state. The result was startling, and seemed to indicate that no other word or name in New Hampshire, certainly, and possibly in all New England, is capable of being

spelled, or rather mis-spelled in so many different ways. Instead of the beggarly number of nineteen, I found one hundred and thirty-two, and my field was confined to the state and provincial records, maps, gazetteers, laws, and works on the general history of the state. If one should search the records of the towns in the vicinity of the lake the number might be doubled and possibly more. Spelling was not a strong point with our forefathers, and the unconscious ingenuity of ignorance produces wonderful results with a few letters. The clearing of spaces in the wilderness for houses, and the struggle with the earth for the actual necessities of life, left little time for mental culture. School facilities were few, and book-learning was left to the minister and the "squire."

The saying in regard to the nineteen different forms I think must have originated from a foot-note by John Farmer in his edition of "Belknap's History of New Hampshire," page 56, in which he notes eighteen forms besides the one ordinarily in use. Following are the one hundred and thirty-two spellings which I have collected, and I am quite sure the reader will find no two of them alike. A search for two like forms he will find as interesting and confusing as "Pigs in clover." These

are all actually found either in manuscript records or print, and not one of them is the result of the writer's imagination:

Winnipiseokee,	Winnepissioke,
Winepiseoka,	Winnepessioke,
Winnipisseake,	Winnipissauky,
Winnepesaket,	Winnipicioket,
Winepesocky,	Winnipaseket,
Winnepesocket,	Winnapissaaeka,
Winnipisseoce,	Winnepissaocee,
Winnepesaot,	Winnipishokey,
Winnepisiokke,	Winniposiokee,
Winnipeseoke,	Winnispisiokke,
Winnipishiokke,	Winnipoisekek,
Winnepisiocke,	Winnipoisekek,
Winnipissiokee,	Winnepeseochee,
Winnipisiocke,	Winnepisseogg,
Winnipissiocke,	Winniposiockett,
Winnipiseocce,	Wenepesiokee,
Winnipisiocke,	Wenepesiokee,
Winnepisseoke,	Winnepeseochee,
Winnepossoke,	Winnipesocce,
Winnipissooke,	Winepissackey,
Winnipissiokee,	Winnepisioke,
Winnepiseokee,	Winnepiseoky,
Winnipisioke,	Wenepesiocka,
Winnipisiocke,	Winnispisiokie,
Winnepesockee,	Winnipissacca,
Winnipisiokee,	Winnipisocy,
Winnipissioke,	Winnipissiocky,
Winnepissk,	Wenepesioche,
Winnipesse,	Winnapissiaukee,
Winnepessiockee,	Winnepissocay,
Winnepissiocke,	Winnapuseakit,
Winnipissiocka,	Wenepisseoka,
Winnipissiocka,	Winnipisinket,
Winnipisseoccee,	Winnipisiackit,
Winnipisseoce,	Winnepiseogee,
Winnipiseoce,	Winnepiseogee,
Winnipishokee,	Winnepiseoge,
Winnipeshokee,	Winnipesaukee,
Winnepesauke,	Winnipesocce,
Winnepesauke,	Wenepesocke,
Winnipissaake,	Winnipissiackee,
Winnapusseakit,	Winneposockey,
Winnepesaukee,	Winneposockey,
Winnipasekek,	Winnepisseohcee,
Winnepisiocke,	Winnipissiocke,
Winnepissiacoe,	Winnepescocce,
Winnipistioky,	Winnipisiocke,
Winnispisiocke,	Winnepisseockegee,
Winnepiseoke,	Winnepasioke,
Winnipiesokie,	Winnepissiaukee,
Winnepesiokee,	Winnepesiaukee,
Winnapresseakit,	Winnepesocket,
Winnepiseokie,	Winnipisseoca,
Winnepisseokie,	Winnipisiackit,
Winnipisioke,	Winnipiseogee,
Winnipisioky,	Winnipiseogee,
Winassosawqne,	Winnipisioket,
Winnipisaro,	Nikisipique,
Winnepessockey,	Winnepesaukay,
Winnepiseoky,	Winnepesockee,
Winnepiscocheag,	Winnipissiocki,
Winnipissiockee,	Winneposockey.

Winnipishoky,	Winnepesackey,
Winnipisiocke,	Winnipesoakey,
Winnepishoky,	Winnopisseag,
Winnipiseoca,	Wenepesiocho.

The presence of the double "n" and the final double "e," and the possible doubling of the "s" are responsible for many variations, and the contest between the terminations "auke" and "eogee" for many more. John Farmer, in his foot-note before mentioned, says the word "was probably pronounced Win-ne-pis-se-ock-ee." If the Indian gave the name six syllables it is an argument for the ending "eogee," but the present generation has shortened it to five, and the tendency of the last few years is in favor of "auke" with another "e" added. The latter form is generally given as the white man's representation in letters of the sound the red man made when he meant "place." The same sound may be represented by other letters, of course, and the difference between "auke" and "eogee" is very slight, beyond that represented by "k" in one and hard "g" in the other.

A few citations to works using the different forms will best show the great confusion that has existed for a hundred years in regard to the correct spelling,—

Winnipiseogee is used in "Barstow's History of New Hampshire," both editions, 1842 and 1853; "Sanborn's History of New Hampshire," 1875; "Merrill's New Hampshire Gazetteer," 1817; "Whiton's History of New Hampshire," 1834, index, the form in the text being Winnepiseogee; "Index to Council Records," 1631-1784, pub. 1896; "General Statutes," 1867.

Winnipiseogee, "Belknap's His-

tory of New Hampshire," three editions, 1784, 1792, 1813.

Winnepissiokee, Holland's map of New Hampshire, 1784, and here it is also called Richmond; map of New Hampshire, by Samuel Lewis, 1794, in Carey's General Atlas, 1795.

Winnepissiokee, "New Hampshire Laws," 1805.

Winnepisiogee, "Farmer and Moore's Gazetteer of New Hampshire," 1823; "Farmer and Moore's Historical Collections."

Winnepisiogee, "Carter's Geography of New Hampshire," 1831.

Winnepiseogee, "Zell's Atlas," 1875.

Winipissioket, "Map of the Most Inhabited Part of New England," etc., engraved by Thomas Jefferys, London, 1755.

Winnipisiokee, Blanchard and Langdon's "Accurate Map of His Majesty's Province of New Hampshire in New England," etc., Portsmouth, October 21, 1761, engraved by Thomas Jefferys.

Nikisipique, Emanuel Bowen's "New and Accurate Map of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, and New England," etc., London, 1752.

Winnepesaukee, "Hurd's Atlas of New Hampshire," 1892; "Public Statutes," 1891; "General Laws," 1878; "House and Senate Journal," 1895; Calvert's *Weirs Times*; "Report of Endicott Rock Commissioners," 1892; and reports of other commissioners to the house of representatives in 1879 and 1883.

Winnepesaukee, "Index to New Hampshire Laws," 1886; "Potter's History of Manchester, N. H.," 1856.

Winnipissiogee, "New Hampshire Laws," 1815 and 1830.

Our own state officials have never been able to fix on any particular form of spelling, if we may judge by the state publications, as may be seen by the differences in the various compilations of laws. The same state of affairs exists in the law reports. The most recent public prints seem to favor the form Winnepesaukee, and it is to be hoped that this or some other of the one hundred and thirty-two may hereafter be used to the exclusion of all others. Any *one*, even the fantastic Nikisipique, would be better than all of them. But when doctors disagree every man will decide for himself.



"LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER" IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By George Bancroft Griffith.



WHEN but a mere lad, the writer, holding the hand of his loquacious uncle, walked along the High street of his native town, Newburyport, Mass., one pleasant autumnal morning, and saw for the first time, the—to his young eyes,—imposing edifice once occupied by that odd character, the *soi disant* nobleman called "Lord Timothy Dexter," and his scarcely less singular family.

I still vividly remember the courtyard, at one time decorated with an extraordinary amount of lumber in the shape of human beings and dumb creatures of many sorts, each statue standing upon its separate pillar, to the intense admiration of the gaping rustics who visited the town to inspect this "aggregation of wonders;" and it is said that "Lord Dexter," who was of really the humblest extraction, and ignorant to a singular degree, fairly beat the Scottish Earl of Buchan, who was infected with a similar mania.

Much of this statuary rubbish, however, at the time the place was first pointed out to me had been removed, and the house and grounds had come into the possession of a gentleman of refined taste, who soon rendered them fit to be classed among the most pleasing objects of inspection in this old city by the sea.

Upon an arch directly opposite the front door, however, there still remained images of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. Adams, on the right, was bareheaded, and when first placed in their strange position, upon an inquiry by some one why this distinction was made, since Jefferson's *chapeau* was in its place, the great "lord" replied, "Do you suppose I would have anybody stand at the right hand of Washington with his hat on?"

"Lord Timothy Dexter" was at one time known by his eccentricities far and wide, and, on the score of a little money, accidentally amassed, proclaimed himself, in front of his residence, "Lord of the East, lord of the West, and the greatest philosopher in the Western World." Few are aware of the fact that this remarkable character once had a farm at Chester, N. H., where he spent his leisure, and that he came to this place afterward, in 1795, and lived about two years. His name appears on the tax record for 1796. At the time Dexter took up his residence in Chester, the old township, which included Auburn, was the center of considerable political influence. Several families of distinction—Bells, Livermores, Frenchs, and others,—names prominent in the state and nation, lived here and enjoyed wide repute.

The new comer, with his self-conferred title, had a colored coachman named Jack, and often rode out in his carriage, generally in the direction of Candia, where a friend of the family resided. This carriage, by reason of the careless driving of the coachman, was upset near the late residence of J. A. Hook, and badly damaged. His lordship escaped with some slight cuts and bruises. In the summer of 1796 he frequently rode on horseback down Chester street and out on the Derry road. On these occasions he usually wore a showy dressing-gown, which concealed his awkward appearance on horseback.

At his home in the Granite state he indulged a generous hospitality, and was in good repute among his workmen and immediate friends. When abroad he affected a haughty demeanor, foreign to his real nature, and decidedly repellant to his superiors in point of rank and influence, who refused to tolerate his manners or claims to social equality.

It was while living in Chester, and there enjoying himself, when Col. John Greenleaf, of Newburyport, heard that Dexter's house in that city, the State street property, was for sale, Colonel Greenleaf wrote to Dexter, asking if he would sell the house, and the price. Dexter replied in the most laconic style :

"CHESTER, N. H., 1796.

COL. GREENLEAF: Yours received. \$10,000
—take it or leave it and be damned.

T. DEXTER."

The colonel showed the letter to his friends and said that as he was to be damned in either alternative he would "take it," and so he bought the house at the price named.

It appears that after Dexter had got rich, he thought he would buy a fine house at Newburyport, and he would thus become one of the grandees of that staid old colonial town, such as there were in those days when there was a distinction of rank which has now disappeared. So he bought the house which is now used for the public library, and expected the great people to call on him. The first day at dinner, his wife set upon the table a pot of baked beans, direct from the oven, as she had been accustomed to do in their more humble dwellings. When Dexter came from his business to dinner he saw the incongruity of the dish with the handsome dining-room, and he exclaimed, "What would Mr. Dalton say to a pot of beans on his dinner-table," and seizing the pot he dashed it against the wall, staining the fine old-fashioned wall paper.

After a very short experience he found that the grandees did not show any signs of admitting his family into their charmed circle; his offer to pave State street the entire length at considerable cost, if the fathers of the town would re-name it Dexter street in his honor, was refused, and he determined to sell his great house and retire to New Hampshire, where he imagined he could dazzle the rustics with his blossoming splendor and reign "monarch of all he surveyed."

So there is little doubt that Dexter was hastily led hither by this egotistical purpose, and not by the prestige of the society actually found in Chester and vicinity, afterward indulging the hope that his own personal importance would be enhanced by the association. His means of course permitted him to live in good style,

and in a country town would make him the object of much attention, especially of those who were dependent upon his patronage and bounty. Unfortunately for his pretensions, he soon came into collision with leading men and provoked the ire of Judge Livermore, causing him to forget propriety and dignity by striking the great "Lord Timothy Dexter" with his cane. This unpleasant affair terminated with the removal of this odd personage from the soil of the old Granite state the next year, and again he took up his residence in Newburyport, where his queer antics were carried on to the amusement, and not infrequently to the disgust, of his townspeople. He was said, upon certain hilarious occasions, celebrated in a tomb which he had constructed under a summer-house in his garden on High street, to have indulged in the mastication of bank-bills between slices of bread and butter, doubtless to the envy of his boon-companions.

Among his literary efforts was the book "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones," which it is needless to say was as odd and eccentric as himself. One prominent feature about it was that there was not a single comma, semicolon, colon, period, interrogation or exclamation point in or about it from beginning to end, but at the very last page there was an addendum devoted to the "stops and marks," and headed with the information: "Here are the punctuation marks in abundance, and every reader can salt and pepper to suit himself!"

The house where Dexter lived in New Hampshire is still standing, and for many years after he left it was used as a hotel and place of public

resort. The yard in front and a wide space at the side is paved with large, flat stones, the handiwork of his neighboring yeomen in the long ago; some of these smooth stones are now covered with soil. This was part of the improvement he made on the place while he occupied it, and had brief dreams of his future glory.

According to his own account, Timothy Dexter was born in Malden, Mass., January 22, 1747. After having served as an apprentice to a leather dresser, he commenced business in Newburyport, where he also married a widow, who owned a house and a small piece of land, part of which, soon after the nuptials, was converted by him into a shop and tan-yard for his own use.

By application to his business, his property increased, and the purchase of a large tract of land near Penobscot, together with an interest which he bought in the Ohio Company's purchase, eventually afforded him so much profit as to induce him to buy up public securities at forty cents for the pound, which securities soon after became worth twenty shillings on the pound. By these and other fortunate business transactions he prospered so greatly, that property was no longer the sole object of his pursuit; he exchanged this god of idolatry for that of popularity, as already shown.

Though in the main possessed of no little tact and business foresight, some of his lordship's speculations in trade have become quite as celebrated for their oddity as those of Gould for their unscrupulous cunning. He once anxiously inquired of some merchants, whom he knew, how he should dispose of a certain

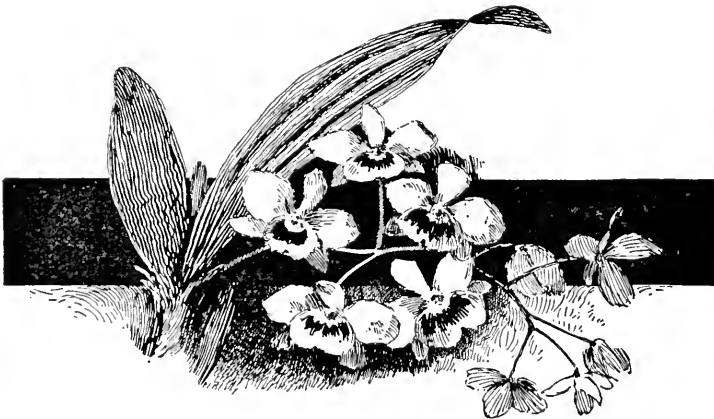
sum of money. Wishing to hoax him, they answered, "Why, buy a cargo of warming-pans, and send them to the West Indies, to be sure." Not suspecting the trick, he at once bought all the warming-pans he could find, and sent them to a climate where there was every reason to suppose ice would be far more acceptable. To the utter astonishment of his advisers, the warming-pans met with a ready sale, the tops being used for strainers, and the lower parts for dippers, in the manufacture of molasses.

With the proceeds of his cargo of warming-pans, Dexter built a fine vessel; and being informed by the carpenter that wales were wanting, he called on an acquaintance, and said, "My head workman sends me word that he wants 'wales' for the vessel, what does he mean?" "Why, whalebones to be sure," answered the man, who, like everybody else, was

tempted to improve the opportunity of imposing upon Dexter's stupidity.

Whalebones were accordingly bought; but, finding that Boston could not furnish enough, he emptied New York and Philadelphia. The ship carpenters, of course, had a hearty laugh at his expense; but, by a singular turn of fortune, this blunder was also the means of increasing his wealth. It soon after became fashionable for ladies to wear stays completely lined with whalebone, and as none was to be found in the country, on account of his having thus so thoroughly swept the market, it brought a golden price. Thus his coffers were a second time filled by his odd transactions.

The career of the great and only "Lord Timothy Dexter" abundantly proves that "Providence sometimes shows his contempt of wealth by giving it to fools."



NECROLOGY

CHIEF JUSTICE CARPENTER.

Alonzo P. Carpenter, chief justice of New Hampshire, died in Concord, May 21. He was the son of Isaac Carpenter, and was born in Waterford, Vt., January 28, 1829. He was educated at Williams College, where he was graduated in the class of 1849. Soon after the completion of his college course he took up his residence in Bath, N. H., where he became principal of the high school. Among his pupils was Miss Julia R. Goodall, who became his wife in 1853.

His legal education was had in the offices of the Hon. Andrew S. Woods and with I. & S. H. Goodall. He was admitted to the bar in 1853 and formed a partnership with the Hon. Ira Goodall. This partnership continued until 1856, when Mr. Goodall left New Hampshire. Mr. Carpenter continued in practice at Bath, and in 1863 was made county solicitor. This office he held for ten years. In his general practice Mr. Carpenter at this time made a specialty of causes arising under the bankruptcy act, and until the repeal of that law was intrusted with nearly all the business of that character which arose in his section.

In September, 1880, his son, Gen. Philip Carpenter, now an attorney in New York city, was admitted to partnership with his father and this relationship was sustained until July 12, 1881, when the father was appointed an associate justice of the supreme court.

Upon the death of the late Chief Justice Charles Doe, Judge Carpenter was commissioned chief justice April 1, 1896, and would have retired by reason of age limitation January 28, 1899.

Judge Carpenter was an honorary alumnus of Dartmouth College, having received from that corporation the degree of doctor of laws. A similar honor came to him also from his own alma mater, Williams College.

Judge Carpenter leaves a widow, one son, Gen. Philip Carpenter of New York city, and three daughters, Mrs. Frank S. Streeter of Concord, Mrs. Bond Thomas of Orange, New Jersey, and Helen, who lives at home.

HIRAM J. JONES.

Hiram J. Jones, who died recently in Nashville, Tenn., was born in East Washington, August 11, 1835. In early manhood he attended the Tubbs Union academy in Washington. Later he was a clerk in the "Great 8" dry goods store in Concord. After leaving there he went to Nashville, Tenn., where he married Miss Cornelia Ford. He was private secretary to Andrew Johnson when he was governor of Tennessee. In 1869 he removed his family to Chicago, which place

has ever since been his home. He was widely known in Chicago, being for many years at the head of the especial assessment department and president of the board of local improvements. He has held the office of city controller and commissioner of public works. In fact he has been employed in the city in high position since 1869. He was a staunch Democrat. Mr. Jones has been treasurer of the Church of the Epiphany for twenty-five years. He was a member of the Illinois club, being its treasurer and secretary for several years. He was buried in Nashville, Tenn., beside his wife who died in 1892. He leaves four children, Mrs. John A. Carr, Miss Annie Weaver Jones, Miss Cornelia Jones, and Mr. Ford Jones.

JACOB WENDELL.

Jacob Wendell, for thirty-five years a merchant of New York city, died May 21, at his home there, after an illness of two weeks. The second surviving son of the late Jacob Wendell of Portsmouth, where he was born July 24, 1826, and the sixth in descent from Evert Jansen Wendell of Albany, he was descended from some of the earliest emigrants to the colonies of New York, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire. Among these were the families of Staats and de Key, Quincy and Rogers, Wentworth and Sherburne. In 1843, he went to Boston, where, in 1854, he became a member of the firm of J. C. Howe & Co. In 1863, he removed to New York, where he took a principal part in the business of this firm until its dissolution, in 1874. For twenty-four years he had been at the head of the business formerly in their charge, first under the name of Wendell, Hutchinson & Co., and later under that of Jacob Wendell & Co. He was a director in the Merchants bank, the Continental Insurance company, and the North British and Mercantile Insurance company, and for many years he had been a vestryman of Calvary church. In 1854, he married the youngest daughter of the late N. A. Barrett of Boston, who, with their four sons—Barrett, professor of English literature in Harvard University; Gordon, Evert Jansen, and Jacob—and six grandchildren, survives him. The integrity and the simplicity of Mr. Wendell's character endeared him alike to those who knew him in business and in private life.

JOSEPH G. POLLARD.

Hon. Joseph G. Pollard, for forty-two years a prominent resident of Woburn, Mass., died at his home, May 12. Mr. Pollard had been largely identified with town and city interests during those years, having served in both houses of the legislature, on the school board and public library committee. He was a much respected member of the First Congregational church, where he served as deacon for twenty-six years, and superintendent of the Sunday-school twenty-four years. He was unmarried, and leaves two sisters and two brothers to mourn his loss. Mr. Pollard was born in Wilton in 1833.

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VOLUME XXIV

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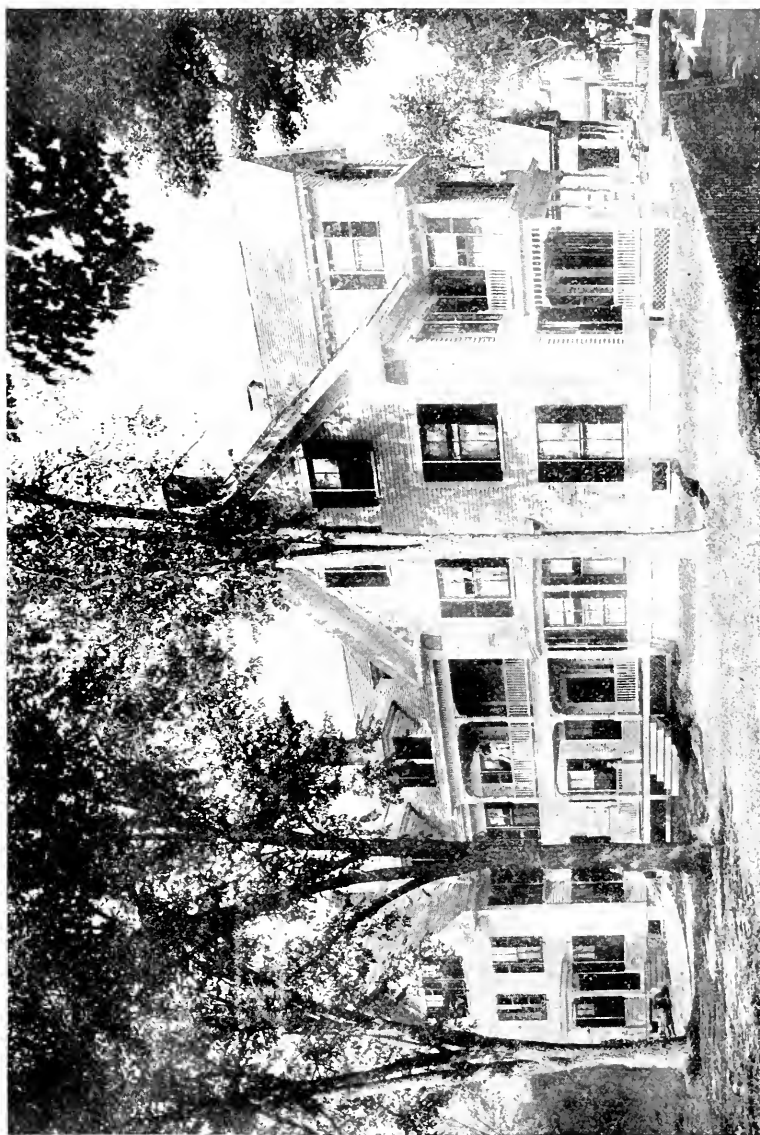
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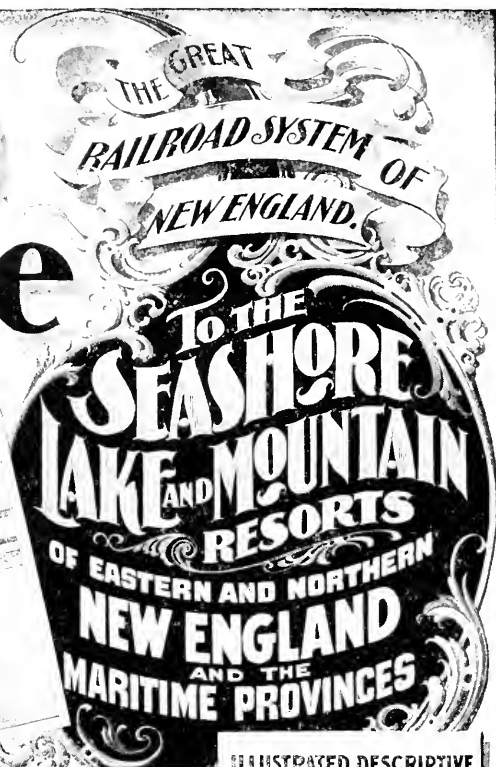
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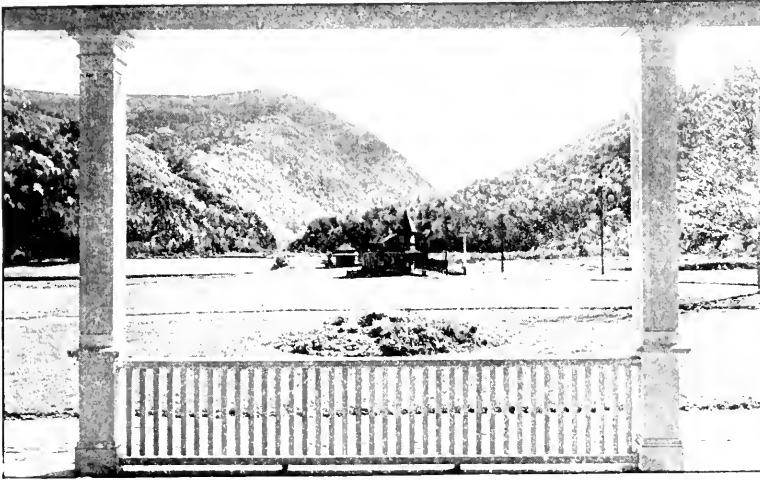
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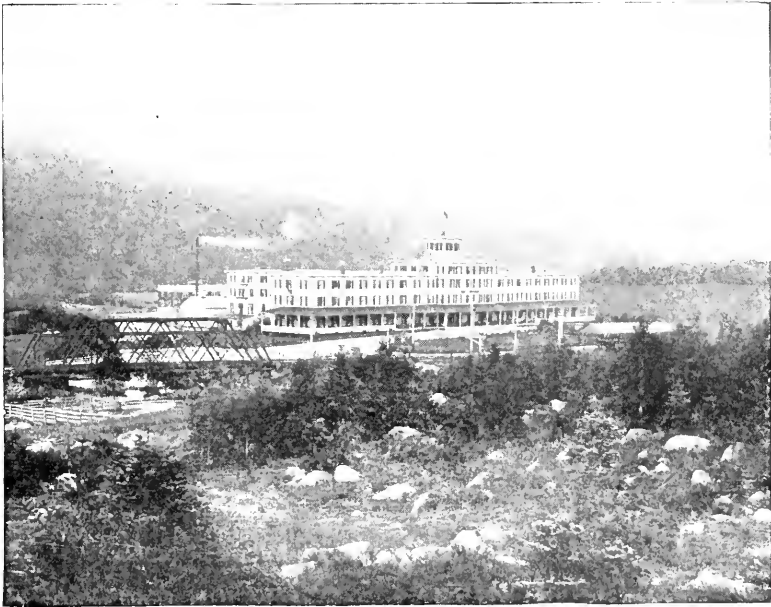
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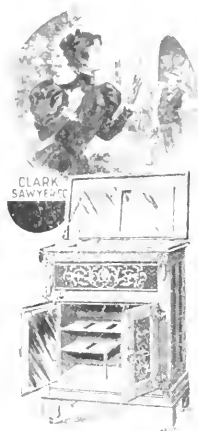
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